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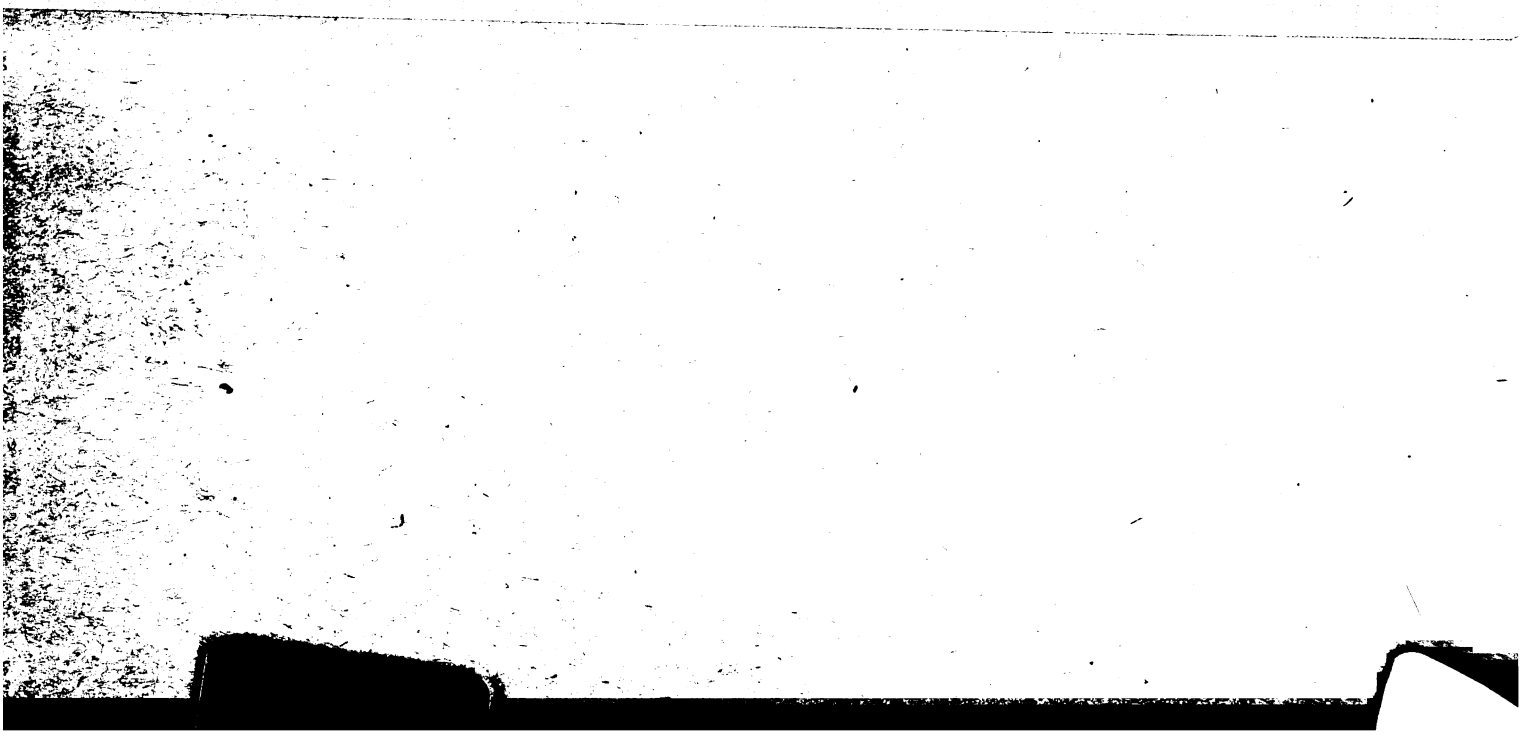

(Landor)
NDH

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

OF

LITERARY MEN AND STATESMEN

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

LONDON:

JAMES DUNCAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXXIX.

(1829.)

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TO

THE EARL OF GUILFORD.

MY LORD,

It is not without some hesitation that I follow the impulse of my wishes, in inscribing to your Lordship this volume of my Imaginary Conversations. Hitherto I have dedicated my labours, either to those against the accomplishment of whose glory there lie many and great impediments, or those who have suffered much worse privations and indignities in the cause of freedom and humanity. But may I not unblamably join my voice to that of thousands, in every language of Europe, who

select one name unanimously from the English Peerage, and pour on it their praises and blessings? who see private wealth bestowed with equal liberality and discernment, in the furtherance of public good, in rendering back civility and science to the descendents of those from whom we first received them, and in preparing the enjoyments of liberty by teaching temperance in the use of it. Habits of study and of reflexion do this; nothing else can.

The University your Lordship has founded in the Ionian Islands, under every disadvantage, every discouragement, the library you have given it, the professors you have formed for it, the constant attention and indefatigable zeal with which you have superintended it, the voyages you have made to promote its interests, at the danger of health, the deprivation of friends, of society, of power and authority in parliament, will register your name imperishably, in that page which

contains the fewest . . among the patriots of no faction, the philosophers of no sect, among the unassuming guides and unambitious benefactors of mankind.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

&c. &c.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Florence, August 18, 1826.

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ERRATA.

Page 8, *line* 10, *read* second *g*lass.
— 49, — 8, — The true philosoph*er*.
— 64, — 4, — *Ithaca.*
— 255, — 17, — the mark of admiration.
— 273, — 19, — If you believe there are *ten*.
— 274, — 13, — degree*s*.
— 275, — 6, — *buttery-hatch.*
— 276, — 24, — groomporter*s*.
— 279, — 5, — make *these* amends.
— 298, — 5, — *thy* confession.
— — — 27, — much less *ingenious.*
— 479, — 23, — truly it seems *hot.*

CONVERSATION I.

BARROW

AND

NEWTON.

BARROW

AND

NEWTON.

NEWTON.

I COME, Sir, before you with fear and trembling, at the thoughts of my examination tomorrow. If the masters are too hard upon me, I shall never take my degree. How I passed as bachelor I cannot tell: it must surely have been by especial indulgence.

BARROW.

My dear Isaac! do not be dispirited. The less intelligent of the examiners will break their beaks against the gravel, in trying to cure the indigestions and heart-burnings your plenteousness has given them: the more intelligent know your industry, your abilities, and your modesty: they would favour you, if there were need of favour; but you, without compliment, surpass them all.

NEWTON.

O Sir! forbear, forbear! I fear I may have forgotten a great deal of what you taught me.

BARROW.

I wonder at that. I am older than you by many years; I have many occupations and distractions; my memory is by nature less retentive; and yet I have not forgotten any thing *you* taught *me*.

NEWTON.

Too partial tutor, too benevolent friend! this unmerited praise confounds me. I cannot calculate the powers of my mind, otherwise than by calculating the time I require to compass any thing.

BARROW.

Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state: nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it: the liar has it; the cheat has it: we find it on the race-course and at the card-table: education does not give it; and reflexion takes away from it.

NEWTON.

I am slow; and there are many parts of ordinary learning yet unattained by me.

BARROW.

I had an uncle, a sportsman, who said that the

light dog beats over most ground, but the heavier finds the covey.

NEWTON.

Oftentimes indeed have I submitted to you problems and possibilities . . .

BARROW.

And I have made you prove them.

NEWTON.

You were contented with me; all may not be.

BARROW.

All will not be: many would be more so if you could prove nothing. Men, like dogs and cats, fawn upon you while you leave them on the ground: if you lift them up they bite and scratch; and if you shew them their own features in the glass, they would fly at your throat and tear your eyes out. This between ourselves: for we must not indulge in unfavorable views of mankind. By doing so, we make bad men believe that they are no worse than others, and we teach the good that they are good in vain. Philosophers have taken this side of the question to shew their ingenuity: but sound philosophers are not ingenious. If philosophy can render us no better and no happier, away with it! there are things that can; and let us take them.

What dost thou sigh at, Isaac?

NEWTON.

At my ignorance, in some degree, of their writings.

BARROW.

At your ignorance of the ignorant? No man ever understood the things that are most admired in Plato and Aristoteles. In Plato there are incoherencies that fall to pieces at a touch: and Aristoteles lost himself in the involutions of his own web. What must we think of a philosopher, who promised to teach one pupil that which he witheld from the rest, altho more familiar with him, and more instructed? And what must we think of a pupil, who was indignant that any others should partake in his sentiments and his knowledge? Yet such men have guided the scientific, and such men have ruled the world.

NEWTON.

Not such was Bacon.

BARROW.

No indeed. I told you, and I repeat it, I think the small volume of *Essays* in your hand, contains more wisdom and more genius than we can find in all the philosophers of antiquity; with one exception, Cicero. On which I desired you to peruse it attentively, and to render me an account of it according to your opinion.

NEWTON.

Sir, I have been induced to believe, but rather from the authority of my elders than from my own investigation, that Bacon is the more profound of the two, altho not the more eloquent.

BARROW.

If Bacon had written as easily and harmoniously as Cicero, he would have lost a portion of his weight with the generality of the learned, who are apt to conceive that in easy movement there is a want of solidity and strength. Take away all Cicero's wit and half his eloquence, and you leave a Bacon at bottom. Very wise men, and very wary and inquisitive, walk over the earth, and are ignorant not only what minerals lie beneath, but what herbs and foliage they are treading. Some time afterwards, and probably some distant time, a specimen of ore is extracted and exhibited; then another; lastly the bearing and diameter of the vein are observed and measured. Thus it is with writers who are to have a currency thro ages. In the beginning they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next, into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and, being once above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, til the vision strains and akes as it pursues them in their etherial elevation.

Neither you nor I have wasted our time in the cultivation of poetry; but each of us hath frequently heard it discoursed on by those who have; and, if it serves for nothing else, it serves

for an illustration. In my early days he would have been scoffed out of countenance who should have compared the *Lycidas*, or the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, of Mr. John Milton, to the sterling poetry (as it was called) of Dr. John Donne: and yet much may be said in favour of the younger: and there are those, and not only undergraduates, but bachelors and masters, who venture even to prefer him openly, and between the first and second class. Who knows but we may see him extolled to the level of Lucan and Statius, strong as is the sense of the University against all sorts of supplanters! There are eyes that cannot see print when near them; there are men that cannot see merit.

NEWTON.

The late Latin Secretary may be pardoned for many defects in his poetry, and even for many in his politics, in consideration of the reverence he bore toward the Apocalypse. I cannot think him a very irreligious man, altho he did not attend divine service so regularly as one could have wished.

BARROW.

Let us talk no more about him. I opposed his principles: nevertheless he may have acted conscientiously: and even his principles are now coming again into fashion, and among the sons of those very cavaliers who would have hanged him.

Perhaps the most dangerous of his doctrines, the lawfulness of setting aside God's anointed for misconduct, may soon be the leading one in the front of our Constitution. Well! we are not met for politics: only it would be salutary to consider, if God's anointed will not be set aside, what must be done; how avoid the commission of a diabolical act.

NEWTON.

If we could rightly understand the Revelations, I question not but every difficulty of this nature would be solved.

BARROW.

May-be: let us trust in God.

NEWTON.

We must have certain data for every thing upon which we reason: the greater part of reasoners begin without 'em.

BARROW.

I wish the event may answer your expectations; that the Apocalypse, the Argonautic Expedition, and the Siege of Troy, form the trident which is to push away our difficulties in navigating thro the rocks and shoals of time; all those of religion, and all those of history. Happen what may, I doubt nothing of your surpassing the foremost of your competitors; of your obtaining, at your decease, a name in the University, little below Doctor Spry's of Caius, Doctor Brockhouse's of

St. John's, Doctor Cockburn's of Emanuel, Doctor Turnbull's of Peter-house, or Doctor Cruikshank's of Bennet; nay, a name that, within a few years, may reach even to Leyden and Paris, as that of a most studious young man, distinguished alike for application and invention.

NEWTON.

Altho I could not in conscience disclaim the small merit there may be in application, since I owe it to the encouragement of my tutor, I surely have no right or title to invention.

BARROW.

You have already given proofs of it beyond any man I know. Your questions lead to great discoveries: whether it please God that you hereafter make them, or some one following you, is yet uncertain. We are silly enough to believe that the quality of invention, as applied to literature, lies in poetry and romance, mostly or altogether. I dare to speculate on discoveries in the subjects of your studies, every one far greater, every one far more wonderful, than all that lie within the range of fiction. In our days the historian is the only inventor: and it is ludicrous to see how busily and lustily he beats about, with his string and muzzle upon him. I wish we could drag him for a moment into philosophical life: it would be stil more amusing to look at him, as he runs over this loftier and dryer ground,

throwing up his nose and whimpering at the prickles he must pass thro.

Few men are contented with what is strictly true concerning the occurrences of the world: it neither heats nor soothes. The body itself, when it is in perfect health, is averse to a state of rest. We wish our prejudices to be supported, our animosities to be increased, as those who are inflamed by liquor would add materials to the inflammation.

NEWTON.

The simple verities, important perhaps in their consequences, which I am exploring, not only abstract me from the daily business of society, but exempt me from the hatred and persecution to which every other kind of study is exposed. In poetry a good pastoral would raise against one as vehement enemies as a good satire. A great poet, in our country, like the great giant in Sicily, can never move without shaking the whole island; while the mathematician and astronomer may pursue their occupations, and rarely be hissed or pelted from below. You spoke of historians: it would ill become a person of my small experience to discourse on them after you.

BARROW.

Let me hear, however, what you have to say, since at least it will be dispassionate.

NEWTON.

Those who now write history do certainly write

it to gratify a party, and to obtain notoriety and money. The materials lie in the cabinet of the statesman, whose actions and their consequences are to be recorded. If you censure them, you are called ungrateful for the facilities he has afforded you; and if you commend them, venal. No man, both judicious and honest, will subject himself to either imputation.

BARROW.

Not only at the present day, but always, the indulgence of animosity, the love of gain, and the desire of favour, have been the inducements of an author to publish in his lifetime the history of his contemporaries. But there have been, and let us hope there may be, judicious and virtuous men, so inflamed by the glory of their country in their days, that, leaving all passions and prejudices, they follow this sole guide, and are crowned by universal consent for commemorating her recent exploits.

NEWTON.

Here are reasons enough for me, rather to apply my mind as you direct it, than to the examination of facts which never can be collected by one person, or to poetry, for which I have no call; or to the composition of essays, such as those of Montaigne and Bacon, or dialogues, such as those of Cicero and Plato, and, nearer our times, of Erasmus and Galileo. You had furnished me before with

arguments in abundance; shewing me that, even if I could write as well as they did, the reward of my labours would be dilatory and postumous.

BARROW.

I should entertain a mean opinion of myself, if all men or the most part praised and admired me: it would prove me to be somewhat like them. Sad and sorrowful is it, to stand near enough to people for them to see us wholly; for them to come up to us and walk round us leisurely and idly, and pat us when they are tired and going off. That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good. Unless it can be proved that the majority are not dunces, are not wilful, presumptuous, and precipitate, it is a folly to care for popularity. There are indeed those who must found their fortunes upon it; but not with books in their hands. After the first start, after a stand among the booths and gauds and prostitutes of party, how few have lived contentedly, or died calmly! One hath fallen the moment when he had reached the last step of the ladder, having undersawed it for him who went before, and forgotten that knavish act: another hath wasted away more slowly, in the fever of a life externally sedentary, internally distracted: a third, unable to fulfill the treason he had stipulated, and haunted by the terrors of detection, snaps the thread under the shears of

the Fates, and makes even those who frequented him and praised him believe in Providence.

Isaac! Isaac! the climbing plants are slender ones. Men of genius have sometimes been forced away from the service of society into the service of princes; but they have soon been driven out, or have retired. When shall we see again, in the administration of any country, so accomplished a creature as Wentworth, the favorite of Charles? Only light men recover false steps: his greatness crushed him. Aptitude for serving princes is no proof or signification of genius, nor indeed of any elevated or extensive knowledge. The interests of many require a multiplicity of talents to comprehend and accomplish them. Mazarin and Richelieu were as little able as they were little disposed to promote the well-being of the community; both of them had keen eyes, and kept them on one object, the aggrandizement of their master. We find the most trivial men in the streets pursuing an object thro as many intricacies, and attaining it; and the schemes of children, tho sooner dropt, are frequently as ingenious and judicious. No person can see more clearly than you do, the mortifications to which the ambitious are subject: but some may fall into the snares of ambition, whose nature was ever averse to it, and whose wisdom would almost reach any thing, and only seems too lofty to serve them watchfully as a

guard. It may thus happen to such as have been accustomed to study and retirement, and fall unexpectedly on the political world by means of recommendations. There are those, I doubt not, who would gladly raise their name and authority in the state, by pushing you forward, as the phrase is, into parliament. They seize any young man who has gained some credit at college, no matter for what, whether for writing an epigram or construing a passage in Lycophron; and, if he succedes to power, they and their family divide the patronage. The ambitious heart is liable to burst in the emptiness of its elevation: let yours, which is sounder, lie lower and quieter. Think how much greater is the glory you may acquire, by opening new paths to science, than by widening old ones to corruption. I would not whisper a syllable in the ear of Faction: but the words of the intelligent, in certain times and on certain occasions, do not vary with parties and systems: the royalist and republican meet; the difference lies merely in the intent, the direction, and the application. Do not leave the wise for the unwise, the lofty for the low, the retirement of a college for the turbulence of a House of Commons. Rise, but let no man lift you: leave that to the little and to the weak. Think within yourself, I will not say how impure are the sources of election to our Parliament, but how inconsiderable a distinction is conferred on

the representative, even where it is not an individual who nominates, or only a few who appoint him, but where several hundreds are the voters. For who are they, and who direct them? The roughest bear-guard, the most ferocious bull-baiter, the most impudent lawyer, the tinker that sings loudest, and the parson that sits latest at the alehouse, hitting them all by turns with his tobacco-pipe, calling them all sad dogs, and swearing til he falls asleep he will hear no more filthy toasts. Shew me the borough where such people as these are not the most efficient in returning a candidate to parliament; and then tell me which of them is fit to be the associate . . it would be too ludicrous to say the patron . . of a Euclid or an Archimedes? My dear Newton! the best thing is to stand above the world; the next is, to stand apart from it on any side. You *may* attain the first: in trying to attain it, you are certain of the second.

NEWTON.

I am not likely to be noticed by the great, nor favoured by the popular. I have no time for visiting: I detest the strife of tongues: all noises discompose me.

BARROW.

We will then lay aside the supposition. The haven of philosophy itself is not free at all seasons from its gusts and swells. Let me admonish you

to confide your secrets to few: I mean the secrets of science. In every great mind there are some: every deep inquirer has discovered more than he thought it prudent to avow; as almost every shallow one throws out more than he hath well discovered. Among our learned friends we may be fully and unreservedly philosophical: in the company of others we must remember, first and chiefly, that discretion is a part of philosophy; and we must let out only some glimpses of the remainder.

NEWTON.

Surely no harm can befall one, from following a chain of demonstrations in geometry, or any branch of the mathematics.

BARROW.

Let us hope there may be none: nevertheless we cannot but recollect, how lately the great Galileo was persecuted and imprisoned for his discoveries.

NEWTON.

He lived under a popish government.

BARROW.

My friend! my friend! all the most eminently scientific, all the most eminently brave and daring in the exercise of their intellects, live, and have ever lived, under a popish government. There are popes in all creeds, in all countries, in all ages.

Political power is jealous of intellectual; often lest it expose and marr its plans and projects, and oftener lest it should attract an equal share of celebrity and distinction. Whenever the literary man is protected by the political, the incitement to it is the pride of patronage, not the advancement of letters, nor the honour they conferr on the cultivator or the country.

NEWTON.

That is rational in England which beyond the Alps is monstrous. By God's blessing, I firmly believe in the Holy Scriptures; yet, under your discretion and guidance, I would be informed, if the sun could stand stiller at one time than at another; and if his rays in Syria could ever be above the horizon for twenty-four hours, without altering materially our whole mundane system.

BARROW.

Reserve that question for a future time and a wiser teacher. At present I would only remark to you, that our whole mundane system *has* been materially altered; and that its alterations may have been attributed to other causes than the true, and laid down by different nations as having taken place at different epochs, and on different occasions, sometimes to gratify their pride, sometimes to conceal their ignorance.

NEWTON.

I am not quite satisfied.

BARROW.

Those who are quite satisfied, sit stil and do nothing: those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.

NEWTON.

And are driven out of it for their pains.

BARROW.

Men seldom have loved their teachers.

NEWTON.

How happens it then that you are loved so generally? for who is there, capable of instruction, that you have not taught? Never, since I have been at the university, have I heard of any one your enemy who was not a calvinist; a sect wherin good-humoured and gracefully-minded men are scanty.

BARROW.

Do not attribute the failing to the sect, which hath many strong texts of Scripture for its support; but rather think that the doctrines are such as are most consentaneous to the malignant and morose. There are acrid plants that attract as many insects as the sweeter, but insects of another kind. All substances have their commodities, all opinions their partisans. I have been happy in my pupils; but in none of them have I observed such a spirit of investigation as in you. Keep it, however, within the precincts of experimental and sure philosophy, which are spacious enough for

the excursions of the most vigorous mind, and varied enough for the most inconstant and flighty. Never hate, never dislike men, for difference of religion. Some receive baleful impressions in it more easily than others, as they do diseases. We do not hate a child for catching the small-pox, but pity its sores and blemishes. Let the calvinist hate us: he represents his God as a hater; he represents him as capricious: I wish he would love us, even from caprice; but he seems to consider this part of the divine nature as a weakness.

Come; unroll your paper; let me hear what you have to say on Bacon's Essays; a volume I place in the hand of those only who appear to me destined to be great.

NEWTON.

He says in his Preface,

"I do now publish my Essays, which of all my *other* works have been most current."

How can the very thing of which you are speaking be *another?*

BARROW.

This is a chasm in logic, into which many have fallen.

NEWTON.

I had scarcely begun the first Essay, when an elderly gentleman of another college came into the room, took up the book, and redd aloud,

"This same truth is a naked and open daylight,

that doth not shew the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that sheweth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that, if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, *and unpleasing to themselves.*"

One might well imagine, said he, unpleasing to themselves, *if* full of melancholy and indisposition. *But how much of truth and wisdom is compressed in these few sentences! Do not you wonder that a man capable of all this, should likewise be capable of such foolery as the following?*

"First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he *breatheth and inspireth* light into the face of his chosen."

I looked with wonder at him, knowing his seriousness and gravity, his habits and powers of ratiocination, and his blameless life. But perhaps I owe to his question the intensity and sedulity with which I have examined every page of Bacon. He called the words I have quoted, dull and

colourless bombast; he declared them idle in allusion, and false, and impious. I was appalled. He added, *I do not know, Mr. Newton, whether you have any brother: if you have, what would you think of your father, when he gave a cherry to one, a whipping to a second, and burnt the fingers of the third against the bars of the kitchen grate; and vouchsafed no better reason for it, than that he had resolved to do so the very night he begot them? Election is partiality; partiality is injustice: is God unjust?*

I could have answered him, by God's help, if he had given me time; but he went on, and said, *Bacon had much sagacity, but no sincerity; much force, but no firmness. It is painful to discover in him the reviler of Raleigh, the last relic of heroism in the dastardly court of James: it is horrible to hear him the apologist of a patron's disgrace and death; the patron's whose friendly hand had raised him to the first steps of the highest station.*

Sir, answered I, *his political conduct is not the question before us.*

It may, however, said he, *enlighten us in regard to his candour, and induce us to ask ourselves whether, in matters of religion, he delivered his thoughts exactly, and whether he may not have conformed his expression of them to the opinions of his master.*

BARROW.

I hope you dropt the discussion after this.

NEWTON.

No; I cried resolutely, *Sir, when I am better prepared for it, I may have something to say with you on your very irreverent expressions.*

BARROW.

Mr. Newton, do not be ruffled. Bacon spoke figuratively; so did Moses, to whom the allusion was made. Let the matter rest, my dear friend.

NEWTON.

I told him plainly he was unfair; he was no friend to Bacon. He smiled at me and continued, *My good Newton, I am as ready to be told when I am unfair, as you are to have your watch set right when it goes amiss. You say I am no friend to Bacon; and in truth, after the experience he left us in the Earl of Essex, he is not precisely the man to place one's friendship on. Yet surely no folly is greater than hatred of those we never saw, and from whom we can have received no injury. Often do I wonder when I hear violent declamations against theories and opinions; which declamations I think are as ill directed, as they would be against currents of air or water courses. We may keep out of their way if we will. I estimate the genius of Bacon as highly as perhaps you do. In this very Essay*

I find a single sentence which I would rather have written than all the volumes of all the Greek philosophers: let me read it. "Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

BARROW.

Magnificent as Shakespeare.

NEWTON.

He who wrote tragedies?

BARROW.

The same: I have lately been reading them.

NEWTON.

Sir, should you have marked the truths he demonstrated, if any, I shall think it no loss of time to run over them, at my leisure. I have now a question to ask you on the third of these Essays. We find in it that "Quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the heathen: the reason was, because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies than in any constant belief."

This is no truer of the old paganism than of the later in the same country, which however burns men alive for slight divergences.

"You may imagine," says Bacon, "what kind of faith their's was, when the chief doctors and fathers of their church were the poets."

I redd this loudly and triumphantly to my friend, who paused and smiled, and then asked me complacently, whether it were better to imprison, burn, and torture, or to send away the audience in good humour and good fellowship; and whether I should prefer the conversation and conviction of doctor Bonner and doctor Gardiner to those of doctor Tibullus and doctor Ovid. I thought the question too flippant for an answer, which indeed was not quite at hand. He proceded. "God hath this attribute, that he is a jealous God, and therefor his worship and religion will endure no mixture."

His jealousy must be touched to the quick, said my friend; *for every century there comes forth some new pretender, with his sect behind him in the dark passages: and his spouse was hardly at her own door after the nuptials, ere she cried out and shrieked against the filthiness of an intruder.*

I was lifting up my eyes and preparing an ejaculation, when he interrupted me, and continued. "It is certain that heresies and schisms are *of all others* the greatest scandals; yea, more than corruption of manners: for, as in the natural body a wound or solution of continuity, is worse than a corrupt humour . . "

Here he laid down the volume, and said, *I will*

ask the professor of surgery whether a cut in the finger is worse than a scrofula: I will then go to the professor of divinity, and ask him, whether the best christian in Cambridge ought to be hanged tomorrow morning.

I stared at him: he then declared that every Church upon earth is heretical and schismatical, if the word of Christ is the foundation of the true; and that the fellow who was hanged last week for *corruption of manners* had, according to the decision of Bacon, more christianity in him than all the heads of colleges. *When he would follow theologians*, said my friend, *he falls into gross absurdities: he corrects himself, or only trips harmlessly, when he walks alone.*

I myself was obliged to agree with my disputant, in censuring an exception. Speaking of *sanguinary persecutions to force consciences*, the author blames them, "Except it be in cases of *overt scandal, blasphemy, &c.*" Now who shall decide what is *overt scandal*, or what is *blasphemy?* That which is prodigiously so in one age and one country, is not at all in another. Such exceptions are the most pernicious things a great author can sanction.

BARROW.

I side with you. We come now, I perceive, to the Essay on Revenge.

NEWTON.

" There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, *or the like:* therefor why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me?"

If this be an excuse, why send a rogue to prison? All the crimes that men committ, are committed because they love themselves better than others; and it is the direction and extent of this loving, to the detriment of others, that constitutes the magnitude of the crime. Cruelty is the highest pleasure to the cruel man: it is his love. Murder may ensue: and shall we not be *angry with him* for loving himself better than the murdered?

On Simulation and Dissimulation, we are told, " The best composition and temperature is, to have a power to feign, if there be no remedy."

BARROW.

In other words, to lie whenever we find it convenient. The two last decisions you have reported from him, as little become the chancellor as the philosopher; as little the philosopher as the citizen. Why will you not read on?

NEWTON.

I am afraid to mention the remark of my visitor on a sentence in the Essay *upon Goodness.*

BARROW.

Fear not: what is it?

NEWTON.

"The desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall."

BARROW.

This is a sin the most rarely of all committed in our days. If the earth is to be destroyed by fire, the bottom of a rush-chair will serve to consume all who are guilty of it; and what falls from heaven may fall upon other offenders.

NEWTON.

Do you believe, said my friend, *that God punished men for wishing to be wiser? for wishing to follow him and to learn his pleasure? for wishing that acquisition by which beneficence and charity may be the most luminously and extensively displayed? No, Newton, no. The Jews, who invented this story, were envious of the scientific, for they were ignorant of the sciences. Astronomy, among the rest, was odious to them: and hence the fables stuck against the Tower of Babel, the observatory of a better and a wiser people, their enemy, their conqueror. Take care, or you may be hanged for shooting at the stars. If these fictions are believed and acted on, you must conceal your telescope and burn your observations.*

On my representing to him the effects of the divine Justice, in casting down to earth the monument of human pride, he said, *The observatory of Babylon was constructed of unbaked bricks, and upon an alluvial soil. Look at the tower of Pisa: look at every tower and steeple in that city: you will find that they all lean, and all in one direction; that is, toward the river. Some have fallen; many will fall. God would not have been so angry with the tower of Babel, if it had been built of Portland stone a few weeks journey to the westward, and you had been as importunate as the Babylonians were, in their attempts at paying him a visit.*

He expressed his wonder that Bacon, in the reign of James, should have written, "A king is the servant of his people, *or else he were without a calling.*" In other words, whenever he ceases to be the *servant of the people*, he forfeits his right to the throne.

BARROW.

Truth sometimes comes unawares upon Caution, and sometimes speaks in public as unconsciously as in a dream.

NEWTON.

Sir, altho you desired me rather to investigate and note the imperfections of my author, than what is excellent in him, as you would rather the

opaker parts of the sun, than what is manifest of his glory to the lowest and most insensible, yet, from the study of your writings, and from the traces of your hand in others, I am sometimes led to notice the beauties of his style. It requires the greatest strength to support such a weight of richness as we sometimes find in him. The florid grows vapid where the room is not capacious, and where perpetual freshness of thought does not animate and sustain it. Unhappily, it seems to have been taken up mostly by such writers as have least invention.

BARROW.

Read to me the sentence or the paragraph that pleases you.

NEWTON.

'Tis on Envy.

"Lastly, near kinsfolks and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh oftener into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame."

BARROW.

Very excellent. I wish, before he cast his invectives against Raleigh, he had reflected more

on a doctrine in the next page. "Those that have joined with their honour great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy: for men think that they earn their honours hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy." I am afraid it will be found on examination, that Bacon in his morality was too like Seneca; not indeed wallowing in wealth and vice and crying out against them, but hard-hearted and hypocritical; and I know not with what countenance he could have said, "By indignities men come to dignities."

NEWTON.

I have remarked with most satisfaction those sentences, in which he appears to have forgotten both the age and station wherin he lived, and to have overlooked the base and summit of our ruder institutions. "Power to do good," says he, as Euripides or Phocion might have said, and Pericles might have acted on it, "is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (tho God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground."

And again, "Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherin and how they have degenerated! but yet ask counsel of both times; *of the ancienter time what is best*, and of the latter time what is fittest."

BARROW.

He spoke unadvisedly: for, true as these sentences are, they would lead toward republicanism, if men minded them. Of this however there is as little danger, as that the servants of kings should follow the advice he gives afterwards.

"Embrace and invite helps and advices, touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part."

NEWTON.

On seditions, he says, the matter is of "two kinds; much poverty and much discontentment."

It appears to me that here is only one kind: for much discontentment may spring, and usually does, from much poverty.

BARROW.

Certainly. He should not have placed cause and effect as two causes. You must however have remarked the wonderful sagacity shewn in this brief essay, which I hesitate not to declare the finest piece of workmanship that ever was composed on any part of government. Take Aristoteles and Machiavelli, and compare the best sections of their works to this, and then you will be able, in some degree, to calculate the superiority of genius in Bacon.

NEWTON.

I have not analysed the political works of

Aristoteles; but I find in Machiavelli many common thoughts, among many ingenious, many just, and more perverse ones.

Let the following serve for instances: and I hasten the sooner to the exposition of them, that I may raise no objection against any part of a Treatise which you have commended so unexceptionably.

BARROW.

Nay, be candid with me, and bring forward your objection.

NEWTON.

"Money," says my lord, "is like muck; not good except it be spred." I am afraid this truth would overturn, in the mind of a reflecting man, all that has been urged by the learned author on the advantages of nobility, and even of royalty: for which reason I dare not examine it: only let me, Sir, doubt before you, whether "this is to be done by suppressing, or at the least keeping a strait hand upon, the devouring trades of usury, engrossing, great pasturages, *and the like.*

BARROW.

I wish he never had used, which he often does, those silly words, *and the like.*

NEWTON.

Great pasturages are not *trades;* and they must operate in a way directly opposite to the one designated.

BARROW.

I know not whether a manifest fault in reasoning be not sometimes more acceptable, than stale and worm-eaten and weightless truths. Heaps of these are to be found in almost every modern writer: Bacon has fewer of them than any. Nicholas Machiavelli is usually mentioned as the deepest and acutest of the Italians: a people whose grave manner often makes one imagine there is more to be found in them than they possess. Take down that volume: read the examples I have transcribed at the end.

"*The loss of every devotion and every religion draws after it infinite inconveniences and infinite disorders.*"

Inconveniences and disorders would follow, sure enough: the losses, being negatives, *draw* nothing.

"*In a well constituted government, war, peace, and amity, should be deliberated on, not for the gratification of a few, but for the common good.*

"*That war is just which is necessary.*

"*It is a cruel, inhuman, and impious thing, even in war, stuprare le donne, vixiare le vergini, &c.*

"*Fraud is detestable in every thing.*"

These most obvious truths come forward as if he had now discovered them for the first time. He tells us also that "*A prince ought to take*

care that the people are not without food." He says with equal gravity that "*Fraud is detestable in every thing:*" and that "*A minister ought to be averse from public rapine, and should augment the public weal.*"

It would be an easy matter to fill many pages with flat and unprofitable sentences: I had only this blank one for it; and there are many yet, the places of which are marked, with only the first words. Do not lose your time in looking for them. We must not judge of him from these defects.

NEWTON.

Whenever I have heard him praised, it was for vigour of thought.

BARROW.

He is strongest where he is most perverse. There are men who never shew their muscles but when they have the cramp.

NEWTON.

Consistency and firmness are not the characteristics of the Florentines; nor ever were. Machiavelli wished at one time to satisfy the man of probity, at another to conciliate the desperado; at one time to stand on the alert for the return of liberty, at another to sit in the portico of the palace, and trim the new livery of nascent princes. If we consider him as a writer, he was the best that had appeared since the

revival of letters. None had reasoned so profoundly on the political interests of society, or had written so clearly or so boldly*.

BARROW.

The paper of a boy's cracker, when he has let it off, would be ill-used by writing such stuff upon it as that which you have been reading. The great merit of Machiavelli, in style, is the avoiding of superlatives. We can with difficulty find an Italian prose-writer who is not weak and inflated by the continual use of them, to give him pomp and energy, as he imagines.

NEWTON.

Davila too is an exception.

BARROW.

The little elegance there is among the Italians, is in their historians and poets: the preachers, the theologians, the ethic writers, the critics, are contemptible in the last degree. Well; we will now leave the *Issimi* nation, and turn homeward. You will find that Bacon, like all men conscious of their strength, never strains and oversteps, and is frugal in the use of superlatives: while the

* Those who have written since are worse stil. The glory of Italy, in recent times, is Gravina: next to him is Filangieri. This country has produced no periodical work above the lowest in England, France, Germany, and Holland.

Italians are the same in the church and in the market-place, while the preacher and polcinello are speaking in the same key, and employing almost the same language, while a man's God and his rotten tooth are treated in the same manner, we find at home convenience and proportion. Yet the French have taken more pains than we have done to give their language an edge and polish; and, altho we have minds in England more massy and more elevated than theirs, they may claim a nearer affinity to the greater of the ancients.

I have been the less unwilling to make this digression, as we are now come near the place where we must be slow and circumspect. The subject awes and confounds me. Human reason is a frail guide in our disquisitions on royalty. It requires in us some virtue like unto faith. We cannot see into it clearly with the eyes of the flesh or of philosophy. We must humble and abase ourselves to be worthy of feeling what it is. For want wherof, many high and proud spirits have been turned aside from it, by the right hand of God, who would not lead them into its lights and enjoyments, because they came as questioners, not as seekers, would have walked when they should have stood, and would have stood when they should have kneeled.

NEWTON.

Sir, I do not know whether you will condescend to listen with patience to the thoughts excited in me by Bacon's observations on the character of a king.

BARROW.

He shocked me by what he said before on the fragility of his title: God forbid that common men should talk like the Lord High Chancellor!

NEWTON.

I was shocked in a contrary direction, and, as it were, by a repercussion, at hearing him call a king a *mortal God on earth*: and I do not find anywhere in the Scriptures, that "the living God told him he should die, like a man, lest he should be proud, and flatter himself that God had, with his name, imparted unto him his nature also."

Surely, Sir, God would repent as heartily of having made a king, as we know he repented of having made a man, if it were possible his king should have turned out so silly and irrational a creature. However vain and foolish, he must find about him, every day, such natural wants and desires as could not appertain to a God. I made the same remark to my visitor, who said calmly, *Bacon in the next sentence hath a saving grace;*

and speaketh as wisely and pointedly as ever he did. He says, "Of all kind of men, God is the least beholden to them; for he doth most for them, and they do ordinarily least for him." *A sentence not very favorable to their admission as pastors of the people, and somewhat strong against them as visible heads of the Church. But, Mr. Newton, you will detect at once a deficiency of logic in the words,* "That king that holds not religion the best reason of state, is void of all piety and justice, the supporters of a king."

Supposing a king soundly minded and well educated . . a broad supposition, and not easily entering our preliminaries . . may not he be just, be pious, be religious, without holding his religion as the best reason of state, or the best guide in it? Must he be void of all *piety, and* all *justice, who sometimes thinks other reasons of state more applicable to his purposes than religion? Psalms and sack-cloth are admirable things; but these, the last expedients of the most contrite religion, will not always keep an enemy from burning your towns and violating your women, when a few pieces of cannon, and loftiness of spirit, instead of humiliation, will do it.*

He went on, and asserted that the king is not the sole fountain of honour, as he is called in

the Essay, and cannot be more fairly entitled so, than the doctors in Convocation. He remarked that the king had not made him master of arts; which dignity, he said, requires more merit than the peerage: wherupon he named several in that order, of whose learning or virtues I never heard mention, and even of whose titles I thought I never had, until he assured me I must, and expressed his wonder that I had forgotten them. When he came to the eighth section, "he is the life of the law," *the law leads a notoriously bad life,* said he, *and therefor I would exempt his Majesty from the imputation: and indeed if* "he animateth the dead letter, making it active toward all his subjects," *the parliament and other magistratures are useless. In the ninth paragraph he makes some accurate observations, but ends weakly.*

"He that changeth the fundamental laws of a kingdom, thinketh there is no good title to a crown but by conquest." *What! if he changes them from the despotic to the liberal? if, knowing the first possession to have been obtained by conquest, he convokes the different orders of his people, and requests their assent to the statutes he presents?*

Nothing can be more pedantic than the whole of the sixteenth section.

BARROW.

But there are sound truths in it, and advice too good to be taken every day.

NEWTON.

On *Nobility.*

" A great and potent nobility . . . putteth life and spirit into the people, *but presseth their fortune.*"

The man must have turned fool, said my friend, *to write thus. Are life and spirit put into people by the same means as their fortune is depressed?*

On Atheism.

" The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." It is not said, " the fool hath *thought* in his heart."

No, nor is it necessary; for, to say *in his heart,* is to think *within himself,* to be *intimately convinced.*

" It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others: nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects."

So great is my horror at atheists, that I would

neither reason *with* them nor about them, but surely they are as liable to conceit and vanity as other men are, and as proud of leading us captive to their opinions. I could wish the noble author had abstained from quoting Saint Bernard, to prove the priesthood to have been, even in those days, more immoral than the laity; and I am shocked at hearing that "*learned times*," especially with peace and prosperity, tend toward atheism. Better blind ignorance, better war and pestilence and famine . . .

BARROW.

Gently, gently! God may forgive his creature for not knowing him when he meets him; but less easily for fighting against him, after talking to him and supping with him; less easily for breaking his image, set up by him at every door . . and such is man . . less easily for a series of fratricides . . and such is war.

NEWTON.

I am wrong: and here again let me repeat the strange paradox of my visitor, rather than hazard another fault. In the words about *Superstition* he agreed that Bacon spoke wisely.

"It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely."

And here, remarked my visitor, *it is impossible not to look back with wonder on the errors of some among the wisest men, following the drift of a distorted education, or resting on the suggestions of a splenetic disposition. I am no poet, and therefor am ill qualified to judge the merits of the late Mr. Milton, in that capacity: yet, being of a serious and somewhat of a religious turn, I was shocked greatly more at his deity than at his devil. I know not what interest he could have, in making Satan so august a creature, and so ready to share the dangers and sorrows of the Angels he had seduced. I know not, on the other hand, what could have urged him to make the better ones so dastardly, that, even at the voice of their Creator, not one among them offered his service, to rescue from eternal perdition the last and weakest of intellectual beings. Even his own Son sate silent, and undertook the mission but slowly, altho the trouble was momentary, if compared with his everlasting duration, and the pain small, if compared with his anterior and future bliss. Far be it from me,* cried he . . .

BARROW.

Did he cry so? Then I doubt whatever he said; for those are precisely the words that all your sanctified rogues begin their lies with. Well, let us hear however what he asserted.

NEWTON.

Far be it from me, Mr. Newton, to lessen the merits of our Divine Redeemer. I, on the contrary, am indignant that poets and theologians should frequently lean toward it.

BARROW.

Did he look at all indignant?

NEWTON.

He looked quite calm.

BARROW.

Ha! I thought so. I doubt your friend's sincerity.

NEWTON.

He is a very sincere man.

BARROW.

So much the worse.

NEWTON.

How?

BARROW.

We will discourse another time upon this. I meant only . . what we may easily elucidate when we meet again. At present we have three-fourths of the volume to get thro.

NEWTON.

" Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation: all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not: but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an *absolute monarchy* in the

minds of men: therefor atheism did never perturb states."

Again, "We see the times inclined to atheism . . as the times of Augustus Cæsar . . were civil times: but superstition hath been the confusion of many states."

I wish the noble author had kept to himself the preference he gives atheism over superstition: for, if it be just, as it seems to be, it follows that we should be more courteous and kind toward an atheist, than toward a loose catholic or rigid sectary.

BARROW.

I see no reason why we should not be courteous and kind toward men of all persuasions; provided we are certain that neither by their own inclination, nor by the instigation of another, they would burn us alive to save our souls, or invade our liberty of conscience for the pleasure of carrying it with 'em at their girdles.

Atheism would make men have too little to do with others: superstition makes them wish to have too much. Atheism would make some fools: superstition makes many madmen. Atheism would oftener be in good humour than superstition is out of bad. I could bring many more and many stronger arguments in support of Bacon: and the danger would be little in adducing them:

for the current runs violently in a contrary direction, and will have covered every thing with slime and sand before atheism can have her turn against it.

NEWTON.

If *atheism did never perturb states**, as Bacon asserts, then nothing is more unjust than to punish it by the arm of the civil power. It was impolitic in him to remind the world, that it was peaceful and happy for sixty years together, while those who ruled it were atheists; when we must acknowledge that it never has been happy or peaceful, for so many days at a time, under the wisest and most powerful (as they call the present one) of the *Most Christian* kings. For, if the observation and the fact be true, and if it also be true that the most rational aim of man is happiness, then must it follow that his most rational wish, and, being his most rational, therefor his most innocent and laudable, is the return of such times.

* I was arguing at Pisa with Vaccà Berlinghieri, an atheist, and the most acute and intelligent man in Italy, on the mischief of atheism to public morals, when hearing under the window the chains of the galley-slaves employed in sweeping the streets, he called me to look out, and said, *Of all these fellows there is not one atheist: they are all good catholics, who would have cut my throat for not fasting on Fridays.*

BARROW.

We will go forward to the Essay on Empire.

NEWTON.

I do not think the writer is correct in saying that "kings want matter of desire." Wherever there is vacuity of mind, there must either be flaccidity or craving; and this vacuity must necessarily be found in the greater part of princes, from the defects of their education, from the fear of offending them in its progress by interrogations and admonitions, from the habit of rendering all things valueless by the facility with which they are obtained, and transitory by the negligence with which they are received and holden.

"Princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts upon toys, sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erecting of an order, sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some art or feat of the hand."

On which my visitor said, *The latter desire is the least common among them. Whenever it does occurr, it arises from idleness, and from the desire of doing what they ought not. For, commendable as such exercises are, in those who have no better and higher to employ their time in, they are unbecoming and injurious in kings, all whose hours, after needful recreation, and the pleasures which all men share alike, should be*

occupied in taking heed that those under them perform their duties.

BARROW.

Bacon lived in an age when the wisest men were chosen, from every rank and condition, for the administration of affairs. Wonderful is it, that one mind on this subject should have pervaded all the princes in Europe, not excepting the Turk, and that we cannot point out a prime minister of any nation, at that period, deficient in sagacity or energy*. Yet that even the greatest, so much greater than any we have had since among us, did not come up to the standard he had fixed, is evident enough.

" The wisdom," says he, " of *all these latter times* in princes' affairs, is rather fine deliveries, and *shifting of dangers and mischiefs* when they are near, than solid and grounded courses to keep

* There is a remark in a preceding Essay, which could not be noticed in the text.

" As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the *secretaries and employed men* of embassadors; for so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many."

This, whatever it may appear to us, was not ludicrous nor sarcastic when Bacon wrote it, but might be applied as well to the embassadors and secretaries of England as of other states.

them aloof: but this is but to try masteries with fortune. And let men beware how they neglect and suffer matter of trouble to be prepared; for no man can forbid the spark, nor tell whence it may come."

NEWTON.

Sir, it was on this very passage that my friend exclamed, *The true philosophy is the only true prophet. From the death of this, the brightest in both capacities, a few years opened the intire scroll of his awful predictions. Yet age after age will the same truths be disregarded, even tho men of a voice as deep, and a heart less hollow, should repeat them. Base men must raise new families, if the venerable edifice of our constitution be taken down for the abutments; and broken fortunes must be soldered, in the flames of war blown up for the occasion.*

On this subject he himself is too lax and easy. Among the reasons for legitimate war, he reckons the *embracing of trade.* He seems unwilling to speak plainly; yet he means to signify that we may declare war against a neighbour for his prosperity: a prosperity raised by his industry, by the honesty of his dealings, and by excelling us in exactness, in punctuality, and in credit.

BARROW.

Hell itself, with all its jealousy and malignity and falsehood, could not utter a sentence more

pernicious to the interests and improvement of mankind. It is the duty of every state, to provide and watch that not only no other in its neighbourhood, but that no other with which it has dealings, immediate or remoter, do lose an inch of territory or a farthing of wealth by aggression. Princes fear at their next door rather the example of good than of bad. Correct your own ill habits, and you need not dread your rival's. Let him have them, and wear them every day, if indeed a christian may propose it, and they will unfit him for competition with you.

NEWTON.

I now come to the words, on *Counsel.* "The doctrine of Italy, and practice of France, in some kings' times, hath introduced *cabinet councils;* a remedy worse than the disease."

Cabinet . . . council! It does indeed seem a strange apposition. One would sooner have expected *cabinet cards and counters, cabinet miniature pictures* . . or what not!

BARROW.

Isaac! if you had conversed, as I have, with some of those persons who constitute such councils, you would think the word *cabinet* quite as applicable to them, as to cards or counters, or miniature pictures, or essences or pots of pomatum, or pots of any other kind, or what not, within.

NEWTON.

How then, in the name of wonder, are the great matters of government carried on?

BARROW.

Great dinners are put upon the table, not by the entertainer but by the waiters. There are usually some dexterous hands accustomed to the business . . The same weights are moved by the same ropes and pullies. There is no vast address required in hooking them, and no mighty strength in the hawling.

NEWTON.

I have taken no notes of some admirable things in my way to the Essay on *Cunning*.

BARROW.

I may remind you hereafter of some omissions in other places.

NEWTON.

I find Bacon no despiser of books in men of business, as people mostly are.

BARROW.

Because they know little of them, and fancy they could manage the whole world by their genius. This is the commonest of delusions in the shallows of society. Well doth Bacon say, "There be that can pack the cards and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions that are otherwise weak men."

Fortunate the country that is not the dupe of these intruders and bustlers, who often rise to the highest posts, by their readiness to lend an arm at every stepping-stone in the dirt, and are found as convenient in their way as the candle-snuffers in gaming-houses, who have usually their *rouleau* at the service of the half-ruined.

NEWTON.

I am sorry to find my Lord High Chancellor wearing as little the face of an honest man as doth one of these.

BARROW.

How so?

NEWTON.

He says, "If a man would cross a business, that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it."

What must I think of such counsel?

BARROW.

Bacon, as I observed before, often forgets his character. Sometimes he speaks the language of truth and honesty, with more freedom than a better man could do safely: again, he teaches a lesson of baseness and roguery to the public, such as he could intend only for the private ear of some young statesman, before his rehearsal on the stage of politics. The words from the prompter's book have crept into the text, and injure the piece.

Men are usually so fond of being thought shrewd and acute, that they will play for a small stake in their credit on account of honour. Bacon might not have liked to cancel the directions he had given so much to his mind: instead of which, he draws himself up and cries austerely, "But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite; and it were a good deed to make a list of them: for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise."

NEWTON.

He has other things about wisdom in another place: *On the wisdom for a man's self.*

BARROW.

I must repeat one noble sentence; for I fear, if you began to read it, I should interrupt you. I am not master of my mind when his comes over it. "Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor center of a man's actions, himself: it is right earth; for that only stands fast upon his own center; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens, move upon the center of another, which they benefit."

What an imagination is Bacon's! what splendid and ardent language! in what prose-writer of our country, or of Rome or of Greece, is there any thing equal or similar to it!

NEWTON.

On Innovations I find the sentence which I have heard oftener quoted than any in the volume: "Time is the greatest innovator."

We take the axiom up without examination; it is doubtful and inconsiderate. Does it mean much time or little time? By a *great* innovator we must either signify an innovator in great matters, or in many at once, or nearly at once. Now Time is slow in innovation of any kind; and all great innovations are violences, as it were, done to Time, crowding into a small space what would in ordinary cases occupy a larger. Time, without other agents, would innovate little: for the portions of Time are all the same, and being so, their forces must be the same likewise.

BARROW.

That satisfies me.

NEWTON.

Truth and falsehood are the two great innovators, always at work, and sometimes the one uppermost and sometimes the other.

BARROW.

Let us engage ourselves in the service of Truth, where the service is not perilous; and let us win Time to help us, for without him few cannot stand against many.

NEWTON.

On Friendship there are some things which sit

loose upon the subject. The *utility* of it seems to be principally in the view of Bacon. Some positions are questionable.

" Certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation."

This I conceive is applicable to one frame of mind, but not to another of equal capacity and elasticity. I admire the ingenuity of the thought, and the wording of it; nevertheless I doubt whether it suits not better the mind of an acute lawyer than of a contemplative philosopher. Never have I met with any one whose thoughts are *marshalled more orderly* in conversation than in composition: nor am I acquainted in the University with any gentleman of fluent speech, whose ideas are not frequently left dry upon the bank. Cicero and Demosthenes were laborious in composition, and their replies were, I doubt not, as much studied as their addresses. For it was a part of the orator to foresee the points of attack to which his oration was exposed, and to prepare

the materials, and the arrangement of them, for defending it.

" It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of *Arras*," &c.

Themistocles might as well have spoken of velvet of Genoa and satin of Lyons.

On Expense there is much said quite worthy of Bacon's experience and prudence: but he lays down one rule which I think I can demonstrate to be injurious in its tendency.

" If a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part."

Should all private gentlemen, and others who are not gentlemen, but whose income is of the same value, spend only the third part of it, the nation would be more nearly ruined within the century, than it would be if every one of them mortgaged his property to half its amount.

A wiser saying comes soon afterward, where he speaks *On the true greatness of kingdoms and estates.*

" No people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire."

How happy, my dear Sir, is our condition, in having been ever both generous and thrifty, ready at all times to succour the opprest, and conde-

scending on this holy occasion to ask the countenance of none! how happy, to have marched strait forward in the line of duty with no policy to thwart, no penury to enfeeble, and no debt to burthen us! Altho our nobility is less magnificent than in the reign of the Tudors, I do verily believe it is as free and independent; and its hospitality, so conducive (as Bacon says) to martial greatness, is the same as ever, altho the quality of the guests be somewhat changed.

BARROW.

Isaac! are you serious?

NEWTON.

Dear Sir, the subject animates me.

BARROW.

What sparkles is hardly more transparent than what is turbid. Your animation, my friend, perplexed me. I perceive you are vehemently moved by the glory of our country.

NEWTON.

As we derive a great advantage from the nature of our nobility, so do we derive an equal one from the dispositions and occupations of the people. How unfortunate would it be for us, if we had artisans cooped up like tame pigeons in unwholesome lofts, bending over the loom by tallow-light, and refreshing their exhausted bodies at daybreak with ardent liquors! Indeed, in comparison with

this, the use of slaves itself, which Bacon calls a great advantage, was almost a blessing.

BARROW.

Let us not speculate on either of these curses, which may not be felt as such when they come upon us, for we shall be stunned and torpefied by the greatness of our fall.

What have you next?

NEWTON.

On Suspicion I find an Italian proverb, which the learned author has misconstrued. *Sospetto licenzia fede* he translates, "Suspicion gives a passport to faith." The meaning is, *Suspicion dismisses Fidelity. Licenziare un servitore,* is, to dismiss a servant. That the person suspected is no longer bound to fidelity, is the axiom of a nation, in which fidelity is readier to quit a man than suspicion is.

It cost me many hours of inquiry, to search into the propriety of his thoughts *upon Ambition.* He says, "It is counted by some a weakness in princes to have favorites: but it is *of all others* the best remedy against ambitious great ones: for when the way of pleasuring and displeasuring lieth by the favorite, it is impossible any other should be overgreat."

I hope, and am willing to believe, that my Lord Chancellor Bacon was a true and loyal subject;

yet one would almost be tempted to think in reading him, that there must be a curse in hereditary princes, and that he had set his private mark upon it when he praises their use of favorites, and supposes them surrounded by mean persons and ambitious ones, by poisons and counterpoisons. Sejanus and Tigellinus, our Gavestons and Mortimers, our Empsons and Dudleys, our Wolseys and Buckinghams, are like certain fumigations to drive away rats, which indeed do drive them out, but also make the house undesirable to inhabit. He recommends "the continual interchange of favours and disgraces, whereby they may not know what to expect, and be, as it were, in a wood."

BARROW.

By the effect of this policy, we find the countenances of the statesmen and courtiers who lived in his age, almost without exception, mean and suspicious. The greatest men look, in their portraits, as if they were waiting for a box on the ear, lowering their heads, raising their shoulders, and half-closing their eyes, for the reception of it.

NEWTON.

What he says *of nature in men*, seems spoken by some one who saw thro it from above: the same *on Custom and Education*. Here he speaks with more verity than consolation, when he says,

" There be not two more fortunate properties, than to have a little of the fool and not too much of the honest: therefor extreme lovers of their country were never fortunate; neither can they be; for when a man placeth his thoughts without himself, he goeth not his own way."

In the Essay *on Youth and Age*, what can be truer, what can be more novel or more eloquent, than this sentence?

" Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."

What he says of Beauty is less considerate.

BARROW.

I do not wonder at it: Beauty is not stript in a court of chancery, as Fortune is.

NEWTON.

He is inconsequent in his reasoning, when he says, " There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man can not tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler, *whereof* the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent."

BARROW.

Whereof is of *which*, not of *whom*.

NEWTON.

If " there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," then Apelles was no trifler in taking the best parts of *divers faces*, which would produce *some strangeness in the proportion*, unless he corrected it.

BARROW.

True: Bacon's first remark, however, is perfectly just and novel. What strikes us in beauty is that which we did not expect to find, from any thing we had seen before: a new arrangement of excellent parts. The same thing may be said of genius; the other great gift of the Divinity, not always so acceptable to his creatures; but which however has this advantage, if you will allow it to be one, that, wheras beauty has most admirers at its first appearance, genius has most at its last, and begins to be commemorated in the period when the other is forgotten.

NEWTON.

What you said of beauty, as striking us chiefly in being unexpected from any thing we had seen before, is applicable no less to ugliness.

BARROW.

I am not giving a definition, but recording a fact.

NEWTON.

Our author errs more widely than before; not, as before, in drawing a false conclusion. " Such personages," he continues to remark, " I think

would please nobody but the painter who made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule."

Nothing of excellent is to be done by felicity.

BARROW.

Felicity and Excellence rarely meet, and hardly know one other.

NEWTON.

Certainly no musician ever composed *an excellent air* otherwise than by rule: Felicity is without it.

BARROW.

Beauty does not seem to dazzle but to deaden him. He reasons that the principal part of beauty lies in *decent motion*, and asserts that *no youthy person can be comely but by pardon, and by considering the youth as to make up the comeliness.* Much of this reflexion may have been fashioned and cast by the age of the observer; much by the hour of the day: I think it must have been a rainy morning, when he had eaten unripe fruit for breakfast!

NEWTON.

Perhaps sour grapes.

On Deformity I have transcribed a long sentence: here he seems more at home.

" Because there is in man an election touching

the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefor it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is most deceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect."

Nothing can be truer in all its parts, or more magnificent in the whole.

BARROW.

This short Essay is worth many libraries of good books. Several hundreds of esteemed authors have not in them the substance and spirit of the sentence you recited.

NEWTON.

On Building he says, " Houses are built to live in, and not to look on."

This is untrue. Sheds and hovels, the first habitations (at least the first artificial ones) of men, were built to live in, and not to look on: but houses are built for both: otherwise why give directions for the proportions of porticoes, of columns, of intercolumniations, and of whatever else delights the beholder in architecture, and flatters the possessor? Is the beauty of cities no honour to the inhabitants, no excitement to the defence? External order in visible objects hath relation and intercourse with internal propriety and decorousness. I doubt not but the beauty of Athens had much effect on the patriotism, and some on the

genius, of the Athenians. Part of the interest and animation men receive from Homer, lies in their conception of the magnificence of Troy. Even the little rock of Ithrea rears up its palaces sustained by pillars; and pillars are that portion of an edifice on which the attention rests longest and most complacently. For we have no other means of calculating so well the grandeur of edifices, as by the magnitude of the support they need; and it is the only thing about them which we measure in any way by our own.

" Neither do I reckon it an ill seat only where the air is unwholesome, but likewise where the air is unequal: as you shall see many fine seats set upon a knap of ground, environed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the sun is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs," &c.

Now surely this very *knap of ground* is the very spot to be chosen for the commodiousness of its situation, its salubrity, and its beauty. There is as little danger of the wind gathering in these *troughs* as in goat-skins. He must have taken his idea from some Italian work: the remark is suitable only to a southern climate.

BARROW.

In one so rainy as ours is, it would have been more judicious, I think, to have warned against building the house upon clay or marl, which are retentive of moisture, slippery nine months in the

twelve, cracked the other three, of a colour offensive to the sight, of a soil little accommodating to garden-plants, the water usually unwholesome, and the roads impassable.

NEWTON.

On Negotiating, I am sorry to find again our lord chancellor a dissembler and a tutor to lies.

"To deal in person is good when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh, may give him a direction how far to go; *and generally where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound.*"

BARROW.

Bad enough: but surely he must appear to you any thing rather than knave, when he recommends *the employment of froward and absurd men*, be the business what it may.

NEWTON.

He recommends them for *business which doth not well bear out itself;* and in which, one would think, the wariest are the most wanted.

BARROW.

But, like men who have just tripped, he walks the firmer and stouter instantly. The remainder of the Essay is worthy of his perspicacity.

NEWTON.

In the next, *on Followers and Friends*, I find the

word *espial* used by him a second time, for a minister the French call *espion*. It appears to me that it should denote, not the *person* but the *action*, as the same termination is used in *trial*.

BARROW.

Right. We want some words in composition as we want some side-dishes at table, less for necessity than for decoration. On this principle, I should not quarrel with a writer who had used the verb *originate;* on condition however that he used it as a neuter: none but a sugar-slave would employ it actively. It may stand opposite to *terminate*.

Bacon in the preceding sentence used *glorious* for *vain-glorious;* a latinism among the many of the age, and among the few of the author. Our language bears gallicisms better than latinisms: but whoever is resolved to write soberly, must be contented with the number of each that was found among us in the time of the Reformation. Little is to be rejected of what was then in use, and less of any thing new is henceforward to be admitted. By which prudence and caution we may in time have writers as elegant as the Italian and the French, whom already we excede, as this little volume proves, in vigour and invention.

NEWTON.

He says further on, " It is true that in government it is good to use men of one rank equally;

for to countenance some extraordinarily is to make them insolent, and the rest discontent; because they may claim a due: but contrariwise in favour, to use men with much difference and election is good; for it maketh the persons preferred more thankful, and the rest more officious; because all is of favour."

Here again I am sorry so great an authority should, to use the words of my visitor, let his conscience run before his judgement, and his tongue slip in between. *In saying that all is of favour* (thus carps my visitor) *he gives a preference to another form of government over the monarcal; another form indeed where all is not of favour; where something may be attributed to virtue, something to industry, something to genius; where something may accrue to us from the gratitude of our fellow citizens; and not every thing drop and drivel from the frothy pulings of one swathed up in bandages never changed nor loosened; of one held always in the same arms, and with its face turned always in the same direction.*

BARROW.

Hold! hold! This is as bad as Bacon or Milton. Nay, Cicero and Demosthenes, in the blindness of their hearts, could scarcely have spoken, to the nations they guided, with more contemptuous asperity of royal power.

NEWTON.

I venerate it, as coming of God.

BARROW.

Hold again! all things come from him: the hangman and the hanged are in the same predicament with the anointer and the anointed.

NEWTON.

Sir, you remind me of an observation made in my father's house by the son of a republican, and who indeed was little better than one himself. My father had upbraided him on his irreverence to the Lord's anointed: he asked my father why he allowed his mind to be lime-twigged and ruffled and discomposed by words; and whether he would feel the same awe in repeating the syllables, *God's greased*, as in repeating the syllables, *God's anointed*. If the Eskimaws heard them, said he, they would think the man no better reared than themselves, and worse dressed, as dressed by one less in practice.

BARROW.

No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no playground. Keep your eyes upon Bacon: we may more safely look on him than on thrones. How wise is all the remainder of the Essay!

NEWTON.

He says *on Suitors*, and truly, that "Private

suits do putrefy the public good." Soon afterward, "Some embrace suits *which* never mean to deal effectually in them." This seems ordinary and flat; but the words are requisite to a sentence founded (I fear) on a close observation of human nature, as courts render it. I noted them as presenting an incorrectness and indecision of language. *Who* is proper; not *which;* altho *which* was used indiscriminately, as we find in the beginning of the *Lord's Prayer:* but in that place there could be no confusion.

BARROW.

Among the few crudities and barbarisms that yet oppressed our language in his learned age, Bacon has this, "A man *were better rise* in his suit." Indeed he uses *were better* more than once; with the simple verb after it, and without *to.*

NEWTON.

On Studies he cannot lose his road, having trodden it so frequently, and having left his mark upon so many objects all the way. Therefor it is no wonder that his genius points with a finger of fire to this subject.

He says *on Faction,* that "Many a man's strength is in opposition*, and when that faileth

* Fox and Mirabeau are illustrations of this position. They were superior to Pitt and Robespierre in reading and intellect, yet could not govern long with so much authority.

he groweth out of use." He must have written from inspiration; for in his age I find no person to whom he can have alluded.

BARROW.

Perhaps not; yet the preceding may have furnished him with examples.

NEWTON.

In the first sentence *on Ceremonies and Respects*, are the words, "He that is only real had need have exceeding great parts of virtue." This weighty and sorrowful truth does not prevent me from questioning the expression, *had need have.*

BARROW.

The true words, which all authors write amiss, are, *ha'* need *of*. *Ha' need* sounds like *had need*, and *have* sounds like *of*, in speaking quickly. Hence the wisest men have written the words improperly, by writing at once from the ear, without an appeal or reference to grammar.

NEWTON.

On Praise he says ingeniously, but not altogether truly, "Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid."

BARROW.

This is true only of literary fame: and the drowned things are brought to light again, sometimes by the warmer season and sometimes by the stormier.

He uses *suspect* for *suspicion:* we retain *aspect, respect, retrospect, prospect:* I know not whether the chancellor's award in favour of *suspect* will be repealed or acquiesced in.

NEWTON.

In the next Essay, *on Vain-glory,* he says, "In fame of learning the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation." That is hard, if true.

BARROW.

There must be a good deal of movement and shuffling before there is any rising from the ground: and those who have the longest wings have the most difficulty in the first mounting. In literature, as at football, strength and agility are insufficient of themselves: you must have your *side,* or you may run til you are out of breath and kick til you are out of shoes, and never win the game. There must be some to keep others off you, and some to prolong for you the ball's rebound. But your figures, dear Isaac, will serve as tenterhooks to catch the fingers of those who would meddle with your letters. Do not however be ambitious of an early fame: such is apt to shrivel and to drop under the tree.

NEWTON.

The author continues the same subject in the next Essay, tho under a different title. *Of Honour and Reputation* he says, "Discreet followers and servants help much to reputation."

Then he who has no servant, or an indiscreet one, must be content to be helped to little of it. Seeing that reputation is casual, that the wise may long want it, that the unwise may soon acquire it, that a servant may further it, that a spiteful man may obstruct it, that a passionate man may maim it, and that whole gangs are ready to waylay it as it mounts the hill, I would not wish greatly to carry it about me, but rather to place it in some safe spot, where few could find and not many will look after it. But those who discover it, will try in their hands its weight and quality, and take especial care lest they injure it, saying, *It is his, and his only; leave it to him and wish him increase in it.*

Where Bacon is occupied "in the true marshalling of sovran honour," he gives the third place to *liberatores* or *salvatores*. He wishes to speak in Latin; one of these words belongs not to the language.

BARROW.

His Latin is always void of elegance and grace; but he had the generosity to write in it, that he might be useful the more extensively. We English are far below the Italians, French, Germans, and Dutch, in our latinity: yet we have Latin volumes written by our countrymen, each of which, in its matter, is fairly worth half theirs. They, like certain fine gentlemen, seem to found their

ideas of elegance on slenderness. In twenty or thirty of them, we hardly find a thought or remark at all worthy of preservation. I remember but one sentence; which however, if Cicero had written it, would be recorded among the best he ever wrote. "Valuit nimirum maledicentiâ, gratâ cunctis, etiam iis qui neque sibi maledici neque maledicere ipsi aliis velint."

It may be remarked, and perhaps you have done it, that the title itself of this Essay, *the true marshalling of sovran honour*, is incorrect. By *marshalling* he means *the giving of rates or degrees:* now what is *sovran* has no rates or degrees: he should have said *of titles assumed by sovran princes.*

NEWTON.

In the first sentence *on Judicature*, he uses the singular and plural in designating the same body: either is admissible, but not both.

"Else will it be like the authority claimed by the Church of Rome, which, under pretext of exposition of Scripture, *doth* not stick to add and alter, and to pronounce that which *they* do not find, and, by shew of antiquity, to introduce novelty."

What gravity and wisdom is there in the remark, that, "One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples: for these do but corrupt the stream, the other corrupteth the fountain."

The worst, and almost the only bad sentence in the volume, is the childish antithesis, "There be, saith the Scripture, that turn judgement into wormwood . . *and surely there be also that turn it into vinegar: for injustice maketh it bitter, and delays make it sour.*"

On the Vicissitudes of Things he observes, that "The true religion is built upon the rock, the rest are tossed upon the waves of Time." I doubt whether this magnificent figure has truth for its basis. If by true religion is meant the religion of our Saviour, as practised by his apostols, they outlived it. They complain that it never took firm possession even of their own auditors. Saint Peter himself was reproved by his master for using his sword too vigorously, after all he had said against any use of it whatever: yet, so little good did the reproof, he fell immediately to betraying the very man he had thus defended. But if by true religion we mean the Church of Rome, we come nearer the fact: for that religion, with patchings and repairings, with materials purloined from others, with piles driven under the foundation, and pinnacles raised above the upper story, hath lasted long, and will remain while men are persuaded that wax and stockfish can atone for their vices. The obstacle to our acceptance of the meaning, is, that it hath been convicted of many impostures in its claims and miracles, that

it continues to insist on them, and that it uses violence (which is forbidden by Christ) against those who stumble or doubt.

BARROW.

Deafness is not to be healed by breaking the head, nor blindness by pulling the eyes out: it is time the doctors should try new experiments: if they will not, it is time that the patients should try new doctors.

NEWTON.

A bad religion may be kept afoot by the same means as other kinds of bad government; by corruption and terror, by spies and torturers. No doubt it will please God to see all things set to rights: but we must acknowledge that the best religion, like the best men, has fared the worst.

Bacon says he "reckons martyrdoms among miracles, because they *seem* to exceed the strength of human nature." If they did *seem* to excede the strength of human nature, this is no sufficient reason why they should be ranked with miracles: for martyrdoms have appertained to many religions, if we may call voluntary death to prove a misbeliever's sincerity a martyrdom, while we know that miracles belong exclusively to the christian: and even in this faith there are degrees of latitude and longitude which they were never known to pass, altho, humanly speaking, they were much wanted. The Lithuanians, and other north-eastern

nations, were long before they were reclamed from paganism, for want of miracles. God's good time had not come; and he fell upon different expedients for their conversion.

On the Vicissitudes of Things we find mention of Plato's great year. I think you once told me, Plato took more from others than he knew what to do with.

BARROW.

Instead of simplifying, he involves and confounds.

NEWTON.

I hope hereafter to study the heavenly bodies, with greater accuracy and on other principles than philosophers have done hitherto. The reasons of Bacon why "The northern tract of the world is the more martial region," are unworthy of his perspicacity. First he assigns the stars of the hemisphere; then the greatness of the continent; "Whereas the south part is almost all sea;" then, the cold of the northern parts, "Which is that which, without aid of discipline, doth make the bodies hardest and the courage warmest."

The stars can have no effect whatever on the courage or virtues of men, unless we call the sun one of them, as the poets do. The heat of the sun may produce effeminacy and sloth in many constitutions, and contrary effects in many: but I suspect that dryness and moisture are more efficient on the human body than heat and cold.

Some races, as in dogs and horses, and cattle of every kind, are better than others, and do not lose their qualities for many ages, nor, unless others cross them, without the confluence of many causes. There may be as much courage in hot climates as in cold. The inhabitants of Madagascar and Malacca are braver than the Laplanders, and perhaps not less brave than the Londoners. The fact is this: people in warm climates are in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures that animal life affords, and are disinclined to toil after that which no toil could produce or increase: while the native of the north is condemned by climate to a life of labour, which oftentimes can procure for him but a scanty portion of what his vehement and exasperated appetite demands. Therefor he cuts it short with his sword, and reaps the field sown by the southern.

Bacon seems to me just in his opinion, if not that *ordnance*, at least that inflammable powder, and annoyance by its means, perhaps in rockets, was known among the ancients. He instances the Oxydraces in India. The same remark is equally applicable to the priests of Delphi, who repelled the Gauls with it from the temple of Apollo: and perhaps other priests, the only people in most places who formerly had leisure

for experiments, were equally acquainted with it, and used it, for their own defence only, and only in cases of extremity.

I wish the Essay *on Fame* had been completed: and even then its chief effect on me, perhaps, would be to excite another wish; as gratification usually does. It would have made me sigh for the recovery of Cicero on *Glory*, that the two greatest of philosophers might be compared on the same ground.

BARROW.

Let us look up at Fame without a desire or a repining; and let us pardon all her falsehoods and delays, in remembrance that the best verse in Homer, and the best in Virgil, are on her. Virgil's is indeed but a feather from the wing of Homer.

NEWTON.

You shew a very forgiving mind, Sir, and I hope she will be grateful to you. I do not know what these lines are worth, as they give me no equations.

BARROW.

Nothing should be considered quite independently of every thing else. We owe reverence to all great writers: but our reverence to one would be injustice to another, unless we collated and compared their merits.

NEWTON.

Some are so dissimilar to others, that I know not how it can be done.

BARROW.

Liquids and solids are dissimilar, yet may be weighed in the same scales. All things are composed of portions; and all things bear proportions relatively; mind to mind, matter to matter. Archimedes and Homer are susceptible of comparison: but the process would be long and tedious, the principles must be sought from afar, nor is the man perhaps at the next door who must be called for the operation. Bacon and Milton, Bacon and Shakespear, may be compared with little difficulty, wide asunder as they appear to stand. However, since the cogitative and imaginative parts of mind are exercised by both, in broad daylight and in open spaces, the degrees in which they are exercised are within our calculation. Until we bring together the weightiest works of genius from the remotest distances, we shall display no admirable power of criticism. None such hath been hitherto shewn in the world, which stands, in relation to criticism, as it stood in relation to metaphysics until the time of Aristoteles. He left them imperfect; and they have lain little better ever since. The good sense of Cicero led him to clearer studies and wholesomer exercise; and where he could not pluck fruit he would not

pluck brambles. In Plato we find only arbours and grottoes, with moss and shellwork all misplaced. Aristoteles hath built a solider edifice, but hath built it across our road: we must throw it down again, and use what we can of the materials elsewhere.

NEWTON.

Bacon, seen only in his Essays, would have appeared to me, fresh as I come from the study of the ancients, and captivated as I confess I am by the graces of their language, the wisest and most instructive of writers.

BARROW.

In calling him the wisest of writers, you must except those who wrote from inspiration.

NEWTON.

Ha! that is quite another thing.

BARROW.

Henceforward I would advise you to follow the bent of your genius, in examining those matters principally which are susceptible of demonstration. Every young man should have some proposed end for his studies: let yours be philosophy; and principally those parts of it in which the ancients have done little, and the moderns less. And never be dejected, my dear Isaac, tho it should enable you to throw but a scarcity of light on the Revelations, the Rape of Helen, and the Golden Fleece.

NEWTON.

I hope by my labours I may find a clue to them in the process of time. But perhaps my conjectures may turn out wrong, as those before me have.

BARROW.

How?

NEWTON.

I should always have imagined, if you had not taught me the contrary, that there is more of genius and philosophy in *Bacon's Essays* than in all Cicero's works, however less there be of the scholastic and oratorical. Perhaps I, by being no estimater of style . . .

BARROW.

Peace, peace! my modest Newton! Perhaps I, by being too much an estimater of it, have overvalued the clearest head, the purest tongue, of antiquity. Cicero is least valued for his highest merits, his fulness and his perspicuity. Bad judges (and how few are not so!) want in composition the concise and the obscure, not knowing that the one most frequently arises from paucity of materials, and the other from inability to manage and dispose them. Have you never observed that, among the ignorant in painting, dark pictures are usually called the finest in the collection, and greybearded heads, fit only for the garret, are preferred to the radiance of light and beauty? Have you yourself never thought, before you could well measure and

calculate, that books and furniture thrown about a room, appeared to be in much greater quantities than when they were arranged? At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar. Look within . . cannot we afford it?

The minds of few can take in the whole of a great author; and fewer can draw him close enough to another for just commensuration. A fine passage may strike us less forcibly than one beneath it in beauty, from less sensibility in us at the moment; whence less enthusiasm, less quickness of perception, less capacity, less hold. You have omitted to remark some of the noblest things in Bacon, often, I believe, because there is no power of judgement to be shewn in the expression of admiration, and perhaps too sometimes from the repetition and intensity of delight.

NEWTON.

Sir, I forbore to lift up my hands, as a mark of admiration. You ordered me to demonstrate, if I could, the defects of this wonderful man, unnoticed hitherto.

BARROW.

You have done it to my satisfaction. Cicero disdained not, in the latter days of his life, when he was highest in reputation and dignity, to perform the same office in regard to Epicurus: and I wish he had exhibited the same accuracy

and attention, the same moderation and respect. The objections of your friend and visitor are not altogether frivolous: take care however lest he, by his disceptations, move you from your faith. If you hold the faith, the faith will support you; as, if you make your bed warm by lying in it, your bed will keep you so: never mind what the ticking or the wadding may be made of. There are few things against which I see need to warn you, and not many on which you want advice You are not profuse in your expenditure: yet as you, like most of the studious, are inattentive to money-affairs, let me guard you against evils following on this negligence, worse than the negligence itself. Whenever a young man is remarked for it, a higher price is fixed on what he purchases; and dishonest men of every description push themselves into his service, and often acquire his confidence, not only to the injury of his fortune, but likewise of his credit and respectability. Let a gentleman be known to have been cheated of twenty pounds, and it costs him forty ayear for the remainder of his life. Therefor, if you detect the cheat, the wisest thing is to conceal it, both for fear of the rogues about your sideboard, and of those more dexterous ones round the green cloth, under the judge, in your county assize-room.

You will become an author ere long; and every

author must attend to the means of conveying his information. The plainess of your style is suitable to your manners and your studies. Avoid, which many grave men have not done, words taken from sacred subjects and from elevated poetry: these we have seen vily prostituted. Avoid too the society of the barbarians who misemploy them: they are vain, irreverent, and irreclamable to right feelings. The dialogues of Galileo, which you have been studying, are written with much propriety and precision. I do not urge you to write in dialogue, altho the best writers of every age have done so: the best parts of Homer and Milton are speeches and replies; the best parts of every great historian are the same: the wisest men of Athens and of Rome converse together in this manner, as they are shewn to us by Xenophon, by Plato, and by Cicero. Whether you adopt such a form of composition, which, if your opinions are new, will protect you in part from the hostility all novelty (unless it is vicious) excites; or whether you choose to go along the unbroken surface of the didactic, never look abroad for any kind of ornament. Apollo, either as the God of day or the slayer of Python, had nothing about him to obscure his clearness or to impede his strength. To one of your mild manners, it would be superfluous to recommend equanimity in competition, and calmness in

controversy. If others for a time are preferred to you, let your heart lie sacredly still; and you will hear from it the true and plain oracle, that not for ever will the magistracy of letters allow the rancid transparencies of coarse colourmen to stand before your propylæa. It is time that philosophy should have her share in our literature; that the combinations and appearances of matter be scientifically considered and luminously displayed. Frigid conceits on theological questions, heaps of snow on barren crags, compose at present the greater part of our domain: volcanoes of politics burst forth from time to time, and vary, without enlivening, the scene.

Do not fear to be less rich in the productions of your mind at one season than at another. Marshes are always marshes, and pools are pools; but the sea, in those places where we admire it most, is sometimes sea and sometimes dry land; sometimes it brings ships into port, and sometimes it leaves them where they can be refitted and equipt. The capacious mind neither rises nor sinks, neither labours nor rests, in vain. Even in those intervals when it loses the consciousness of its powers, when it swims as it were in vacuity, and feels not what is external nor internal, it acquires or recovers strength, as the body does by sleep. Never try to say things well; try only to shew them clearly; for your business is with the considerate philosopher,

and not with the polemical assembly. If a thing can be demonstrated two ways, demonstrate it in both: one will please this man best, the other that; and pleasure, if obvious and unsought, is never to be neglected by those appointed from above to lead us into knowledge. Many will readily mount stiles and gates to walk along a footpath in a field, whom the very sight of a bare public road would disincline and weary; and yet the place whereto they travel lies at the end of each. Your studies are of a nature unsusceptible of much decoration: otherwise it would be my duty and my care to warn you against it, not merely as idle and unnecessary, but as obstructing your intent. The fond of wine are little fond of the sweet or of the new: the fond of learning are no fonder of its must than of its dregs. Something of the severe hath always been appertaining to order and to grace: and the beauty that is not too liberal is sought the most ardently and loved the longest. The Graces have their zones, and Venus her cestus. In the writings of the philosopher are the frivolities of ornament the most ill-placed; in you would they be particularly, who, promising to shew an infinity of worlds, should turn aside to display the petals of a double pink.

It is dangerous to have any intercourse or dealing with small authors. They are as troublesome to handle, as easy to discompose, as difficult to

pacify, and leave as unpleasant marks on you, as small children. Cultivate on the other hand the society and friendship of the higher; first that you may learn to reverence them, which of itself is both a pleasure and a virtue, and then that on proper occasions you may defend them against the malevolent, which is a duty. And this duty cannot be well and satisfactorily performed with an imperfect knowledge or with an inadequate esteem. Habits of respect to our superiors are among the best we can attain, if we only remove from our bosom the importunate desire of unworthy advantages from 'em. They belong to the higher department of justice, and will procure for us in due time our portion of it. Besides, O Isaac! in this affair our humanity is deeply concerned. Think, how gratifying, how consolatory, how all-sufficient, are the regards and attentions of such wise and worthy men as you, to those whom inferior but more powerful ones, some in scarlet, some in purple, some (it may be) in ermine, vilify or neglect. Many are there to whom we are now indifferent, or nearly, whom, if we had approached them as we ought to have done, we should have cherished, loved, and honoured. Let not this reflexion, which on rude and unequal minds may fall without form and features, and pass away like the idlest cloud-shadow, be lost on you. Old literary men, besides age and experience, have

another quality in common with Nestor: they, in the literature of the country, are praisers of times past, partly from moroseness, and partly from custom and conviction. The illiterate, on the contrary, raise higher than the steeples, and dress up in the gaudiest trim, a maypole of their own, and dance round it while any rag flutters. So tenacious are Englishmen of their opinions, that they would rather lose their franchises and almost their lives. And this tenacity hath not its hold upon letters only, but likewise upon whatever is public. I have witnessed it on men guilty of ingratitude, of fraud, of peculation, of prevarication, of treachery to friends, of insolence to patrons, of misleading of collegues, of abandonment of party, of renunciation of principles, of arrogance to honester men and wiser, of humiliation to strumpets for the obtainment of place and profit, of every villainy in short which unfits not only for the honours of public, but rejects from the confidence of private life. And there have been people so maddened by faction, that they would almost have erected a monument to such persons, hoping to spite and irritate their adversaries, and unconscious or heedless that the inscription must be their own condemnation. Those who have acted in this manner will repent of it; but they will hate you for ever if you foretell them of their repentence. It is not the fact nor the consequence, it is the motive that

turns and pinches them; and they would think it strait-forward and natural to cry out against you, and a violence and a malady to cry out against themselves. The praises they have given they will maintain, and more firmly than if they were due; as perjurers stick to perjury more hotly than the veracious to truth. Supposing there should be any day of your life unoccupied by study, there will not be one without an argument why parties, literary or political, should be avoided. You are too great to be gregarious; and were you to attempt it, the gregarious in a mass would turn their heads against you. The greater who enter into public life are disposed at last to quit it: *retirement with dignity* is their device: the meaning of which is retirement with as much of the public property as can be amassed and carried away. This race of great people is very numerous. I want before I die to see one or two ready to believe, and to act on the belief, that there is as much dignity in retiring soon as late, with little as with loads, with quiet minds and consciences as with ulcerated or discomposed. I have already seen some hundred sectaries of that pugnacious pope, who, being reminded that Christ commanded Peter to put up his sword, replied, *Yes, when he had cut the ear off.*

To be in right harmony the soul must be never

out of time, nor lose sight of the theme its creator's hand hath noted.

Why are you peeping over your forefinger into those pages near the beginning of the volume?

NEWTON.

I have omitted the notice of several Essays.

BARROW.

There are many that require no observation for peculiarities; tho perhaps there is not one that any other man could have written.

NEWTON.

I had something more, Sir, to say . . or rather . . I had something more, Sir, to ask . . about friendship.

BARROW.

All men, but above all the studious, must beware in the formation of it. Advice or caution on this subject comes immaturely and ungracefully from the young, exhibiting a proof either of temerity or suspicion: but when you hear it from a man of my age, who has been singularly fortunate in the past, and foresees the same felicity in those springing up before him, you may accept it as the direction of a calm observer, telling you all he has remarked, on the greater part of a road, which he has nearly gone thro, and which you have but just entered. Never take into your confidence, or admitt often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more

than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues, what they may, he will be a hinderance to your pursuits and an obstruction to your greatness. If indeed the greatness were such as courts can bestow, and such as can be laid on the shoulders of a groom, and make him look like the rest of the company, my advice would be misplaced: but since all transcendent, all true and genuine greatness, must be of a man's own raising, and only on the foundations that the hand of God has laid, do not let any touch it: keep them off civilly, but keep them off. Affect no stoicism; display no indifference: let their coin pass current; but do not you exchange for it the purer ore you carry, nor think the milling pays for the alloy. Greatly favored and blest by Providence will you be, if you should in your lifetime be known for what you are: the contrary, if you should be transformed.

NEWTON.

Better and more decorous would it be, perhaps, if I filled up your pause with my reflexions: but you always have permitted me to ask you questions; and now, unless my gratitude misleads me, you invite it.

BARROW.

Ask me any thing: I will answer, if I can; and I will pardon you, as I have often done, if you puzzle me.

NEWTON.

Is it not a difficult and a painful thing, to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship?

BARROW.

It withers the heart; if indeed his heart were ever sound who doth it. Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you: give him every thing but your time and your glory. Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him. Yes, Isaac! there are men born for friendship; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity; as the making of honey is to bees. Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would gather; and do not think to live upon those sweets. Our corrupted state requires robuster food, or must grow more and more unsound.

NEWTON.

I would yet say something; a few words; on this subject . . or one next to it . .

BARROW.

On *Expense* then: that is the next: I have given you some warning about it, and hardly know what else to say. Cannot you find the place?

NEWTON.

I had it under my hand. If . . that is, provided . . your time, Sir! . . .

BARROW.

Speak it out, man! Are you in a ship of Marcellus under the mirror of Archimedes, that you fume and redden so? Cry to him that you are his scholar, and went out only to parley.

NEWTON.

Sir! in a word . . ought a studious man to think of matrimony?

BARROW.

Painters, poets, mathematicians, never ought: other studious men, after reflecting for twenty years upon it, may. Had I a son of your age, I would not leave him in a grasing country. Many a man has been safe among cornfields, who falls a victim on the grass under an elm. There are lightnings very fatal in such places.

NEWTON.

Supposing me no mathematician, I must reflect then for twenty years!

BARROW.

Wait. Begin to reflect on it after the twenty; and continue to reflect on it all the remainder . . I mean at intervals, and quite leisurely. It will save to you many prayers, and may suggest to you one thanksgiving.

CONVERSATION II.

PELEUS

AND

THETIS.

PELEUS

AND

THETIS.

THETIS.

O PELEUS! O thou whom the Gods conferred on me for all my portion of happiness . . and it was (I thought) too great . .

PELEUS.

Goddess! to me, to thy Peleus, O how far more than Goddess! why then these tears? The last we shedd were when the Fates divided us, saying the Earth was not thine, and the brother of Jove had called thee. Those that fall between the beloved at parting, are bitter, and ought to be: Woe to him who wishes they were not! Those that flow again at the returning light of the blessed feet, should be refreshing and divine as morn.

THETIS.

Support me, support me in thy arms, once more, once only: lower not thy shoulder from my

cheek, to gaze at those features that pleased thee. The sky is serene; the heavens do not frown on us: do they then prepare for us fresh sorrow? Prepare for us! ah me! the word of Jupiter is spoken: our Achilles is discovered: he is borne in the ships, and would have flown faster than they sail, to Troy. Surely there are those among the Gods, or among the Goddesses, who might have forewarned me . . . and they did not! Were there no omens, no auguries, no dreams, to shake thee from thy security? no priest to prophesy? And what pastures are more beautiful than Larissa's; what victims more stately!

PELEUS.

Approach with me and touch the altar, O my beloved! and doth not thy finger now impress the soft embers of incense? how often hath it burned, for him, for thee! And the lowings of the herds are audible for their leaders, from the sources of Apidanus and Enipeus to the sea-beach.

Priests can foretell but not avert the future; and all they can give us are promises and fears.

Despond not, despair not, my long-lost Thetis! Hath not a God led thee back to me? why not hope then he will restore our son? which of them all hath such a child offended?

THETIS.

Uncertainties . . worse than uncertainties . . overthrow and overwhelm me.

PELEUS.

There is a comfort in the midst of every uncertainty, saving (those which perplex the Gods and confound the godlike) Love's. Be comforted! not by my kisses, but by my words. Achilles may live til our old age. *Ours!* Had I forgotten thy divinity in thy beauty? Other mortals think their beloved partake of it, then mostly when they are gazing on their charms. But thy tenderness is more than godlike. Never have I known, never will I know, whatever in our inferior nature can resemble it. Ages shall fly over my tomb, while thou art flourishing in eternal youth, the desire of Gods.

THETIS.

I receive thy words, and bless them. Gods *may* desire me: I have loved Peleus. Our union had many obstacles; the envy of mortals, the jealousy of immortals, hostility and persecution from around, from below, and from above. Remember these; and they will make thee silent; they will repress thy idle consolations. How cruel we once thought them! O that they could have been even more afflicting! Then might our loss . . no, never, never could it . . have been less severe.

I see him in the dust, in agony, in death: I see his blood on the flints, his yellow hair flapping in its current, his hand unable to remove it from his

eyes. I hear his voice; and it calls not upon me! Mothers are forgotten! It is weakness to love the weak! I could not save him! He would have left the caverns of Ocean, the halls of Pluto, the groves and meadows of Elysium, tho resounding with the songs of love and heroism, for a field of battle.

PELEUS.

He may yet live many years. Why should I repeat it? Troy hath been taken once already, and may stil resist more than one war.

THETIS.

He must perish; and at Troy; and now.

PELEUS.

The *now* of the Gods is more than life's duration: other Gods, other worlds, are formed within it. If indeed he must perish at Troy, his ashes will lie softly on hers. Thus fall our beauteous son! thus rest Achilles!

THETIS.

Twice nine years have not passed over his head, twice nine have not yet rolled away, since *the youth of Emathia, the swift, the golden-haired,* were the only words sounded in the halls of Tethys. How many shells were broken for their hoarseness! how many reproofs were heard, for interrupting the slumbers . . of those who never slept! But they said they did; and joy and kindness left the hearts of sisters.

Why do I remember the day, why do I record it? . . . my Achilles dies! . . . it was the day that gave me my Achilles! Dearer he was to me than the light of heaven, before he ever saw it: what is he now! when, bursting forth on the Earth like its first dayspring, all the loveliness of Nature stands back, and grows pale and faint before his.

PELEUS.

O, thou art fallen! thou art fallen thro my embrace! Look up again! look, and forgive me! No: thy forgiveness I deserve not . . . but did I deserve thy love . . Thy solitude, thy abasement, thy fall on the earth are from me! The monster of Calydon made (as thou knowest) his first and most violent rush against this arm; no longer fit for war, no longer a defence to the people. And is the day too come when it no longer can sustain my Thetis!

THETIS.

Protend it not to the skies! invoke not, name not, any Deity! I fear them all. Nay, lift me not thus up above thy head, O Peleus! reproaching the Gods with such an awful look . . with a look of beauty which they will not pity, with a look of defiance which they may not brook.

PELEUS.

Doth not my hand enclasp thy slender foot, at which the waves of Ocean cease to be tumultuous,

and the children of Eolus to disturb their peace! O, if in the celestial coolness of thy cheek, now resting on my head, there be not the breath and gift of immortality . . O, if Jove hath any thunderbolt in reserve for me, let this, my beloved Thetis, be the hour!

CONVERSATION III.

THE KING OF AVA

AND

RAO-GONG-FAO.

THE KING OF AVA

AND

RAO-GONG-FAO.

KING.

WHO is the slave that, in the posture so becoming a mortal, draweth his brow and his knees together on the pavement of this my heaven, pointing with the center of his circumference to that cloudier one, of which my brother the Sun is rajah?

PRIME-CHAMBERLAIN.

Lord of light! behold the created of thy golden foot, him whom we in our language of men do call Rao-Gong-Fao.

KING.

The Sun our brother permits the tender blade of rice to lift its head under him, after many moons. We likewise, but greater in our clemency, allow the creature of our beneficence to unfold himself by just degrees in the space of one hour. Meanwhile

let him answer the words of wisdom, as they flow from the imperturbable fountain of eternal truth.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

RAO.

Tiger-crushing elephant! crocodile of crysolite! river of milk and honey!

KING.

In our condescension of majesty, we command thee to leave untold, at present, the remainder of the seven thousand names, wherewith the languages of the universal earth, having exhausted themselves, would enrich us.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

RAO.

The dust obeys the wind.

KING.

Answer thou the questions of our all-searching Intelligence.

Hath our slave, the rajah of those two little islets drawn by white bears, accepted our conditions? or must we, in our indignation, submerge him and his islets and his white bears, throwing one of our jewels at them?

RAO.

Have mercy! Forbear, yet a little while, O right hand of Omnipotence! Let neither a jewel from thy armlet plunge him into the abyss, nor an irresistible ray from thy incensed eye transfix him. Verily he hath heard reason and truth. He hath

accepted thy gifts, O disposer of empire! When I informed him that, in consideration of the cold wherewith his people are afflicted, my king consented to use his interest with his brother, not only not to withold his light, but to increase it; and would graciously order a whole grove of high trees to be levelled with the earth, in order that they might not intercept his warmth from the two bear-borne islets of the western sea, he appeared much gratified. And wheras the noblest of his people wear a garter on the outside of that dress which covereth the knee, while others can only wear it on the inside, the rajah gave orders that one should be drawn closely round me, higher than any man present ever wore it; and that it should surround, not my knee nor my buttocks, but my whole body and arms together, with many folds; not unlike the ceremony which the Persian and Arabian poets, if our learned men understand them, relate as anciently performed amid the funeral honours of Egyptian kings; being the last and greatest the survivers could offer to their defunct masters. Far is thy servant, O mountain of myrrh! from ascribing to himself the desert. It was a token of what the rajah thought due unto thee, O oil of camphor! And when I informed him that, in return for this benefit of warmth, your Celestitude wished only the restitution of the few cities your soldiers and counsellors had entrusted to his people,

and the remission of some lacks of rupees, which it was thought reasonable to promise them because they dreamed of the same, he was overjoyed.

KING.

What lacks? what rupees? I never heard about them.

RAO.

Tortoise of adamant! earth-sustainer! When the natives of the two islets, together with some vagabonds they had collected from certain plains near the Ganges, lost themselves in our country, they were constrained by hunger to take several necessaries of life from the slaves of your Divine Majesty. The said slaves were angry, and called some soldiers to their aid, and disturbance ensued, in which a soldier of the Celestial empire was slain, and three wounded. The servants of your Divine Majesty then sent other soldiers against them, with orders to bring them into your serene presence, or at least as far as the first court. They, hearing of this order, were coming forward in great haste and perturbation. But certain wise generals then bethought themselves, that these unbelievers, in their ignorance of polished customs, might peradventure be inconvenient and indecorous, and chose rather to provide for their necessities with a few pieces of silver to each man, and a few cities to lodge them in. The cannon was left on the walls, with plenty of powder and shot, that they might

defend themselves against the jackals and hyenas, when no longer under the protection of your Celestial army. It is wonderful how this plain simple story was changed in the country of the ungodly. The rajah of the two isles was undeceived by me: finally he was persuaded that your Divine Majesty had acted with no other feeling than that of hospitality; and he displayed as serene a countenance as if it had been irradiated by a beam of light from your Divine Majesty's.

KING.

Shew me a copy of the orders he gave, for the remission of the money his servants would obtain from mine.

RAO.

Unapproachable Excelsitude! He told me he did not interfere in the quarrels of his servants.

KING.

He said it before: I pardoned him. Procede.

RAO.

He was happy to hear from me, that your Divine Majesty had considered the cessions of every kind, both in towns and silver, as gifts of hospitality: and he called three Gods to witness; who however refused to come . . .

KING.

Then it is a trick. Why did not he bring them by main force?

RAO.

O Lamp blazing with sandal-wood! their priests came for them, with their shirts over their coats, and bearing on their heads the last offerings; being the whitest flower, sprinkled into the hair of cattle, and kept from blowing away by the purest liquefied butter and the choicest fat of animals. They had likewise round their legs certain tight silken bands, mysteriously dipt in wine; and in their shoes were buckles, of a metal not unlike silver; mystical types of constancy and firmness. Nor is there an instance, once in a year, of these holy men breaking their words and promises, from the time they put on these buckles to the time they take the same off again. If they swear to any thing in them, unless it be that they never will consent to be placed above the other priests, they hardly ever violate the oath. On this one occasion they violate it; chiefly to make the other priests merry with them, and to teach them to do likewise, on the like occasion.

KING.

Well, but what advantage, what security, dost thou bring me? what were the priests to answer for the rajah?

RAO.

Pagod of holiness! He declared, and they declared for him, as seeing into his heart, that he hoped to be the imitator of your Divine Majesty,

whenever an equal number of guests from your Celestial dominions should honour him with such a friendly visit in his island.

KING.

Son of a dog! did he say this?

RAO.

Lightning of destruction! thus spake the rajah, son of a dog.

KING.

Flang Sarabang Quang!

FLANG.

Sublimity!

KING.

Count out the money. The children of the White Bear understand and talk peguese.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

RAO.

Heart of emerald in diamond case!

KING.

Lift up thy last two fingers from the earth!

RAO.

The lord of life hath spoken.

KING.

I have heard that in the two bear-borne islets there are no bamboos. What houses then can there be? have the people any?

RAO.

Numerous, numerous, numerous, O whirlwind of might! They have cities larger than ours.

KING.

Lead out that slave: scourge him, and slit his tongue for lying, Flang Sarabang Quang!

FLANG.

Sun of truth! may the voice of grey hairs be heard?

KING.

Let us hear it.

FLANG.

Omnipresent! let men lie.

KING.

How? to me? Art thou too, O Flang Sarabang Quang! come from that Islet, where the first slave became the first for lying to his rajah, and betraying his colleague? This we have heard of old: but the rajah wanted him to lie to other rajahs, and found in his whole dominions no other slave so capable. Let Rao Gung Fau lie; since such is the voice of grey hairs: but let him not lie unto me, until commanded. Lovest thou not truth, O Flang Sarabang Quang?

FLANG.

Steel-piercing questioner of prostrate souls! I am aged. When I was a youth I loved that thing and some others, and found they did me little good. Truth, both in seasons of quiet and of disturbance, raiseth men's anger. One speaks truth to another, and both grow hot, even the silent, whose lungs have not laboured. The rajah or

king heareth of it, and he groweth hotter stil. They two boil on two sides; he in the center; but all boil and foam and bubble, and fume away the good that is in them. Now tho I have heard lies these sixty-five years, I have always found them productive of complacency. Some of them were malignant; yet the malignity was for the absent; and, supposing he heard of it afterward, only one could be annoyed where fifty were gratified. If there is a man in the Celestial Empire, who will lay his hand upon his breast, and declare in the presence of our God, that he hath derived more pleasure from truth than from lies, then let Rao-Gong-Fao be thrown on his belly, and let his back be channelled for a bamboo-bed.

KING.

Thou speakest unprofitably, O Flang Sarabang Quang!

Lies are good only for good government, and are sacred things. We coin, but punish coiners.

I desire to hear from my slave Rao-Gong-Fao the truth only, and the truth plainly, and the truth fully. Swear to me, O Rao-Gong-Fao, that no other word shall escape thy lips in my presence.

RAO.

By the great pearl, glory of pearls, greatest of the five, on which five worlds repose, at the extremity of the golden foot, making all other pearls hide their varying and trembling luster in

the opake jelly of fishes, and making even the brightest of diamonds take refuge in the rocks before it, I, Rao-Gong-Fao, will speak the truth only, and the truth plainly, and the truth fully.

KING.

Of what materials do these poor creatures of the islets build their houses? Answer me, as fountain at once and recipient of wisdom, and mingle not my glorious titles in thy relation of them.

RAO.

The worm carrieth not his slime into the blossom of beauty and bliss.

The inhabitants of the greater islet, O king, construct their habitations of dust and chaff.

KING.

Like swallows-nests?

RAO.

Not in form, O king, exteriorly or interiorly. Indeed they seem to display some intelligence, and considerable powers of imitation, in their dwellings.

KING.

I would hear more. Hast thou collected any thing about the smaller islet?

RAO.

Thy slave hath learnt, O king, that the houses in certain parts of it are not dissimilar: but generally they are low, and built of another kind

of dust, totally without chaff, which those in easy circumstances live upon.

KING.

Voyagers have related, that even the royal palace is unvarnished on the outside, and not very bright within; and that the holes in the wall are filled up with pieces of mirrour; to hint that you must not examine them, but look to the flaws in yourself.

RAO.

I believe it: and altho the people are violent, they are capable of reflexion, and of receiving such a lesson in the palace of the rajah. He himself hath much prudence, and more courtesy. When he received me at his residence, he was cautious to fasten a star against his breast; unwilling to shew any thing that could be mistaken for a sun, out of respect and homage to the glorious prince who sent me, resplendent arbiter of the Celestial Empire.

KING.

He did well.

RAO.

The streets of London, his chief city, were mostly narrow and crooked and painted black, but without varnish. This colour, worne likewise by the priests, is in honour of a certain deity they call the devil, in whose service the English are very much employed. The greater part of the

day they are doing whatever they can devise as most agreeable to him: toward the evening they call their servants together, and make them cry and sing and kneel and jump up again, and invoke another deity, in various tones of voice, to drive their old favorite away! They are very fond of these single combats, and often imitate them in the streets.

KING.

It would be humane to instruct them better, by means of missionaries.

RAO.

Their priests fancy they can instruct ours.

KING.

The priest that fancies he can teach another priest, is the more ignorant and stupid of the two.

It is difficult to believe that all the streets in a city, or even all the temples, are dedicated to a couple of deities.

RAO.

The temples bear the names of different ones, but nevertheless are dedicated to the service of two only: the others seem to be merely called as witnesses to the contest; or rather, as spectators of the games, instituted in honour of the great competitors. I entered one, resembling a room in a tavern, where it was announced that the devil's old master had come up at last and gained a great victory over him. Would your Celestitude believe

it! the whole company wept. The report gained ground, and manifested itself throughout the city. The new houses were not painted black; several of the new temples were not: besides, I found some of the priests in a street to which the king has given his own name, and where he keeps wives for them, and educates young priestesses; and neither these nor the priests wore black outwardly, altho one of them retained a tinge of it about her, just for appearance, if she should be examined in private. I found the priests better men than those who wept in the other place: for they laughed, and seemed heartily glad. One of them, who lent me a young priestess for a wife, on my paying her mother a few pieces of gold, assured me that the new streets were built wider since the last earthquake; that the houses which I imagined were covered with blue paper, were roofed in fact with a material not unlike a stone in substance, altho of incredible lightness. Stil I am of opinion that, in despite of precautions, if two or three of these houses fell on any very young or very old person, it might harm and even lame him. My guide took up a portion of one, called a *brick*, and pulverized it between his fingers, and blew it into the air. Even this did not satisfy me: it only proved that if the street, in falling, crippled nobody, it might blind fifty: and this might happen to strong men in common with weak ones.

KING.

Have they any animals among them? any swine, dogs, oxen, horses, elephants?

RAO.

Surely such a number of horses doth not exist in the remainder of the world, as in the city of London. I have seen six carrying one old woman, who had more years than pounds weight. Agriculture is in such high esteem in this nation, that a waggoner is next in honour to a rajah. Not only is he privileged to wear a long robe in public, and to carry a scepter of seven cubits, but he alone, like the rajah, has a right to harness eight horses to his vehicle.

Sheep, oxen, and swine, I have seen in country places, but winked, and dissembled that I saw them. Whether the island contains many, is among the mysteries of state. I often heard it affirmed: but my best friends were unwilling to clear up my doubts upon it. A dealer in tea, very rich, one of the lords of Hindostan, desired me to ask him the question no more. Even he was fearful of punishment. Perhaps I might never have known, O Celestitude, that there are elephants in this land, if I had not been accidentally in a street where a fire broke out. Several of these creatures were brought forth from sacred inclosures, all under wooden covers; and marvelous was it to behold them casting up whole fountains

of water, not only against the walls, but even upon the roofs. The English have the art of making their trunks grow for this purpose, to a length surpassing all belief. With what patience did the creatures suffer themselves to be mounted and drenched and directed! and how unmoved they appeared in the midst of an innumerable multitude, shouting and shoving, and under incessant flakes of fire falling round them! I was afraid to ask any questions about these animals, seeing that Englishmen are unwilling to let strangers know the number they possess of them. For they are in the greatest dread of their enemy, called the French, having lately beaten him.

KING.

How is this? what absurdity art thou talking? Afraid of him *because* they have beaten him!

RAO.

O king! conqueror of nations! golden-footed! golden-eyed! shaker of thrones! the West differeth from the East.. but not so much as the men differ in them. The English are never afraid of enemies they have not beaten: the moment they have beaten them, they go bareheaded and barefooted, and fast, and pray, and implore permission to live quietly another year: which favour they rarely obtain, before they have given back all they have won, and sworne before three or four gods of good faith that they will be peaceable in future. After

which ceremony they entreat their enemies to feel if they have any coin in their pockets, and, if they have, to take it out, and then to tie their hands behind them for a season.

KING.

Nobody would tell me this until now.

Flang Sarabang Quang!

FLANG.

Sublimity!

KING.

Count not out the money. He who cried, *count out the money*, was an evil spirit: it was not thy rajah.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

RAO.

Celestiality!

KING.

Rise to within fourteen inches and one-third of thy natural and utmost highth.

RAO.

The atom ascends from the chariot-wheel of Omnipotence, and twinkles in his light, and begins to take its form under the eye of its Creator.

KING.

Is there any probability of the English engaging in war again speedily?

RAO.

Not against the French; whom they beat so severely for imposing a rajah on some neighbouring

kingdom, that, to make them amends and to keep them good-humoured, they are permitting and encouraging them to impose another, who had attempted to poison his father, on failing to dethrone him. The people made him swear that he would not impale them, nor roast them alive, nor hang any others than those who had fought for him and saved his head from the axe. But having hung all these, he began hanging the rest.

KING.

Why did they make him swear then? They deserved it.

RAO.

So said the French, O rajah! scale of Equity! and the English owned for once that the French spake truly: and, having seen their error in driving them away, together with the milder rajah, who had forbidden his cooks to roast men alive, they now assist them heartily in replacing the parricide, whose first royal ordinance was *Let my cooks preach salvation and roast men alive.* Upon which, great numbers of cooks, who dwell together, and possess a great part of the kingdom, came forth from their cells, and patted on the face the people they met, and said *God be with you!* and cut their throats in the most tender way, and roasted them. This they did when they found only few: but when there were enough to pay the

value of the faggots, they roasted them alive, according to the royal ordinance. Many poor wretches cried out to the English for protection, and begged at least a knife or a cudgel, to frighten the cooks away: but the French declared that if the English lent any assistance, in violation of royalty and religion, they would run before them again over the snowy mountains and break their fat hearts. The English fought before to drive out the French from this country, thinking that the possession of it would make them too powerful, and feeling the injury such possession did their commerce. If ever they fight again, it will be to keep them in: for it is a maxim of state among them, that it is a folly to fight twice for the same thing. The French exclude their ships and supplant their merchandize: so that I see no chance of a war between them: but I descry it in another quarter.

KING.

Speak on, O Rao-Gong-Fao! Thou hast much wisdom. Speak, and spare not.

RAO.

O hooded-serpent among rajahs! striking in silence! insinuator of death and dissolution to whosoever crosses thy path! the English have ever been so dearly beloved by their sisters, that at last they will hang them in their garters.

KING.

Their sisters! hang them in their garters! for loving them!

RAO.

The same policy, O wonderful! reigns here among them, as guides them against their enemy the French. They fear those they have beaten; and hate mortally those who caress and help them. Those who are called their *sisters*, from their vicinity and affection, are not all women. They are the inhabitants, both male and female, of that other islet called *Sister:* tho Britain is never called *sister* nor *brother*, nor any such name, having in truth but little right to it.

KING.

Will the white bears that drag the islets from one place to another, stand still while the people fight and quarrel?

RAO.

Dispenser of wisdom! palm-tree of the Genii! No white bears drag either.

KING.

Away with him! away with him! What benefit can I expect from the mouth of Infidelity? what blessing, unless I close it?

Flang Sarabang Quang!

FLANG.

Sublimity!

KING.

Hearest thou this?

FLANG.

Thy servant heareth.

KING.

And thine eyes rest within thy head! and thy mouth becometh not as the mouth of a well, with wonder!

FLANG.

Sublimity! My eyes rest within my head, and my mouth becometh not as the mouth of a well, with wonder; forasmuch as the white bears may have died by the visitation of God. He may have been wroth with the wicked people for molesting us, and may have smitten the white bears. If Rao-Gong-Fao had said, that the islets were *never* borne about by them, I should be the first to recommend that he be stoned to death, to avert the anger of God both from us and him. For we have it plain and unequivocal in the books composed by the wisdom of our forefathers, entitled *the Manifestations;* which likewise teach us how many wings and eyes each bear hath, and what strength and comeliness.

KING.

I myself have perused that sacred book, with ineffable delight. It hath foretold me every event of my reign, and in particular the effects of emetics

and cathartics, and will foretell every thing that must happen on earth, until the great tortoise, which supports it, casts his shell. This also it hath foretold.

Rao-Gong-Fao! rise into second life. Open thy lips again, and speak. What hast thou learnt of the new cause of trouble between the Islets?

RAO.

They do not worship the same Gods.

KING.

Could not they let the Gods, who are stronger than they are, fight it out among themselves?

RAO.

The Gods, I understand, and particularly the inferior ones, have lost a good deal of blood already, and would fain lie still awhile. But there is an old man in a jungle, several days voyage from both islands, whom they call, after his residence, the *jungler* or *juggler*. If any man prays to any God, without first asking his leave, and paying for it, he curses him member by member, and orders his priests to curse him, and forbids all persons to give him a mouthful of grain or root or cold water, or even to lend him a spark of fire from his pipe. The inhabitants of *Sister* do not listen to any priest without a certificate from the juggler, that he is able to make a God and eat him in a moment: for the inhabitants of *sister* bear a

great respect to those who eat and drink heartily, and an equal contempt for every other kind of ability. It is not requisite that the juggler should see the noviciate who is to become a priest, or should know any thing about him: it is only needful that he should receive his vows of obedience, and his protestation that he believes the juggler to derive his authority from God himself, thro an unbroken succession of jugglers, and to possess God's own spirit.

KING.

How can he believe this?

RAO.

All things by degrees, O starry Firmament! First, he is taught that grain is meat; and secondly that meat is God; and thirdly that to eat a fish is piety; and fourthly that to eat a monkey or goat is impiety; and fifthly that to eat God himself is the best service his creatures can render him. After these preliminaries, it is not very far nor very difficult to believe that a juggler's spirit is a divine one.

KING.

Blindness! blindness! Catch me twenty or thirty of my cleverest priests, bind them hand and foot, and send them out missionaries of truth to the benighted.

Is the difference between the two islets old or recent?

RAO.

A little while ago the inhabitants of both islands worshipped the juggler equally. Something, in which a woman and a sum of money were concerned, made a former king of Britain quarrel with the old man, or pretend to quarrel; and he seized upon all the lands and temples, and upon all the cattle, and precious metals appertaining to them; and he swore he would be juggler in his own kingdom. The old juggler's priests went over to his side, having much veneration for their lands and temples, and opened many books demonstrating that they should do it, the same being foretold. Nevertheless the consciences of many pricked them, when they saw their ancient Gods grinning from the walls at them. By degrees they plucked up courage, and grew as angry as the Gods were, and brought buckets of lime into the temples, and whitened the paintings. The principal change in the religion, is the transfer of property: the principal difference in the priests themselves is, the old juggler's priests declare and swear that that they *do* eat God, and will eat him to their dying day. The new juggler's keep not so constantly to one story: sometimes they say that they *do* eat God *verily and indeed;* sometimes not *quite* verily nor *quite* indeed, but *quasi* verily and *quasi* indeed; a word borrowed from the primitive language of the old juggler. And, if you

press them hard, and ask *do you or do you not?* they tell you their church is liberal, and you may go and be damned.

KING.

What means that?

RAO.

The most favorite term in all the religions of the west. They agree in nothing but in damning one another. I have known even the common people of London ejaculate the sacred word in the streets, without a church near them, and even when they seemed very far from any religious feeling.

KING.

I would not make a movement until I had ascertained the point in dispute between the islanders, and the chances of reconciliation.

RAO.

The old man of the jungle, O meter of wisdom and inspirer of concord! will never let that be: and the rajah of Britain says he has learnt his part, and is as good a juggler as the old man. At which *Sister* is exasperated, and calls him impious and accursed. She reminds him that his ancestors believed in the divinity of the old juggler, and that the people of Britain never killed so many of their enemies as when they were under his guidance; and when he consecrated their standards, and blessed and poisoned their arms. She

demands that a certain number of her inhabitants may wear their hats, boots, and great coats, in winter and summer, and sit down, and whistle, and hiss, and hoot, and cry *hear him—hear him*, and *question—question*, in the same large hall where the sugarboilers and moneychangers of England meet to discuss their interests, and to divide among themselves the people's money. He declares he does not mind the people's money, nor regard the interruption and unfitness; but he fears they will propose to transmitt a portion of his subsidies to the old juggler, and obey him in voting as he lists. He consents that, if they will swear to have in future no dealings whatever with the old juggler, he the rajah will be graciously pleased to let them wear hats, boots, and great coats, in winter and summer, in the said hall; and sit down and whistle and hiss and hoot, and cry *hear him—hear him*, and *question—question;* and that furthermore he will authorize them, in common with the English of the said hall, to call each other one name more than their own.

On their part they protest that, even if they swear an oath, it shall be an oath no longer when the old juggler says it shall not be one: that they have sworne to him: that, supposing they had not, their fathers and mothers had for them; and that they cannot but believe what their parents said they should, the very day of their

birth, tho it were that a horse-shoe is a sheep's head, or a sow's bristle the crest of a turkey-cock. This is thought the strongest of their arguments, as resting on the common faith of both nations.

KING.

The question is, I perceive, whether the priesthood of the old juggler, or that of the rajah, shall possess power and wealth.

I am minded to despach thee again, O Rao-Gong-Fao, with a letter of advice to my tributary the king of the islets.

Flang Sarabang Quang!

FLANG.

Serenity!

KING.

Incline thy back, and gather up the emeralds: they are these.

My child! rajah of the two islets of the West, Britain and Sister! my peace and protection be with thee!

Wishing to compose the differences that have existed for several moons between thee and *Sister*, my eyes never rested until this dew of wisdom fell from my brain.

My child! Let the children of *Sister* wear hats, boots, great coats, winter and summer, in the great chamber: let them sit down, and whistle, and hiss, and hoot, and cry *hear him—hear him*, and *question—question*, and do therin whatever

else their nature needs, and let them have one name more than their own, as have the money-changers and sugarboilers. Be not angered, my child, if the children of *Sister* do appeal to the juggler as formerly, and believe in him, and worship him. One previous step is alone necessary to their admission into the great chamber. Take thou, O rajah my child! all the lands and other riches belonging to the temples. No appeals will ever afterward be carried into the jungle: for the old juggler would drive away any who brought him one, and would call it a mockery; and the priests of the two factions, now ready to tear each other's eyes and tongues out, will slink away, when they meet, and not look one another in the face.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

RAO.

Mine of wealth, terrestrial and celestial!

KING.

Tell my son that the money thus raised is most sacred and most fortunate; and that I devote it, with my prayers and vigils, to his sole service, in place of those sordid cowries and accursed rupees, which unholy and violent men have touched, and which they would have persuaded me (who have no mischievous intent) to pour into his treasury.

CONVERSATION IV.

PHOTO ZAVELLAS

AND

HIS SISTER KAIDO.

PHOTO ZAVELLAS

AND

HIS SISTER KAIDO.

KAIDO.

PHOTO! we meet in sorrow.

ZAVELLAS.

In sorrow, my beloved sister, have we often parted; for often have we lamented the death of those who followed us, and who believed, on the word we gave them, that the God of battles would protect the just: but never until now did either hear from the other the language of despondency. Tell me, Kaido, what is there that hangs about thy heart so heavily, and will not fall from it between us two?

KAIDO.

When I remember how much you have suffered, O my brother! first from a perfidious enemy, and latterly from an ungrateful country . . .

ZAVELLAS.

Cease, my sister! One of these things alone should be remembered.

KAIDO.

Let me return then home. I see, what indeed I saw as clearly ere I came, your righteous indignation. Had only the arcons entreated me to undertake the mission, I should have doubted more and hesitated longer.

ZAVELLAS.

Who then sent thee on a way so besett with dangers?

KAIDO.

Mosko, the tender wife, the timid mother; she whose generous fears would never let her leave your side in battle, nor now unclasp the son so late recovered. She tells you again thro me, to return to Ali Bey; to pass the prison of the many who have fought around you; and to ask admittence at the door wherin your youngest child was kept three whole years away from you.

ZAVELLAS.

For what?

KAIDO.

Well may you inquire it. The house of our fathers is sunk in ashes. On my road hither I stept over the remnants of the beams, and among the rude stone images, their supporters, blackened but incorruptible. No man hath ventured to

appropriate or remove them: there they lie, as they lay the sad morning when your hand sett fire to the roof.

O Suli! O my country! never should my tears have fallen upon this calamity: a worse now threatens thee: the powerful, the magnanimous, abandon and betray thee*.

* As these events are what occurred in 1802, Kaido cannot mean Englishmen. Among the innumerable acts of partiality shewn by our Administration to the enemies of Greece, she never reckoned the distinction with which the Capitan Bashaw was received by the Governor of the Ionian Islands. It was however with grief and indignation that she saw the Zenobia guide the Ottoman fleet into the harbour of Galasendi, and the commander place a mortar against men fighting for the most sacred rights of religion and of humanity; fighting to escape from a slavery not endured in any other portion of Europe, nor sanctioned nor permitted by the most atrocious of her despots.

On every ingenuous and well educated mind Antiquity lays a spell, of which they never afterward are dispossest: yet where judgement has grown up in its due proportion, there can exist no doubt that the Greeks, in the last five years, have surpast the glories of their ancestors at any equal period, altho the numbers that could come forward and display them were formerly much greater. With all the advantages of education and example, Greece never saw at once nor in succession so many disinterested patriots and devoted chieftains. I confidently ask, has the whole world in two thousand years beheld so many who effected so much with means so slender? so many who offered up their lives so gloriously? Foremost of them are Miaoulis and Canaris; Samuel the

ZAVELLAS.

A worse indeed!

KAIDO.

Nay, a worse yet . . .

Preacher, the beneficent and the terrible; Ciriaco, another man truly holy; Photo Zavellas, Niketas, the Bozzari, Georgaki, and Odysseus. Two small islets, neither of them larger than a gentleman's estate in England, defied the vengeance of the Turkish government and the malignity of the British; devoting the lives and fortunes of their inhabitants, not in the same manner as poetasters and Pitt-clubs do, in eating and drinking to success on the right-hand and to damnation on the left, but in raising troops, in fitting out armaments, in erecting fortresses, in filling them with munition, in fighting under and upon them, in setting fire to them, and expiring with the enemy amid their ruins. Varvaki gave in a single day, for the support of the continental Greeks, who are no more his countrymen than the Americans are ours, a larger sum, by above twenty times, than the English king, and his cabinet ministers, and his privy counsellors, contributed, to relieve the thousands of manufacturers, starving by the indiscretion and prodigality of these their rulers.

The greatest harm ever done to Greece was by England, when she prevailed on the king of Persia to suspend his hostilities against the Turks, and finally to accept conditions of peace, in the midst of victories. Had the British ministry abstained from this interference, the freedom of Greece had been secured in the second year of the contest. The least we can do now, is, to save the remainder of her women and children from slavery and slaughter; since, without our active and extensive and unremitted co-operation against her, these would not for the most part have been fatherless and

ZAVELLAS.

There cannot be.

KAIDO.

There is.

ZAVELLAS.

Threatening us?

KAIDO.

No, befalling us. Gold hath entered our walls.

ZAVELLAS.

Then it entered thro other apertures than the mansion of Zavellas.

KAIDO.

Some comfort in our adversity!

ZAVELLAS.

A great and lasting one.

KAIDO.

Tho it has brought with it fatal counsels.

ZAVELLAS.

Fatal they are indeed to those who forfeit the esteem, and grievous to those who lose the

widows. If the Greeks had been our enemies for centuries, we could not have shewn ourselves more persevering, more systematic, or more destructive in our hostility. We first liberated the Turks from the Persians, then from the Russians: yet the Turks neither were our allies nor demanded our protection, in one of which relations the Greeks do stand toward us. Is it then the injured and the weak that we set free from their assailants? It would have been, if our national character had escaped contagion.

fellowship, of the Bozzari. Noti and Kizzo, who follow the steps of Mark, how grand are they! Usually it happens in men as in plants, my Kaido: where one blossom is remarkable for its fulness and its beauty, those beside it are hollow or small. Two great brothers were too much even for fable, when fable went down lower than the Gods. Here are two; of whom either may contend with the heroes of antiquity, such as our country alone has given birth to. Belief that the high capacious soul of these brethren will watch and sustain me from a distance, is dearer to me than to link my hand in theirs. But who is he that should dare to hope it? Who shall stand with them next to Liberty, next to Greece?

KAIDO.

If only the thought of such as these dwelt with us, we might bear intense evil patiently.

ZAVELLAS.

Sad indeed is it to consider, how much of mischief can a few bad men accomplish; how little of good can many better.

Now tell me, Kaido, what hast thou heard disquieting?

KAIDO.

Heard I not, O Photo! the speech of the arcons? Did they not conjure you, in the name of our country, to leave it! to accept the conditions of Ali Tebelen! to rely on his good

faith! the faith of a traitor! a murderer! an empoisoner!

ZAVELLAS.

Thou hast remarked something since; for that only raised thy scorn, and thou wast silent.

KAIDO.

Saw I not, amid the conflict of my woe and of my exultation, saw I not (and shall I forget it?) Photo Zavellas throw his arms around the necks of those elders, entreating them never more to think of him but in their orisons; never more to trust the enemy after this peace-offering!

ZAVELLAS.

If I, undistinguished as I am, and destitute of experience, could lay a charge so weighty on such authoritative men, how much greater right have they to demand from me the execution, to my utmost, of their designs.

KAIDO.

Brother! what I undertook to do, I have done; nor dare I attempt to dissuade you. I came not, O Photo! to remind you that you are banished by them, who received at your hand their deliverance and existence; that your children thro them have no father's roof to shelter them, no father's eye to watch over them. This however I will announce to you . . for the blood of our parents cries out on me to say it . . and do not reprove me, Photo, tho

it should shake your purpose . . if I am guilty of duplicity your danger makes me so . . .

ZAVELLAS.

Thou faulterest: faulter stil. Thou tremblest: and I do not bid thee not to tremble. Peace! silence! tell me nothing. What canst thou teach me of Ali Tebelen, which the least suspicious might not suspect? Sister! it is not this embrace that ought to shew thee, I neither am stern toward thee nor insensible: my determination itself, which thou wouldst remove, should shew it; for on that rests the glory of our father's house. Couldst thou endure to find the voices in the street drop lower at thy approach; mirth become gloom; and hearty laughter hollow brittleness, cracked in the middle at one freezing glance? And what sounds, thinkest thou, will avenge this silence? I will tell thee: they are these. *The courage of Photo was a traitor's; his humility a slave's.*

The very thought, in my horror, makes me hug to me virtues which perhaps belong not to me. O! thou hast done wrong already: thou hast made me prize myself! Leave me my true worth; leave me my own: let me be, and be known to be, what I am!

KAIDO.

Forgive me! forgive me! do not trust Ali Tebelen.

ZAVELLAS.

He hath sworne such perfect esteem for me, and hath declared his resolution to celebrate the treaty with such solemnity, that either the dagger or poison (I foresee) will ratify it. Nevertheless there are those in Suli, who are persuaded that the embassy with which they would entrust me, may prolong, if not establish, their freedom. I indeed think differently: but where is now my vote? What right hath an exiled man to offer his opinion on the public weal?

KAIDO.

Pardon me, O my countrymen and my countrywomen! if I am less faithful in the charge ye have confided to me! I departed with no such intent. My brother stands before me, safe, healthy, free; can I suffer him to go and never more to see him, knowing that I never shall, and that a word of mine may preserve him to us all!

ZAVELLAS.

Speak not that word, O Kaido, if reproach must follow it: if, when it hath fallen from thy lips, it must stand for ever between thee and honour. Life we shall have again: a God hath promised it: beatitude we may or we may not. Fidelity to our fathers, our children, our country, is the grain that holds the germ of it. Let us never be numbered with those who barter it, or who believe that Heaven hath imparted to man a sounder sustenance.

KAIDO.

Ali Tebelen (you know it not, I know it to a certainty) hath sworne your death. Now go, if any reason upon earth impels you; if any duty calls where none can be available, where none can be performed; go, if you shall benefit your country, by giving up to chains and tortures the bravest of her defenders.

ZAVELLAS.

This only course lies before me.

KAIDO.

Abandon your ruinous and untenable fort*,

* Santa Veneranda, to which fortress Ali Bashaw, some years before, had penetrated with an army of fifteen thousand men, driving back the Suliots, in number one thousand three hundred. At the sight of their women, led thither by Mosko and Kaido, they again gave the shout of battle, and became in turn the assailants. Many of the females fought by their sides: whoever saw a sabre drop, or a musket, seized it. Others stayed upon the rocks, rolling down stones on the young ardent Musselmans, who fancied them an easier prey, and better worth conquering, than their husbands and their brothers. Seven hundred and forty heads were piled up into a trophy by the Suliots; and Ali Bashaw fled away in disguise . . and halted at Jannina. This battle was fought on the twentieth of July, in the year 1791.

Photo Zavellas and his sister Kaido, in the year 1802, were received into the fortified monastery of Santa Veneranda, when he had set fire to his house, "that no Turk should ever profane it," and when he had asked, as the only reward of his obedience, "that the arcons would watch over their

while the way is open and the toils unspred. Provisions must soon fail you, and egress be intercepted. Fight among the hospitable and unconquerable of Parga. Their numbers are

country, and never let the name of their ancestors be dishonoured."

Among us we hear of no such propositions: ours are more definite, more tangible, more geometrical.

In Greece even monks became useful, disinterested, magnanimous. A monk named Samuel, just now mentioned, who from the austerity of his life, from the confidence and awe he had inspired by announcing the prodigies he would undertake, and by performing them to the hour, had obtained the appellation of the *Last Judgement*, defended Santa Veneranda with three hundred Suliots, rejecting the offers, and retorting the threats, of the Mahometans. He gave that reception to Photo and Kaido, which their courage, their perseverance, and their virtue merited. Few covet the glory, eminent as it is, of being the first to acknowledge in any one true greatness.

The Suliots now began to value him whom Samuel loved and cherished, expressed their repentance at exacting the sacrifice he had made, a sacrifice to him so costly and to them so profitless, implored him to return amongst them, and offered to rebuild his house, and to place in his hands the supreme authority.

"If you hope," replied he, "that the enmity of Ali can be turned aside from you by negociation, I will undertake it: if on the contrary you believe, as I do, that open war is better, let me bear that part in it, whatever it may be, of which you may deem me capable. Leave not however to

diminished year after year; but the courage of every man among them who hath fallen, seems to have been portioned out by some guardian angel, on the thirsting hearts of the rest. Venice

me the invidious duty of punishing those who were my friends and fellow-soldiers, and now are traitors."

The adherents of the men he thus designated and denounced, at last prevailed in the council; and it was resolved that he should go embassador to the court of Jannina. He soon discovered, what he never had doubted, the perfidy of Ali, no less evident on this occasion than on former ones, and was not sorry to carry back the conditions of peace proposed by him to the Suliots. Having then returned home, and having given his advice, both to reject them and to resist the tyrant that would impose them, in vain did his friends and followers adjure him to remain in the city.

"Formerly," said he, "when our arcons commanded me to assist him with seventy men against his enemies in Argyro-Castro, and he fell upon and disarmed us, and led us off captives, I watched my opportunity of escaping, that Suli might not be taken by surprise, altho my son was yet left with him, and grievous (I confess it) were my fears for a life so dear to me. I have now given my promise to return."

There was silence: but, among those who knew Zavellas, there could no longer be suspense or expectation. He had spoken; and was soon in a dungeon of the fortress on the lake.

Samuel was not inactive: he and Photo had watched with no less curiosity than inquietude the construction of a redout at Vilia. It was flanked by four towers, mounted with twelve brass cannon, and manned with a hundred and eighteen chosen

casts a look of compassion on them; and the Seven Isles continually send them succour. Never can that day be dreaded, under no sign in the heavens is it marked by destiny, when so valiant

Arnauts. Against this post Samuel demanded two hundred men and a barrel of powder. A workman had brought him information of its weaker parts; and leading out in the silence of night the troop entrusted to him, followed by several of the women and many of the stouter boys, he gave them his benediction, took up a pickaxe, ordered a few to follow and work beside him, fixed the barrel of powder in the cavity they had opened, laid the train, descended, and raised a loud shout, which his followers filled up courageously. The Turks rushed forward to the tower, and disappeared with it. Ali, more indignant at a loss than at a disgrace, vowed vengeance; marched thro the plain of Jannina with fourteen thousand men; and nothing lived behind him. The Suliots, emboldened by success, and remembering that for ten whole years they had resisted the best soldiers of the Ottoman empire, and armies equally numerous, took the field against the invaders. While they encountered death for their country, Pilio Gusi, a Suliot, introduced the enemy into Suli. Photo Zavellas escaped. He and Kaido and Samuel were blockaded in Santa Veneranda by nine thousand Turks, of whom they slew seven hundred. Means of defence and of sustenance were failing: a favorable capitulation, with the honours of war, was proposed to them: none ventured to express the wish or the necessity of accepting it. Samuel now spoke. "My children," said he, "the terms offered to us include the unfortunate of Suli, who wander on the mountains or hold out from insulated towers: we have no time to hesitate, no choice to make; accept them." This voice had always been heard as a father's,

and virtuous a race shall be abandoned! Humbled as are the fortunes of her Protectress, the memory of her past exploits, of her power and of her dignity, keeps her upright. Will she aid in

as a prophet's. They were ratified. "And now," cried he aloud and solemnly, "let us for the last time in this holy place render thanks to God for our preservation and deliverance." The service was performed: the soldiers went forth armed: the wounded were supported by the women. Samuel, who told them he should give up possession of the fortress when he saw them safe on the road, waited until six hundred Turks had entered. They rushed into the church, partly thro fanaticism to pollute it, and partly thro avarice to plunder it. He stood in the vault below: his hour was come: he threw a lighted torch on the powder; and left but his name on earth. Detachments had already sett out to despoil and exterminate the last Suliots. They fought with more pertinacity than ever. It was impossible to protect the women in any other way than by defending their own lives against the multitudes that encompassed them. Sixty mothers, those who had become so the latest, too feeble to contend or to fly, and unable to join their husbands, or even to find them in the conflict, far as they had penetrated into the main body of the enemy, hurled their infants in desperation against their merciless pursuers, seized one another's hands and necks, raised the hymn of death, and rushed down a precipice together. Unfortunate! (for humanity must call them so even in their eternal glory) not to have lived to see how their elder sons now avenge their younger and them. Despo, widow of Bozzi, yet possessed a tower in the territory of Suli, into which she had carried her daughters, her little grandaughters, and their nearer relatives. Defence and

crushing the desolate? Will she sell the bruized slave at her own doors?

ZAVELLAS.

No nation, O Kaido, is capable of this turpitude:

escape with honour were alike impossible: surrender was unthought of. She exhorted them to die with her: they were passive and silent, placed themselves on some chests of cartouches at her side, and shared with her the death of Samuel.

Noti and Kizzo Bozzaris had withdrawn in good time from Suli to Vurgarelli, had opened to themselves the pass of Athanasia, forced the gorge of Theodosia, and, after fighting two days incessantly, pressed forward to the bridge of Coracos, the termination (as they imagined) of their march. It was however commanded by a Turkish battery. No hope was left to them, but of occupying the rock and monastery of Veternizza. This they accomplished; and many were the Turks who fell in striving to dislodge them from it. As however there were no provisions, nor means of obtaining any, another attack was made against the bridge. In the attempt to force the barricade, nearly the whole troop was slain. The women saw nothing now between them and the Turks: husbands, brothers, were called upon in vain; no voice of pity, none of encouragement, none of acknowledgement, was heard. Not all even of the children were surviving; for some had been slain while held up that the fathers might see them, and the rest were no comfort, but a curse. Two hundred mothers ran with their infants and little boys to where the river was deeper, just above, and commanding their daughters to cling to them inseparably, if they ever loved them, and if that which distinguishes the Suliot women above all others, is dear and sacred. Never were they more obedient.

none would wish it: none, wishing it, could accomplish it. Rather than be delivered over to the Infidel, the Pargans would dig up again the bones of their forefathers, carry them in their bosoms,

The traveller who may see hereafter the whirlpools of the Achelous, will shudder: they did not.

Noti Bozzaris had fainted after his fifth wound, and was dragged into the dungeon of Jannina. Kizzo and ten more escaped. Photo Zavellas and Kaido, with Dimo Draco and Zima Zervas, forced their way thro the defiles, retreated to Parga, and afterward were received with the compassion and the honours due to them in the Ionian Isles, not yet under British commissioners and continental counsels. Parga and they were doomed to be no longer the refuge of the free or the unfortunate. The first time a whole Christian people was ever sold openly by another Christian people to the Mahometan, was by England in the nineteenth century, on the thirteenth of March 1817. On the ninth of May at sunset the British flag was struck from the walls of Parga. An account of the transfer is given by Colonel de Bosset, witness to the treaty (as far as the treaty had witnesses) between the Bashaw and the Lord High Commissioner: a second, no less interesting and curious, was published by Mustoxidi. The following lines express the sentiments of an expatriated Pargan.

Mountains and winding vallies, that unfold
Your freshest verdure and first flowers, farewell!
Go, native land . . the Briton's slave . . be sold! . .
To other times let other voices tell,
By riches unsubdued, by force unbowed,
What ages thou hast stood, and yet shouldst stand,
Had thy own faith not ruined thee: be proud
Even of thy fall! farewell, my native land!

and plunge with them from the summits of the rocks into the sea.

I too have a country: if I cannot save her, I may at least obey her. The injury I have received (but indeed it should never be called so) only raises my heart the higher. Thanks to them who have given me a power, a victory, I could not have gained without them. Promise them my duty.

KAIDO.

From these arms then God receive thee into his!

ZAVELLAS.

Courage! courage! weak lingering Kaido!.. pray to him for the soul of Zavellas.. for the safety of better men.

CONVERSATION V.

EPICURUS, LEONTION,

AND

TERNISSA.

EPICURUS*, LEONTION,

AND

TERNISSA.

LEONTION.

YOUR situation for a garden, my dear Epicurus, is, I think, very badly chosen.

EPICURUS.

Why do you think so, my Leontion?

* Cicero was an opponent of Epicurus and the Epicureans; yet in his treatise on Friendship he says

De quâ Epicurus quidem ita dicit; omnium rerum quas ad *beate vivendum* sapientia comparaverit, nihil esse majus amicitiâ; nihil uberius, nihil jucundius.

This is oratorical and sententious: he goes on, praising the founder and the foundation.

Neque verò hoc oratione solùm sed *multo magis vitâ, et moribus* comprobavit. Quod quàm magnum sit, fictæ veterum fabulæ declarant, in quibus tam multis tamque variis ab ultimâ antiquitate repetitis, tria vix amicorum paria reperiuntur, ut ad Orestem pervenias profectus a Theseo. At verò Epicurus unâ in domo, et eâ quidem angustâ, quàm magnos

LEONTION.

First, because it is more than twenty stadia* from the city.

EPICURUS.

Certainly the distance is inconvenient, my charming friend! it is rather too far off for one to be seen, and rather too near for one to be regretted. Here however I shall build no villa, nor any thing else, and the longest time we can be detained, is from the rising to the setting sun. Now pray your other reason, why the spot is so very ineligible.

LEONTION.

Because it commands no view of the town or of the harbour, unless we mount upon that knoll, where we could scarcely stand together, for the greater part is occupied by those three pinasters, old and horrible as the three Furies. Surely you will cut them down.

quantâque amoris conspiratione consentientes tenuit amicorum greges. *Quod fit etiam nunc ab Epicureis.* Certain it is, that moderation, forbearance, and what Saint Paul calls *charity*, never flourished, in any sect of philosophy or religion, so perfectly and so long as among the disciples of Epicurus.

Cicero adds in another work, De sanctitate, de pietate adversus Deos libros scripsit Epicurus: at quomodo in his loquitur? ut Coruncanium aut Scævolam Pontifices Maximos te audire dicas.—*De Nat. Deor.* l. 1.

* Two miles and a half.

EPICURUS.

Whatever Leontion commands. To me there is this advantage in a place at some distance from the city. Having by no means the full possession of my faculties where I hear unwelcome and intrusive voices, or unexpected and irregular sounds, that excite me involuntarily to listen, I assemble and arrange my thoughts with freedom and with pleasure in the fresh air and open sky; and they are more lively and vigorous and exuberant when I catch them as I walk about, and commune with them in silence and seclusion.

LEONTION.

It always has appeared to me, that conversation brings them forth more readily and plenteously; and that the ideas of one person no sooner come out than another's follow them, whether from the same side or from the opposite.

EPICURUS.

They do: but these are not the thoughts we keep for seed: they come up weak by coming up close together. In the country the mind is soothed and satisfied: here is no restraint of motion or of posture. These things, little and indifferent as they may seem, are not so: for the best tempers have need of ease and liberty, to keep them in right order long enough for the purposes of composition; and many a froward axiom, many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting inconveniently,

from hearing a few unpleasant sounds, from the confinement of a gloomy chamber, or from the want of symmetry in a part of it. We are not aware of this, until we find an exemption from it in groves, on promontories, or along the seashore, or wherever else we meet Nature face to face, undisturbed and solitary.

TERNISSA.

You would wish us then away.

EPICURUS.

I speak of solitude; you of desolation.

TERNISSA.

O flatterer! is this philosophy?

EPICURUS.

Yes; if you are a thought the richer or a moment the happier for it.

TERNISSA.

Write it down then in the next volume you intend to publish.

LEONTION.

I interpose, and controvert it. That is not philosophy which serves only for one.

EPICURUS.

Just criterion! I will write down your sentence instead, and leave mine at the discretion of Ternissa. And now, my beautiful Ternissa, let me hear *your* opinion of the situation I have chosen. I perceive that you too have fixed your eyes upon the pinasters.

TERNISSA.

I hate those trees that never lose their foliage: They seem to have no sympathy with Nature: Winter and Summer are alike to them.

The broad and billowy summits of these monsterous trees, one would imagine were made for the storms to rest upon, when they are tired of raving. And what bark! It occurs to me, Epicurus, that I have rarely seen climing plants attach themselves to these trees, as they do to the oak, the maple, the beech, and others.

LEONTION.

If your remark be true, perhaps the resinous are not embraced by them so frequently, because they dislike the odour of the resin, or some other property of the juices; for they too have their affections and antipathies, no less than their countries and their climes.

TERNISSA.

For shame! what would you with me?

EPICURUS.

I would not interrupt you while you were speaking, nor while Leontion was replying; this is against my rules and practise: having now ended, kiss me, Ternissa!

TERNISSA.

Impudent man! in the name of Pallas, why should I kiss you?

EPICURUS.

Because you expressed hatred.

TERNISSA.

Do we kiss when we hate?

EPICURUS.

There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist one moment; and if the hater gives a kiss on being ordered to do it, even to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.

TERNISSA.

I promise you, I never will hate a tree again.

EPICURUS.

I told you so.

LEONTION.

Nevertheless, I suspect, my dear Ternissa, you will often be surprised into it. I was very near saying, *I hate these rude square stones.* Why did you leave them here, Epicurus?

EPICURUS.

It is true, they are the greater part square, and seem to have been cut out in ancient times for plinths and columns: they are also rude. Removing the smaller, that I might plant violets and strawberries, and such other herbs as grow willingly in dry places, I left a few of these for seats, a few for tables and for couches.

LEONTION.

Delectable couches!

EPICURUS.

Laugh as you may, they will become so, when they are covered with moss and ivy, and those other two sweet plants, whose names I do not remember to have found in any ancient treatise, but which I fancy I have heard Theophrastus call . . . *Leontion* and *Ternissa.*

TERNISSA.

The bold insidious false creature!

EPICURUS.

What is that volume? may I venture to ask, Leontion? Why do you blush?

LEONTION.

I do not blush about it.

EPICURUS.

You are offended then, my dear girl.

LEONTION.

No, nor offended. I will tell you presently what it contains. Account to me first for your choice of so strange a place to walk in: a broad ridge, the summit and one side barren, the other a wood of rose-laurels impossible to penetrate. The worst of all, is, we can see nothing of the city or the Parthenon, unless from the very top.

EPICURUS.

The place commands, in my opinion, a most perfect view.

LEONTION.

Of what, pray?

EPICURUS.

Of itself.. seeming to indicate that we, Leontion, who philosophize, should do the same.

LEONTION.

Go on, go on! say what you please: I will not hate any thing yet. Why have you torne up all these mountain-ashes? This is the season of their beauty: come, Ternissa, let us make ourselves necklaces and armlets, such as may captivate old Sylvanus and Pan: you shall have your choice . . But why have you torne them up?

EPICURUS.

On the contrary, they were brought hither this morning. My neighbour Sosimenes is spending large sums of money on an olive-ground, and has uprooted some hundreds of them of all ages and sizes. I shall cover the rougher part of the hill with 'em, setting the clematis and vine and honeysuckle against them, to unite them.

TERNISSA.

O what a pleasant thing it is, to walk in the green light of the vineleaves, and to breathe the sweet odour of their invisible flowers!

EPICURUS.

The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it; and this, being accompanied and followed by enjoyment, renders the fragrance

so exquisite. Ternissa, it is this, my sweet friend, that made you remember the green light of the foliage, and think of the invisible flowers as you would of some blessing from heaven.

TERNISSA.

I see feathers flying at certain distances just above the middle of the promontory? what can they mean?

EPICURUS.

Cannot you imagine them to be feathers from the wings of Zethes and Calais, who came hither out of Thrace to behold the favorite haunts of their mother Orithyia. From the precipice that hangs over the sea, a few paces from the pinasters, she is reported to have been carried off by Boreas; and these remains of the primeval forest have always been held sacred, on that belief.

LEONTION.

The story is an idle one.

TERNISSA.

O no! Leontion! the story is very true.

LEONTION.

Indeed!

TERNISSA.

I have heard not only odes, but sacred and most ancient hymns upon it; and the voice of Boreas is often audible here, and the screams of Orithyia.

LEONTION.

The feathers then really may belong to Calais and Zethes.

TERNISSA.

I dont believe it: the winds would have carried them away.

LEONTION.

The Gods, to manifest their power, as they often do by miracles, could as easily fix a feather to eternity on the most tempestuous promontory, as the mark of their feet upon the flint.

TERNISSA.

They could indeed: but we know the latter to a certainty, and have no such authority for the former. I have seen these pinasters from the extremity of the Pireus, and have heard mention of the altar raised to Boreas: where is it?

EPICURUS.

As it stands in the center of the platform, we cannot see it from hence. There is the only piece of level ground in the place.

LEONTION.

Ternissa intends the altar to prove the truth of the story.

EPICURUS.

Ternissa is slow to admitt that even the young can deceive, much less the old; the gay, much less the serious.

LEONTION.

It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

EPICURUS.

Some minds require much belief, some thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts: it troubles some, it consoles others: in the generous it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism and self-devotion: in the ungenerous it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal, and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

TERNISSA.

We want it chiefly to make the way of death an easy one.

EPICURUS.

There is no easy path leading out of life, and few are the easy ones that lie within it. I would adorn, and smoothen the declivity, and make my residence as commodious as its situation and dimensions may allow. Principally, I would cast underfoot the empty fear of death.

TERNISSA.

O! how can you?

EPICURUS.

By many arguments already laid down: then by thinking that some perhaps, in almost every age, have been timid and delicate as Ternissa;

and yet have slept soundly, have felt no parent's or friend's tear upon their faces, no throb against their breasts; in short, have been in the calmest of all possible conditions, while those around were in the most deplorable and desperate.

TERNISSA.

It would pain me to die, if it were only at the idea that any one I love would grieve too much for me.

EPICURUS.

Let the loss of our friends be our only grief, and the apprehension of displeasing them our only fear.

LEONTION.

No apostrophes! no interjections! Your argument was unsound; your means futile.

EPICURUS.

Tell me then, whether the horse of a rider on the road should not be spurred forward, if he started at a shadow.

LEONTION.

Yes.

EPICURUS.

I thought so. It would however be better to guide him quietly up to it, and to show him that it *was* one. Death is less than a shadow: it represents nothing, even imperfectly.

LEONTION.

Then at the best what is it? why care about it,

think about it, or remind us that it must befall us? Would you take the same trouble, when you see my hair entwined with ivy, to make me remember that, tho the leaves are green and pliable, the stem is fragile and rough, and that before I go to bed I shall have many knots and intanglements to extricate? Let me have them; but let me not hear of them, until the time is come.

EPICURUS.

I would never think of death as an embarasment, but as a blessing.

TERNISSA.

How! a blessing?

EPICURUS.

What, if it makes our enemies cease to hate us? what, if it makes our friends love us the more?

LEONTION.

Us? According to your doctrine, we shall not exist at all.

EPICURUS.

I spoke of that which is consolatory while we are here, and of that which in plain reason ought to render us contented to stay no longer. You, Leontion, would make others better: and better they certainly will be, when their hostilities languish in an empty field, and their rancour is tired with treading upon dust. The generous affections stir about us at the dreary hour of death,

as the blossoms of the Median apple swell and diffuse their fragrance in the cold.

TERNISSA.

I cannot bear to think of passing the Styx, lest Charon should touch me . . he is so old and wilful, so cross and ugly.

EPICURUS.

Ternissa! Ternissa! I would accompany you thither, and stand between. Would not you too, Leontion?

LEONTION.

I dont know.

TERNISSA.

O! that we could go together!

LEONTION.

Indeed!

TERNISSA.

All three, I mean . . I said so . . or was going to say it. How ill-natured you are, Leontion! to misinterpret me. I could almost cry.

LEONTION.

Do not, do not, Ternissa! Should that tear drop from your eyelash you would look less beautiful.

EPICURUS.

If it is well to conquer a world, it is better to conquer two.

TERNISSA.

That is what Alexander of Macedon wept because he could not accomplish.

EPICURUS.

Ternissa! we three can accomplish it; or any one of us.

TERNISSA.

How? pray!

EPICURUS.

We can conquer this world and the next: for you will have another, and nothing should be refused you.

TERNISSA.

The next by piety: but this in what manner?

EPICURUS.

By indifference to all who are indifferent to us: by taking joyfully the benefit that comes spontaneously, by wishing no more intensely for what is a hair's breadth beyond our reach than for a draught of water from the Ganges, and by fearing nothing in another life.

TERNISSA.

This, O Epicurus! is the grand impossibility.

EPICURUS.

Do you believe the gods to be as benevolent and good as you are? or do you not?

TERNISSA.

Much kinder, much better in every way.

EPICURUS.

Would you kill or hurt the sparrow, that you keep in your little dressing room with a string

round the leg, because he hath flown where you did not wish him to fly?

TERNISSA.

No: it would be cruel: the string about the leg of so little and weak a creature is enough.

EPICURUS.

You think so; I think so; God thinks so: this I may say confidently: for whenever there is a sentiment in which strict justice and pure benevolence unite, it must be his.

TERNISSA.

O Epicurus! when you speak thus . . .

LEONTION.

Well, Ternissa! what then?

TERNISSA.

When Epicurus teaches us such sentiments as this, I am grieved that he has not so great an authority with the Athenians as some others have.

LEONTION.

You will grieve more, I suspect, my Ternissa, when he possesses that authority.

TERNISSA.

Why! what will he do?

LEONTION.

Do not turn pale! I am not about to answer, that he will forget or leave you. No; but the voice comes deepest from the sepulcher. A great name has its root in the dead body. If you

invited a company to a feast, you might as well place round the table live sheep and oxen, and vases of fish and cages of quails, as you would invite a company of friendly hearers to the philosopher who is yet living*. One would imagine that the iris of our intellectual eye were lessened by the glory of his presence, and that, like eastern kings, he could be looked at near, only when his limbs are stiff; by wax-light; in closed curtains.

EPICURUS.

One, of whom we know little, leaves us a ring or other token of remembrance, and we express a sense of pleasure and of gratitude: one, of whom we know nothing, writes a book, the contents of which might (if we would let them) have done us more good, and might have given us more pleasure.. and we revile him for it. The book may do what the legacy cannot; it may be pleasurable and serviceable to others as well as ourselves: we would hinder this too. In fact, all other love is extinguished by self-love: beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it. While we insist that we are looking for Truth, we lie the most

* Seneca quotes a letter of Epicurus, in which his friendship with Metrodorus is mentioned, with a remark that the obscurity in which they had lived, so great indeed as to let them rest not only unknown, but almost unheard of, in the midst of Greece, was by no means to be considered as an abatement of their good fortune.

deeply. It never was the first object with any one, and with few the second.

Feed unto replenishment your quieter fancies, my sweetest little Ternissa! and let the Gods, both youthful and aged, both gentle and boisterous, administer to them hourly on these sunny downs. What can they do better?

LEONTION.

But those feathers, Ternissa, what God's can they be; since you will not pick them up, nor restore them to Calais nor to Zethes.

TERNISSA.

I do not think they belong to any God whatever; and shall never be persuaded of it unless Epicurus says it is so.

LEONTION.

O unbelieving creature! do you reason against the Immortals?

TERNISSA.

It was yourself who doubted, or appeared to doubt, the flight of Orithyia. By admitting too much we endanger our religion. Besides, I think I discern some upright stakes at equal distances, and am pretty sure the feathers are tied to them by long strings.

EPICURUS.

You have guessed the truth.

TERNISSA.

Of what use are they there?

EPICURUS.

If you have ever seen the foot of a statue broken off just below the ankle, you have then, Leontion and Ternissa, seen the form of the ground about us. The lower extremities of it are divided into small ridges, as you will perceive if you look round; and these are covered with corn, olives, and vines. At the upper part, where cultivation ceases, and where those sheep and goats are grazing, begins my purchase. The ground rises gradually unto near the summit, where it grows somewhat steep, and terminates in a precipice. Across the middle I have traced a line, denoted by those feathers, from one dingle to the other; the two terminations of my intended garden. The distance is nearly a thousand paces. The path will be perfectly on a level, and two paces broad, so that I may walk between you; and another could not join us civilly nor conveniently. From this there will be several circuitous and spiral, leading by the easiest ascent to the very summit; and several more, to the road along the cultivation underneath. Here will however be but one enterance. Wild pomegranates and irregular tufts of gorse unite their forces against invasion.

TERNISSA.

Where will you place the statues? for undoubtedly you will have some.

EPICURUS.

I will have some models for statues. Pygmalion prayed the Gods to give life to the image he adored: I will not pray them to give marble to mine. Never may I lay my wet cheek upon the foot, under which is inscribed the name of Leontion or Ternissa!

LEONTION.

Do not make us melancholic . . never let us think that the time can come when we shall lose our friends. Glory, literature, philosophy, have this advantage over friendship: remove one object from them, and others fill the void; remove one from friendship, one only, and not the earth, nor the universality of worlds, no, nor the intellect that soars above and comprehends them, can replace it.

EPICURUS.

Dear Leontion! always amiable, always graceful! how lovely do you now appear to me! what beauteous action accompanied your words!

LEONTION.

I used none whatever.

EPICURUS.

That white arm was then, as it is now, over the shoulder of Ternissa; and her breath imparted a fresh bloom to your cheek, a new music to your voice. No friendship is so cordial or so delicious

as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman. In youth you love one above the others of your sex: in riper age you hate all, more or less, in proportion to similarity of accomplishments and pursuits; which sometimes (I wish it were oftener) are bonds of union to men. In us you more easily pardon faults, than excellences in each other. *Your* tempers are such, my beloved scholars, that even this truth does not ruffle them; and such is your affection, that I look with confidence to its unabated ardour at twenty.

LEONTION.

Oh then I am to love Ternissa almost fifteen months!

TERNISSA.

And I am destined to survive the loss of it, three months above four years!

EPICURUS.

Incomparable creatures! may it be eternal! In loving ye shall follow no example: ye shall step securely over the iron rule laid down for others by the Destinies, and *you* for ever be Leontion, and you Ternissa.

LEONTION.

Then indeed we should not want statues.

TERNISSA.

But men, who are vainer creatures, would be

good for nothing without them: they must be flattered, even by the stones.

EPICURUS.

Very true. Neither the higher arts nor the civic virtues can flourish extensively, without the statues of illustrious men. But gardens are not the places for them. Sparrows wooing on the general's truncheon (unless he be such a general as one of ours in the last war) and snails besliming the emblems of the poet, do not remind us worthily of their characters. Porticoes are their proper situations, and those the most frequented. Even there they may lose all honour and distinction, whether from the thoughtlesness of magistrates, or from the malignity of rivals. Our own city, the least exposed of any to the effects of either, presents us a disheartening example. When the Thebans in their jealousy condemned Pindar to the payment of a fine, for having praised the Athenians too highly, our citizens erected a statue of bronze to him.

LEONTION.

Jealousy of Athens made the Thebans fine him; and jealousy of Thebes made the Athenians thus record it.

EPICURUS.

And jealousy of Pindar, I suspect, made some poet persuade the arcons to render the distinction a very vile and worthless one, by placing so near

to him the image of a king; one Evagoras of Cyprus.

TERNISSA.

Evagoras, I think I remember to have redd in the inscription, was rewarded in this manner, for his reception of Conon, defeated by the Lacedemonians.

EPICURUS.

Gratitude was due to him, and some such honours to express it. External respect should be paid, unsparingly, to the higher magistrates of every country, who perform their offices as becomes them: yet they are not, on this account, to be placed in the same degree with men of primary genius. They never exalt the human race, and rarely benefit it; and their benefits are local and transitory, while those of a great writer are universal and eternal.

If the Gods did indeed bestow on us a portion of their fire, they seem to have lighted it in sport and left it: the harder task and the nobler is performed by that genius, who raises it clear and glowing from its embers, and makes it applicable to the purposes that dignify or delight our nature. I have ever said, *Reverence the rulers.* Let then his image stand . . but stand apart from Pindar's. Pallas and Jove defend me, from being carried down the stream of time among a shoal of royalets, and the rootless weeds they are hatched on.

TERNISSA.

So much piety would deserve the exemption, even tho your writings did not hold out the decree.

LEONTION.

Child, the compliment is ill turned: if you are ironical, as you must be on the piety of Epicurus, atticism requires that you should continue to be so, at least to the end of the sentence.

TERNISSA.

Irony is my abhorrence. Epicurus may appear less pious than some others; but I am certain he is more; otherwise the Gods would never have given him . . .

LEONTION.

What? what? let us hear!

TERNISSA.

Leontion.

LEONTION.

Silly girl! Were there any hibiscus or broom growing in this desolate place, I would send him away and whip you.

EPICURUS.

There is fern; which is better.

LEONTION.

I was not speaking to you: but now you shall have something to answer for yourself. Altho you admitt no statues in the country, you might at least methinks have discovered a retirement

with a fountain in it: here I see not even a spring.

EPICURUS.

Fountain I can hardly say there is; but on the left there is a long crevice or chasm, which we have never yet visited, and which we cannot discern until we reach it: this is full of soft mould, very moist; and many high reeds and canes are growing there; and the rock itself too drips with humidity along it, and is covered with more tufted moss and more variegated lichens. This crevice, with its windings and sinuosities, is about four hundred paces long, and in many parts eleven, twelve, thirteen feet wide, but generally six or seven. I shall plant it wholly with lilies of the valley, leaving the irises which occupy the sides as well as the clefts, and also those other flowers of paler purple, from the autumnal cups of which we collect the saffron, and forming a narrow path of such turf as I can find there, or rather following it as it creeps among the bays and hazels, which have fallen at different times from the summit, and are now grown old, with an infinity of primroses at the roots. There are nowhere twenty steps without a projection and a turn, nor in any ten together is the chasm of the same width or figure. Hence the ascent in its windings is easy and imperceptible quite to the termination, where the rocks are somewhat high and precipitous: at the enterance they

lose themselves in privet and elder, and you must make your way between them thro the canes. Do not you remember where I carried you both across the muddy hollow in the foot-path?

TERNISSA.

Leontion does.

EPICURUS.

That place is always wet; not only in this month of Puanepsion*, which we are beginning today, but in midsummer. The water that causes it, comes out a little way above it, but originates from the crevice, which I will cover at top with rose-laurel and mountain-ash, with clematis and vine; and I will intercept the little rill in its wandering, draw it from its concealment, and place it like Bacchus under the protection of the Nymphs, who will smile upon it in its marble cradle.

TERNISSA.

Leontion! why do you turn away your face? have the Nymphs smiled upon you in it?

LEONTION.

I bathed in it once, if you must know, Ternissa! Why now, Ternissa, why do you turn away your face? have the Nymphs frowned upon you for invading their secrets?

* The attic month of Puanepsion had its commencement in the latter days of October: its name is derived from πύανα, the legumes which were offered in sacrifice to Apollo, at that season.

TERNISSA.

Epicurus, you are in the right to bring it away from Athens . . from under the eye of Pallas: she might be angry.

EPICURUS.

You approve of its removal then, my lovely friend!

TERNISSA.

Mightily.

(Aside.) I wish it may break in pieces on the road.

EPICURUS.

What did you say?

TERNISSA.

I wish it were now on the road . . . that I might try whether it would hold me . . I mean with my cloathes on.

EPICURUS.

It would hold you, and one a span longer. I have another in the house; but it is not decorated with Fauns and Satyrs and foliage, like this.

LEONTION.

I remember putting my hand upon the frightful Satyr's head, to leap in: it seems made for the purpose. But the sculptor needed not to place the Naiad quite so near: he must have been a very impudent man: it is impossible to look for a moment at such a piece of workmanship.

TERNISSA.

For shame! Leontion! . . why, what was it? I do not desire to know.

EPICURUS.

I dont remember it.

LEONTION.

Nor I neither; only the head.

EPICURUS.

I shall place the Satyr toward the rock, that you may never see him, Ternissa.

TERNISSA.

Very right; he cannot turn round.

LEONTION.

The poor Naiad had done it, in vain.

TERNISSA.

All these labourers will soon finish the plantation, if you superintend them, and are not appointed to some magistrature.

EPICURUS.

Those who govern us, are pleased at seeing a philosopher out of the city, and more stil at finding, in a season of scarcity, forty poor citizens, who might become seditious, made happy and quiet by such employment.

Two evils, of almost equal weight, may befall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always. Aware of these, I devote a large portion of my time and labours to

the cultivation of such minds as flourish best in cities, where my garden at the gate, altho smaller than this, we find sufficiently capacious. There I secure my listeners. Here my thoughts and imaginations have their free natural current, and tarry or wander as the will invites: may it ever be among those dearest to me! those whose hearts possess the rarest and divinest faculty, of retaining or forgetting at option what ought to be forgotten or retained.

LEONTION.

The whole ground then will be covered with trees and shrubs.

EPICURUS.

There are some protuberances in various parts of the eminence, which you do not perceive til you are upon them or above them: they are almost level at the top, and covered with fine grass; for they catch the better soil, brought down in small quantities by the rains. These will be left uncovered, as will be the platform under the pinasters, whence there is a prospect of the city, the harbour, the isle of Salamis, and the territory of Megara.

What then! said my neighbour Sosimenes, *you would hide from your view my young olives, and the whole length of the new wall I have been building at my own expense between us! and, when you might see at once the whole of Attica,*

you will hardly see more of it than I could buy.

LEONTION.

I do not see this new wall, for which Sosimenes, no doubt, thinks himself another Pericles.

EPICURUS.

Those old junipers quite conceal it.

TERNISSA.

They look warm and sheltering: but I like the rose-laurels much better; and what a thicket of them here is!

EPICURUS.

Leaving all the larger, I shall remove many thousands of them; enough to border the greater part of the walk, intermixt with roses. There is an infinity of other plants and flowers, or weeds, as Sosimenes calls them, of which he has cleared his olive-yard, and which I shall adopt. Twenty of his slaves came in yesterday, laden with hyacinths and narcissusses, anemonies and jonquils. *The curses of our vineyards,* cried he, *and good neither for man nor beast. I have another estate, infested with lilies of the valley: I should not wonder if you accepted these too.*

And with thanks, answered I.

The whole of his remark I could not collect: he turned aside, and (I believe) prayed. I only heard *Pallas . . father . . sound mind . . inoffensive man . . good neighbour.* As we walked together,

I perceived him looking grave, and I could not resist my inclination to smile as I turned my eyes toward him. He observed it, at first with unconcern, but by degrees some doubts arose within him, and he said, *Epicurus, you have been throwing away no less than half a talent* on this sorry piece of mountain, and I fear you are about to waste as much in labour: for nothing was ever so terrible as the price we are obliged to pay the workman, since the conquest of Persia, and the increase of luxury in our city. Under three obols† none will do his day's work. But what, in the name of all the deities, could induce you to plant those roots, which other people dig up and throw away?*

I have been doing, said I, *the same thing my whole life thro, Sosimenes!*

How! cried he, *I never knew that.*

Those very doctrines, added I, *which others hate and extirpate, I inculcate and cherish. They bring no riches, and therefor are thought to bring no advantage: to me they appear the more advantageous for that very reason. They give us immediately what we solicit thro the means of wealth. We must labour for the wealth first; and then it remains to be proved, whether we can purchase with it what we look for. Now, to*

* 108 pounds sterling. † About four pence.

carry our money to the market, and not to find in the market our money's worth, is great vexation; yet much greater has already preceded, in running up and down for it, among so many competitors and thro so many thieves.

After a while he rejoined, *You really then have not overreached me?*

In what? my friend! said I.

These roots, he answered, *may perhaps be good for some purpose.. shall you send them into Persia? or whither?*

Sosimenes! I shall make love-potions of the flowers.

LEONTION.

O Epicurus! should it ever be known in Athens that they are good for this, you will not have, with all your fences of wild prunes and wild pomegranates, and precipices with gorse upon them, a single root left underground after the month of Elaphebolion*.

EPICURUS.

It is not every one that knows the preparation.

LEONTION.

Everybody will try.

EPICURUS.

And you too, Ternissa?

* The thirtieth of Elaphebolion was the tenth of April.

TERNISSA.

Will you teach me?

EPICURUS.

This, and any thing else I know. We must walk together when they are in flower.

TERNISSA.

And can you shew me then?

EPICURUS.

I teach by degrees.

LEONTION.

By very slow ones, Epicurus! I have no patience with you: tell us directly.

EPICURUS.

It is very material what kind of recipient you bring with you. Enchantresses use a brazen one: silver and gold are employed in other arts.

LEONTION.

I will bring any.

TERNISSA.

My mother has a very fine golden one: she will lend it me: she allows me every thing.

EPICURUS.

Leontion and Ternissa! those eyes of yours brighten at inquiry, as if they carried a light within them for a guidance.

LEONTION.

No flattery!

TERNISSA.

No flattery! teach us.

EPICURUS.

Will you hear me thro in silence?

LEONTION.

We promise.

EPICURUS.

Sweet girls! the calm pleasures, such as I hope you will ever find in your walks among these gardens, will improve your beauty, animate your discourse, and correct the little that may hereafter rise up for correction in your dispositions. The smiling ideas left in our bosoms from our infancy, that many plants are the favorites of the Gods, and that others were even the objects of their love, having once been invested with the human form, beautiful and lively and happy as yourselves, give them an interest beyond the vision; yes, and a station, let me say it, on the vestibule of our affections. Resign your ingenuous hearts to simple pleasures; and there is none in man, where men are attic, that will not follow and outstrip their movements.

TERNISSA.

O Epicurus!

EPICURUS.

What said Ternissa?

LEONTION.

Some of those anemonies, I do think, must be stil in blossom. Ternissa's golden cup is at home; but she has brought with her a little vase for the

philter . . and has filled it to the brim . . . Do not hide your head behind my shoulder, Ternissa! no, nor in my lap.

EPICURUS.

Yes, there let it lie, the lovelier for that tendril of sunny brown hair upon it. How it falls and rises! which is the hair? which the shadow?

LEONTION.

Let the hair rest.

EPICURUS.

I must not perhaps clasp the shadow!

LEONTION.

You philosophers are fond of such unsubstantial things. O! you have taken my volume. This is deceit.

You live so little in public, and entertain such a contempt for opinion, as to be both indifferent and ignorant of what it is that people blame you for.

EPICURUS.

I know what it is I should blame myself for, if I attended to them. Prove them to be wiser, and more disinterested in their wisdom, than I am, and I will then go down to them and listen to them. When I have well considered a thing, I deliver it, regardless of what those think, who neither take the time nor possess the faculty of considering any thing well, and who have always lived far remote from the scope of our speculations.

LEONTION.

In the volume you snatched away from me so slily, I have defended a position of yours, which many philosophers turn into ridicule; namely, that politeness is among the virtues. I wish you yourself had spoken more at large upon the subject.

EPICURUS.

It is one upon which a lady is likely to display more ingenuity and discernment. If philosophers have ridiculed my sentiment, the reason is, it is among those virtues which in general they find most difficult to assume or counterfeit.

LEONTION.

Surely life runs on the smoother for this equability and polish; and the gratification it affords is more extensive than is afforded even by the highest virtue. Courage, on nearly all occasions, inflicts as much of evil as it imparts of good. It may be exerted in defence of our country, in defence of those who love us, in defence of the harmless and the helpless: but those against whom it is thus exerted may possess an equal share of it. If they succede, then manifestly the ill it produces is greater than the benefit: if they succumb, it is nearly as great. For, many of their adversaries are first killed and maimed, and many of their own kindred are left to lament the consequences of their aggression.

EPICURUS.

You have spoken first of courage, as that virtue which attracts your sex principally.

TERNISSA.

Not me; I am always afraid of it. I love those best who can tell me the most things I never knew before, and who have patience with me, and look kindly while they teach me, and almost as if they were waiting for fresh questions. Now let me hear directly what you were about to say to Leontion.

EPICURUS.

I was proceding to remark that temperance comes next: and temperance has then its highest merit when it is the support of civility and politeness. So that I think I am right and equitable, in attributing to politeness a distinguished rank, not among the ornaments of life, but among the virtues. And you, Leontion and Ternissa, will have leant the more propensely toward this opinion, if you considered, as I am sure you did, that the peace and concord of families, friends, and cities, are preserved by it . . in other words, the harmony of the world.

TERNISSA.

Leontion spoke of courage, you of temperance: the other great virtue, in the division made by the philosophers, is justice.

EPICURUS.

Temperance includes it: for temperance is very imperfect, if it is only an abstinence from too much food, too much wine, too much conviviality, or other luxury. It indicates every kind of forbearance. Justice is forbearance from what belongs to another. Giving to this one rightly what that one would hold wrongfully, is justice in magistrature, not in the abstract, and is only a part of its office. The perfectly temperate man is also the perfectly just man: but the perfectly just man (as philosophers now define him) may not be the perfectly temperate one. I include the less in the greater.

LEONTION.

We have seen judges, and upright ones too, inordinate eaters and immoderate drinkers.

EPICURUS.

The Lacedemonians are temperate in food and courageous in battle: but men like these, if they existed in sufficient numbers, would devastate the universe. We alone, we Athenians, with less military skill perhaps, and certainly less rigid abstinence from voluptuousness and luxury, have sett before it the only grand example of social government and of polished life. From us the seed is scattered: from us flow the streams that irrigate it: and ours are the hands, O Leontion and Ternissa! that collect it, cleanse it, deposit it,

that convey and distribute it, sound and weighty, thro every race and age. Therefor, and not from any other cause, altho we have been leagued of late years with barbarians, whose wills and pleasures we have looked to and consulted, and altho the upstarts who manage our affairs are at the beck of their satraps and shieldbearers and cupbearers, we have not been deprived altogether of our liberties, whatever may have been deducted (for our advantage no doubt) from the unwieldiness of our estates. Gravity too and religion are stil potent and prevalent. Those who harangue to us at the great market-place, while one hand is filching our purses, lift up the other to the Immortal Gods, imploring from their beneficence, that the poorest man in Athens may sit down at dinner with a drachma in his strong box under him.

LEONTION.

The very man does this, I hear, who has taken especial care that no strong box among us shall be without a chink at the bottom; the very man who asked and received a gratuity, from the collegue he had betrayed, belied, and thrown a stone at, for having proved him in the great market-place a betrayer and a liar.

EPICURUS.

You have now answered indirectly but forcibly, those who blame me for abstaining from public business. What can be imagined more disgraceful

and ignominious, than to sit below such a fellow in the council . . unless it be to sit beside him? or what more idle and unavailing than, in the present state of our politics, to oppose him! Exhausted as we are by war, we can do nothing better than lie down and doze, while the weather is fine overhead, and dream (if we can) that we are rich and free.

Our managers are so very modest, they never attempt to reward or to praise any excellent citizen in his lifetime; so very prudent, they reserve such encouragement for him alone who always wanted it; so very munificent, they give it him all at once, at the hour he is most prest and calls loudest for it. Such is the fervour and purity of their patriotism, they abandon their promises, they violate their oaths, they betray their friends and collegues, for the improvement of our constitution. Such and so operative is the force of public good, beyond what it ever was formerly, that even a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls and of songs on the grease of platters, for attempting to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, who soon afterward was more successful in doing it himself, is not only called our citizen, but elected by a large proportion of the tribes, as the most worthy to administer our affairs. He has nothing now to acquire, but a little purity of language, and somewhat of order

and ratiocination. Unhappily one of the last things he uttered before the judges, shewed his want in all its nakedness: it was a eulogy on a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler men; one whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky fat floating in semiliquid rheum: he called her *the pride, life, and ornament* of polished society.

LEONTION.

Strange collocation of terms, and stranger application!

TERNISSA.

I should have said, if indeed it could be said of such a person, *the ornament, pride, and life.*

LEONTION.

Hardly a Bœotian bullock-driver would wedge in *life* between *pride* and *ornament.*

EPICURUS.

There are minds in which every thing alike is disorderly, coarse, proportionless, and false. This blunderer would not have discovered his error, even if you had pointed it out: but he would have hired, from the public treasury and for the public good, some dozen of idle vagabonds to persecute and insult you.

O sweet sea-air! how bland art thou and refreshing! Breathe upon Leontion! breathe upon Ternissa! bring them health and spirits and serenity, many springs and summers, and when the

vine-leaves have reddened and rustle under their feet.

These, my beloved girls, are the children of Eternity: they played around Theseus and the beauteous Amazon; they gave to Pallas the bloom of Venus, and to Venus the animation of Pallas. Is it not better to enjoy by the hour their soft salubrious influence, than to catch by fits the rancid breath of demagogues, than to swell and move under it without or against our will, than to acquire the semblance of eloquence by the bitterness of passion, the tone of philosophy by disappointment, or the credit of prudence by distrust? Can fortune, can industry, can desert itself, bestow on us any thing we have not here?

LEONTION.

And when shall those three meet? The Gods have never united them, knowing that men would put them asunder, at their first appearance.

EPICURUS.

I am glad to leave the city as often as possible, full as it is of high and glorious reminiscences: for, beside the sufference of displeasure and disgust, I might do great injury and bring much contumely on my country; since, if ever I complained of a rudeness offered to any of my family, male or female, the person who committed it would be appointed the next day to some lucrative situation. This I have experienced on a late

occasion at the hands of Kenos. To peculate, to prevaricate, to abandon friends, to betray colleagues, to forswear associates, any one of these formerly was enough to sink a steersman of state in the depth of infamy. Appeals to the glory, the equity, the fair name, of such a character, are now too much, too daring: they arouse his choler with his conscience, and, while he is venting in public the whole vocabulary of virtue, fill him up to the throat again with animosity and indignation. Altho there are many who may be amused at the vagaries and flights and circuitions of profligacy, and at the baseness of those who watch it from their soft warm benches, with mutual encouragement to louder and louder expressions of admiration, I am inclined much rather to indulge my humour for levity in quieter scenes, whither the Graces and Friendship lead me, and where none complain that they have been pushed about and pelted, trodden on and robbed. I would not contend, even with men able and worthier to contend with me than Kenos is. You, Leontion, I see, think differently, and have composed at last your long meditated work against the philosophy of Theophrastus.

LEONTION.

Why not? he has been praised above his merits.

EPICURUS.

My Leontion! you have inadvertently given me

the reason and origin of all controversial writings. They flow not from a love of truth or a regard for science, but from envy and ill will. Setting aside the evil of malignity, always hurtful to ourselves, not always to others, there is weakness in the argument you have adduced. When a writer is praised above his merits in his own times, he is certain of being estimated below them in the times succeding. Paradox is dear to most people: it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.

Nothing is more gratifying to me, my sweet Leontion, than the attention you are bestowing on me, which you always apportion to the seriousness of my observations.

LEONTION.

I dislike Theophrastus for his affected contempt of your doctrines.

EPICURUS.

Unreasonably, for the contempt of them; reasonably, if affected. Very good men may differ widely from me, and very wise ones misunderstand me: for, their wisdom having raised up to them schools of their own, they have not found leisure to converse with me; and from others they have received a partial and inexact report. My opinion is, that certain things are indifferent, and unworthy of pursuit or attention, as lying beyond our

research and almost our conjecture; which very things the generality of philosophers (for the generality are speculative) deem of the first importance. Questions relating to them I answer evasively, or altogether decline. Again, there are modes of living which are suitible to some, and unsuitible to others. What I myself follow and embrace, what I recommend to the studious, to the irritable, to the weak in health, would ill agree with the commonality of citizens. Yet my adversaries cry out, *Such is the opinion and practise of Epicurus.* For instance, I have never taken a wife, and never will take one: but he from among the mass who should avow his imitation of my example, would act as wisely and more religiously, in saying that he chose celibacy because Pallas had done the same.

LEONTION.

If Pallas had many such votaries, she would soon have few citizens.

EPICURUS.

And very bad ones if all followed me in retiring from the offices of magistracy and of war. Having seen that the most sensible men are the most unhappy, I could not but examine the causes of it: and finding that the same sensibility to which they are indebted for the activity of their intellect, is also the restless mover of their jealousy and ambition, I would lead them aside from whatever

operates upon these, and throw under their feet the terrors their imagination has created. My philosophy is not for the populace nor for the proud: the ferocious will never attain it: the gentle will embrace it, but will not call it mine. I do not desire that they should: let them rest their heads upon that part of the pillow which they find the softest, and enjoy their own dreams unbroken.

LEONTION.

The old are all against you.

EPICURUS.

The name of pleasure is an affront to them. They know no other kind of it than that which has flowered and seeded, and the dry stems of which have truly a rueful look.

LEONTION.

They would controvert your positions.

EPICURUS.

Unhappily the aged are retentive of long acquired maxims, and insensible to new impressions, whether from fancy or from truth. In fact, their eyes blend the two together. Well might the poet say,

Fewer the gifts that knarled Age presents
To elegantly-handed Infancy,
Than elegantly-handed Infancy
Presents to knarled Age: from both they drop;
The middle course of life receives them all,
Save the light few that laughing youth runs off with,
Unvalued as a mistress or a flower.

LEONTION.

Since, in obedience to your institutions, I must not say I am angry, I am offended at least with Theophrastus, for having so misrepresented your opinions, on the necessity of keeping the mind composed and tranquil, and remote from every object and every sentiment by which a painful sympathy may be excited. In order to display his elegance of language, and comprehension of thought, he runs wherever he can lay a censure on you, whether he believes in its equity or not.

EPICURUS.

This is the case with all eloquent men and all disputants. Truth neither warms nor elevates them, neither obtains for them profit nor applause.

TERNISSA.

I have heard wise remarks very often and very warmly praised.

EPICURUS.

Not for the truth in them, but for the grace, or because they touched the spring of some preconception or some passion. Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.

LEONTION.

Theophrastus would persuade us that, according to your system, we not only should decline the succour of the wretched, but avoid the sympathies that poets and historians would awaken in us. Probably for the sake of introducing some idle

verses, written by a friend of his, he says that, following the guidance of Epicurus, we should altogether shun the theater, and not only when Prometheus and Edipus and Philoctetes are introduced, but even where generous and kindly sentiments are predominant, if they partake of that tenderness which belongs to pity. I know not what Thracian lord or hero, after the loss of his dignity and fortune, recovers his daughter from her ravisher: such are among the words they exchange.

Father.

Insects, that dwell in rotten reeds, inert
Upon the surface of a stream or pool,
Then rush into the air on meshy vans,
Are not so different in their varying lives
As we are . . O! what father on this earth,
Holding his child's cool cheek within his palms
And kissing his fair front, would wish him man!
Inheritor of wants and jealousies,
Of labour, of ambition, of distress,
And, cruelest of all the passions, lust.
Who that beholds me, persecuted, scorned,
A wanderer, e'er could think what friends were mine,
How numerous, how devoted! with what glee
Smiled my old house, with what acclaim my courts
Rang from without whene'er my war-horse neighed.

Daughter.

Thy fortieth birthday is not shouted yet
By the young peasantry, with rural gifts
And nightly fires along the pointed hills,
Yet do thy temples glitter with grey hair

Scattered not thinly . . ah! what sudden change!
Only thy voice and heart remain the same . .
No, that voice trembles, and that heart (I feel)
While it would comfort and console me . . breaks.

EPICURUS.

I would never close my bosom against the feelings of humanity: but I would calmly and well consider by what conduct of life they may enter it with the least importunity and violence. A consciousness that we have promoted the happiness of others, to the utmost of our power, is certain not only to meet them at the threshold, but to bring them gently and genially along with us, and to render them accurate and faithful prompters, when we bend perplexedly over the problem of evil figured by the tragedians. If indeed there were more of pain than of pleasure in the exhibitions of the dramatist, no man in his senses would attend them twice. All the imitative arts have delight for the principal object: the first of these is poetry: the highest of poetry is tragic.

LEONTION.

The epic has been called so.

EPICURUS.

Improperly: for the epic has much more in it of what is prosaic. Its magnitude is no argument. An Egyptian pyramid contains more materials than an Ionic temple, but requires less contrivance. My simily is yet a defective one: for, a tragedy

must be carried on with an unbroken interest, and, undecorated by loose foliage or fantastic branches, must rise, like the palm-tree, with a lofty unity. On these matters I am unable to argue at large, or perhaps correctly: on those however which I have studied and treated, my terms are so explicit and clear, that Theophrastus can never have misunderstood them. Let me recall to your attention but two axioms.

Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

LEONTION.

Explane to me then, O Epicurus, why we suffer so much from ingratitude.

EPICURUS.

We fancy we suffer it from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer it from self-love. Passion weeps while she says, *I did not deserve this from him:* Reason, while she says it, smoothens her ruffled brow at the clear fountain of the heart. Permitt me also, like Theophrastus, to borrow a few words from a poet.

TERNISSA.

Borrow as many such as any one will entrust to you; and may Hermes prosper your commerce! Leontion may go to the theater then; for she loves it.

EPICURUS.

Girls! be the bosom-friends of Antigone and Ismene; and you shall enter the wood of the Eumenides without shuddering, and leave it without the trace of a tear. Never did you appear so graceful to me, O Ternissa; no, not even after this walk do you, as when I saw you blow a fly from the forehead of Philoctetes, in the propylea. The wing, with which Sophocles and the statuary represent him, to drive away the summer insects in his dreadful agony, had wearied his flaccid arm, hanging down beside him.

TERNISSA.

Do you imagine then I thought him a living man?

EPICURUS.

The sentiment was both more delicate and more august from being indistinct. You would have done it, even if he *had* been a living man: even if he could have clasped you in his arms, imploring the Gods to resemble you in gentleness, you would have done it.

TERNISSA.

He looked so abandoned by every one; so heroic, yet so feeble and so helpless . . I did not think of turning round to see if any one was near me . . or else perhaps . . .

EPICURUS.

If you could have thought of looking round,

you would no longer have been Ternissa. The Gods would have transformed you for it into some tree.

LEONTION.

And Epicurus had been walking under it this day.

EPICURUS.

With Leontion, the partner of his sentiments. But the walk would have been earlier or later than the present hour: since the middle of the day, like the middle of fruits, is good for nothing.

LEONTION.

For dinner surely.

EPICURUS.

Dinner is a less gratification to me than to many. I dine alone.

TERNISSA.

Why?

EPICURUS.

To avoid the noise, the heat, and the jumble both of odours and of occupations. I cannot bear the indecency of speaking with a mouth in which there is food: I careen my body (since it is always in want of repair) in as unobstructed a space as I can, and I lie down and sleep awhile when the work is over.

LEONTION.

Epicurus! altho it would be very interesting, no doubt, to hear more of what you do . . [*aside to*

him] now dont smile . . I shall never forgive you if you say a single word . . . yet I would rather hear a little about the theater, and whether you think at last that women should frequent it; for you have often said the contrary.

EPICURUS.

I think they should visit it rarely; not because it excites their affections, but because it deadens them. To me nothing is so odious, as to be at once among the rabble and among the heroes, and, while I am receiving into my heart the most exquisite of human sentiments, to feel upon my shoulder the hand of some inattentive and insensible young officer.

LEONTION.

O very bad indeed! horrible!

TERNISSA.

You quite fire at the idea.

LEONTION.

Not I . . I dont care about it.

TERNISSA.

Not about what is very bad indeed? very horrible?

LEONTION.

I seldom go thither.

EPICURUS.

The theater is delightful, when we erect it in one's own house or arbour, and when there is but one spectator.

LEONTION.

You must lose the illusion in great part, if you only read the tragedy, which I fancy to be your meaning.

EPICURUS.

I lose the less of it. Do not imagine that the illusion is, or can be, or ought to be, complete. If it were possible, no Phalaris or Perillus could devise a crueler torture. Here are two imitations: first the poet's, of the sufferer; secondly the actor's, of both: poetry is superinduced: no man in pain ever uttered the better part of the language used by Sophocles. We admitt it, and willingly, and are at least as much illuded by it, as by any thing else we hear or see upon the stage. Poets and statuaries and painters give us an adorned imitation of the object, so skilfully treated that we receive it for a correct one. This is the only illusion they aim at: this is the perfection of their arts.

LEONTION.

Do you derive no pleasure from the representations of a consummate actor?

EPICURUS.

High pleasure; but liable to be overturned in an instant . . pleasure at the mercy of any one that sits beside me. Rarely does it happen that an Athenian utters a syllable in the midst of it: but our city is open to the inhabitants of all the world;

and all the world that is yet humanized a woman might walk across in sixty hours. There are even in Greece a few remaining stil so barbarous, that I have heard them whisper in the midst of the finest scenes of our greatest poets.

LEONTION.

Acorn-fed Chaonians! they must have suffered great pain in the intestines.

EPICURUS.

I esteem all the wise; but I entertain no wish to imitate all of them in every thing: what was convenient and befitting in one or other of them, might be very inconvenient and very unbefitting in me. Great names ought to bear us up and carry us thro, but never to run away with us. Peculiarity and solitariness give an idea to weak minds of something grand, authoritative, and god-like. To be wise indeed and happy and self-possest, we must often be alone: we must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.

TERNISSA.

You have commanded us at all times to ask you any thing we do not understand. Why did you use the phrase, *what is called society?* as if there could be a doubt whether we are in society when we converse with many.

EPICURUS.

We may meet and converse with thousands: you and Leontion and myself could associate with few. *Society*, in the philosophical sense of the word, is almost the contrary of what it is in the common acceptation.

LEONTION.

Now go on with your discourse.

EPICURUS.

When we have once acquired that intelligence of which we have been in pursuit, we may relax our minds, and lay the produce of our chase at the feet of those we love.

LEONTION.

Philosophers seem to imagine that they can be visible and invisible at will; that they can be admired for the display of their tenets, and unobserved in the workings of their spleen. None of those whom I remember, or whose writings I have perused, was quite exempt from it. Among the least malicious is Theophrastus: could he find no other for so little malice but you?

EPICURUS.

The origin of his dislike to me, was my opinion that perspicuity is the prime excellence of composition. He and Aristoteles and Plato talk diffusely of attending to harmony, and clap rhetorical rules before our mouths in order to produce it.

Natural sequences and right subordination of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences, which follows a strong conception, are the constituents of true harmony. You are satisfied with it and dwell upon it; which you would vainly hope to do, when you are forced to turn back again to seize an idea or to comprehend a period. Let us believe that opposition, and even hard words, are (at least in the beginning) no certain proofs of hatred; altho, by requiring defence, they soon produce heat and animosity, in him who hath engaged in so unwise a warfare. On the other hand, praises are not always the unfailing signs of liberality or of justice. Many are extolled out of enmity to others, and perhaps would have been decried had those others not existed. Among the causes of my happiness, this is one: I never have been stimulated to hostility by any in the crowd that has assailed me. If in my youth I had been hurried into this angry weakness, I should have regretted it as lost time, lost pleasure, lost humanity.

LEONTION.

We may expose what is violent or false in any one; and chiefly in any one who injures us or our friends.

EPICURUS.

We may.

LEONTION.

How then?

EPICURUS.

By exhibiting in ourselves the contrary.

TERNISSA.

Such vengeance is legitimate and complete.

EPICURUS.

I found in my early days, among the celebrated philosophers of Greece, a love of domination, a propensity to imposture, a jealousy of renown, and a cold indifference to simple truth. None of these qualities lead to Happiness; none of them stand within the precincts of Virtue. I asked myself *What is the most natural and the most universal of our desires.* I found it was, *to be happy.* Wonderful I thought it, that the gratification of a desire which is at once the most universal and the most natural, should be the seldomest attained. I then conjectured the means, and I found that they vary, as vary the minds and capacities of men: that however the principal one lay in the avoidance of those very things, which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content; such as military commands, political offices, clients, adventures in commerce, and extensive landed property.

LEONTION.

And yet offices, both political and military,

must be undertaken; and clients will throng about those who exercise them. Commerce too will dilate with Prosperity, and Frugality will square her farm by lopping off the angles of the next.

EPICURUS.

True, Leontion. Nor is there a probability that my opinions will pervade the heart of Avarice or Ambition: they will influence only the unoccupied. Philosophy hath led scarcely a single man away from commands or magistracies, until he has first tried them. Weariness is the repose of the politician, and apathy his wisdom. He fancies that nations are contemplating the great man in his retirement, while what began in ignorance of himself is ending in forgetfulness on the part of others. This truth at last appears to him: he detests the ingratitude of mankind: he declares his resolution to carry the earth no longer on his shoulders: he is taken at his word: and the shock of it breaks his heart.

TERNISSA.

Epicurus, I have been listening to you with even more pleasure than usual: for you often talk of love, and such other things as you can know nothing about: but now you have gone out of your way to defend an enemy, and to lead aside Leontion from her severity to Theophrastus.

EPICURUS.

Believe me, my lovely friends, he is no ordinary

man who hath said one wise thing gracefully in the whole of his existence: now several such are recorded of him whom Leontion hath singled out from my assailants. His style is excellent.

LEONTION.

The excellence of it hath been exaggerated by Aristoteles, to lower our opinion of Plato's.

EPICURUS.

It may be so: I cannot prove it, and never heard it.

LEONTION.

So blinded indeed is this great master of rhetoric . . .

EPICURUS.

Pardon the rudeness of my interruption, dear Leontion. Do not designate so great a man by a title so contemptible. You are nearly as humiliating to his genius, as those who call him the Stagyrite . . and those are ignorant of the wrong they do him; many of them are his disciples and admirers, and call him by that name in quoting his authority. Philosophy, until he came amongst us, was like the habitations of the Troglodytes; vast indeed and wonderful, but without construction, without arrangement. He first gave it order and system. I do not rank him with Democritus, who has been to philosophers what Homer has been to poets, and who is equally great in imagination and in reflexion: but no other has

left behind him so many just remarks on such a variety of subjects.

Within one olympiad those men have left the world, who exercised more than any other three that ever dwelt upon it, reason, patriotism, and ferocity: Aristoteles, Demosthenes, Alexander.

But you were saying that something had blinded the philosopher.

LEONTION.

His zeal and partiality. Not only did he preferr Theophrastus to every one who taught at Athens, not only did he change his original name, for one of so high an import, as to shew that he would elevate his language to the language of the Gods, but he fancied and insisted that the very sound of *Theophrastus* is sweet*; of *Tyrtamus*, harsh and inelegant.

EPICURUS.

Your ear, Leontion, is the better arbitress of musical sounds, in which (I speak of words) hardly any two agree. But a box on the ear does not improve the organ; and I would advise you to leave inviolate and untouched all those peculiarities which rest on friendship. The jealous, if we suffered them in the least to move us, would deserve

* Τύρταμος δ' ἐκαλεῖτο πρότερον ὁ Θεόφραστος, μετωνόμασε δ' αὐτὸν ὁ Ἀριστοτέλης Θεόφραστον· ἅμα μὲν φεύγων τὴν τοῦ προτέρου ὀνόματος κακοφωνίαν, ἅμα δὲ τὴν τῆς φράσεως αὐτοῦ ζῆλον ἐπισημαινόμενος.—Strabo xiii.

our commiseration rather than our resentment: but the best thing we can do with 'em is to make them the comedians of our privacy. Some have recently started up amongst us, who, when they have published to the world their systems of philosophy, or their axioms, or their paradoxes, and find nevertheless that others are preferred to them, persuade their friends and scholars that enormous and horrible injustice has been done toward them. By degrees they cool however, and become more reasonable: they resign the honour of invention, which always may be contested or ascertained, and invest themselves with what they style much greater; that of learning. What constitutes this glory, on which they plume themselves so joyously and gaudily? Nothing else than the reading of those volumes which we have taken the trouble to write. A multitude of authors, the greater part of them inferior in abilities to those who hear me, are the slow constructors of those reputations which they would persuade us are the solidest and the highest. We teach them all they know: and they are as proud as if they had taught us. There are not indeed many of these parasitical plants at present, sucking us, and resting their leafy slenderness upon us: but whenever books become more numerous, a new species will arise from them, to which philosophers and historians and poets must give way. for, intercepting all

above, it will approximate much nearer to the manners and intellects of the people. At last what is most attic in Athens will be canvassed and discussed in their booths; and he who now exerciseth a sound and strong judgement of his own, will indifferently borrow theirs, and become so corrupted with it, as ever afterward to be gratified to his heart's content, by the impudent laconism of their oracular decisions. These people are the natural enemies of greater: they cannot sell their platters of offal, while a richer feast is open to the public, and while lamps of profuser light announce the invitation. I would not augur the decay of philosophy and literature. It was retarded by the good example of our ancestors. The seven wise men, as they are called, lived amicably, and, where it was possible, in intercourse. Our seventy wiser (for we may reckon at least that number of those who proclame themselves so) stand at the distance of a porcupine's shot, and, like that animal, scatter their shafts in every direction, with more profusion than force, and with more anger than aim.

Hither, to these banks of serpolet, to these strawberries, the dying leaves of which breathe the most refreshing fragrance, to this ivy, from which Bacchus may have crowned himself, let us retire at the voice of Discord. Whom should we contend with? the less? it were inglorious . . the greater?

it were vain. Do we look for Truth? she is not the inhabitant of cities nor delights in clamour. She steals upon the calm and meditative, as Diana upon Endymion, indulgent in her chastity, encouraging a modest, and requiting a faithful love.

LEONTION.

How Ternissa sighs after Truth!

EPICURUS.

If Truth appeared in daylight among mortals, she would surely resemble Ternissa. Those white and lucid cheeks, that youth which appears more youthful (for unless we are near her we think her yet a child), and that calm open forehead . . .

LEONTION.

Malicious girl! she conceals it!

EPICURUS.

Ingenious girl! the resemblance was, until now, imperfect. We must remove the veil ourselves: for Truth, whatever the poets may tell us, never comes without one diaphanous or opake.

If those who differ on speculative points, would walk together now and then in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them. The same bodily feeling is productive in some degree of the same mental one. Enjoyment from sun and air, from exercise and from odours, brings hearts together that schools and council-chambers and popular assemblies may have stood between for years.

I hope Theophrastus may live, to walk with us among these bushes when they are shadier, and to perceive that all questions, but those about the way to happiness, are illiberal or mechanical or infantine or idle.

TERNISSA.

Are geometry and astronomy idle?

EPICURUS.

Such idleness as theirs a wise man may indulge in, when he has found what he was seeking: and, as they abstract the mind from what would prey upon it, there are many to whom I would recommend them earlier as their principal and most serious studies.

We will return to Theophrastus. He has one great merit in style; he is select and sparing in the use of metaphors: that man sees badly who sees every thing double. He wants novelty and vigour in his remarks both on men and things: neither his subject nor his mind is elevated: here however let me observe, my fair disciples, that he and some others, of whom we speak in common conversation with little deference or reserve, may perhaps attract the notice and attention of the remotest nations in the remotest times. Suppose him to have his defects, all that you or any one ever has supposed in him, yet how much greater is his intellect, than the intellect of any among

those who govern the world! If these appeared in the streets of Athens, you would run to look at them, and ask your friends whether they had seen them pass. If you cannot shew as much reverence to Theophrastus, the defect is yours. He may not be what his friends have fancied him: but how great must he be, to have obtained the partiality of such friends! how few are greater! how many millions less! Even bad writers are blamed unjustly when they are blamed much. In comparison with many good and sensible men, they have evinced no slight degree of intelligence: yet we go frequently to those good and sensible men, and engage them to join us in our contempt and ridicule, of one who not only is wiser than they are, but who has made an effort to entertain or to instruct us; which they never did.

TERNISSA.

This is inconsiderate and ungrateful.

EPICURUS.

Truly and humanely have you spoken, my Ternissa!

LEONTION.

In my Treatise I have only defended your tenets against Theophrastus.

EPICURUS.

I am certain you have done it with spirit and eloquence, dear Leontion! and there are but two words in it I would wish you to erase.

LEONTION.

Which are they?

EPICURUS.

Theophrastus and *Epicurus.* If you love me, you will do nothing that may make you uneasy when you grow older; nothing that may allow my adversary to say, *Leontion soon forgot her Epicurus.* My maxim is, never to defend my paradoxes or systems: if you undertake it, the Athenians will insist that I impelled you secretly, or that my philosophy and my friendship were ineffectual on you.

LEONTION.

They shall never say that.

EPICURUS.

I am not unmoved by the kindness of your intentions. Most people, and philosophers too among the rest, when their own conduct or opinions are questioned, are admirably prompt and dexterous in the science of defence; but when another's are assailed, they parry with as ill a grace and faultering a hand, as if they never had taken a lesson in it at home. Seldom will they see what they profess to look for; and, finding it, they pick up with it a thorn under the nail. They canter over the solid turf, and complain that there is no corn upon it: they canter over the corn, and curse the ridges and furrows. All

schools of philosophy, and almost all authors, are rather to be frequented for exercise than for freight: but this exercise ought to acquire us health and strength, spirits and good-humour. There is none of them that does not supply some truths useful to every man, and some untruths equally so to the few that are able to wrestle with 'em. If there were no falsehood in the world, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt, there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no knowledge, no genius. Fancy herself would lie muffled up in her robe, inactive, pale, and bloated. I wish we could demonstrate the existence of utility in some other evils, as easily as in this.

LEONTION.

My remarks on the conduct and on the style of Theophrastus are not confined to him soly. I have taken at last a general view of our literature, and traced as far as I am able its deviation and decline. In ancient works we sometimes see the mark of the chissel; in modern we might almost suppose that no chissel was employed at all, and that every thing was done by grinding and rubbing. There is an ordinariness, an indistinctness, a generalization, not even to be found in a flock of sheep. As these reduce what is sand into dust, the few that avoid it run to a contrary extreme,

and would force us to believe that what is original must be unpolished and uncouth.

EPICURUS.

There have been in all ages, and in all there will be, sharp and slender heads, made purposely and peculiarly for creeping into the crevices of our nature. While we contemplate the magnificence of the universe, and mensurate the fitness and adaptation of one part to another, the small philosopher hangs upon a hair or creeps within a nail, and cries out shrilly from his elevation that we are blind and superficial. He discovers a wart, he pries into a pore, and he calls it knowledge of man. Poetry and criticism, and all the fine arts, have generated such living things, which not only will be coexistent with 'em, but will (I fear) survive them. Hence history takes alternately the form of reproval and of panegyric; and science in its pulverized state, in its shapeless and colourless atoms, assumes the name of metaphysics. We find no longer the rich succulence of Herodotus, no longer the strong filament of Thucydides, but thoughts fit only for the slave, and language for the rustic and the robber. These writings can never reach posterity, nor serve better authors near us: for who would receive as documents the perversions of venality and party? Alexander we know was intemperate, and Philip both intemperate and perfidious: we require not a volume of

dissertation in the thread of history, to shew that one or other left a tailor's bill unpaid, and the immorality of doing so, nor a supplement to demonstrate, on the best authorities, which of the two it was. History should explain to us how nations rose and fell, what nurtured them in their growth, what sustained them in their maturity; not which orator ran swiftest thro the crowd from the right hand to the left, which assassin was too strong for manacles, or which felon too opulent for crucifixion.

LEONTION.

It is better, I own it, that such writers should amuse our idleness than excite our spleen.

TERNISSA.

What is spleen?

EPICURUS.

Do not ask her; she cannot shew you it. The spleen, Ternissa, is to the heart what Arimanes is to Oromazes.

TERNISSA.

I am little the wiser yet. Does he ever use such hard words to you?

LEONTION.

He means the evil Genius and the good Genius, in the theogony of the Persians, and would perhaps tell you, as he hath told me, that the heart in itself is free from evil, but very capable of receiving and too tenacious of holding it.

EPICURUS.

In our moral system, the spleen hangs about the heart and renders it sad and sorrowful, unless we continually keep it in exercise by kind offices, or in its proper place by serious investigation and solitary questionings. Otherwise it is apt to adhere and to accumulate, until it deadens the principles of sound action and obscures the sight.

TERNISSA.

It must make one very ugly as one grows old.

LEONTION.

In youth it makes one uglier, as not appertaining to it: a little more or less ugliness in decrepitude is hardly worth considering, there being quite enough of it from other quarters: I would stop it here however.

TERNISSA.

O what a thing is age!

LEONTION.

Death without death's quiet.

EPICURUS.

We will converse upon it when we know it better.

TERNISSA.

Leontion said that bad writers should amuse our idleness. Alas! even good ones do not much amuse mine. Why cannot they come among us and teach us, just as you do?

EPICURUS.

Would you wish it?

TERNISSA.

No, no, I do not want 'em; only I was imagining how pleasant it is to converse, as we are doing, and how sorry I should be to pore over a book instead of it. Books always make one sigh and think about other things. Why do you laugh, Leontion?

EPICURUS.

She was mistaken in saying bad authors should amuse our idleness. Leontion knows not then how sweet and sacred idleness is!

LEONTION.

To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its plants and fountains and perennial flowers . . what a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer, and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment at once necessary for past exertions and for future. It punishes the bad man, it rewards the good; the Deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it. I was indeed wrong in my remark. We ought never to seek amusement in the foibles of another, never in coarse language, never in low thoughts. When the mind loses its feeling for elegance, it grows corrupt and groveling,

and seeks in the crowd what ought to be found at home.

EPICURUS.

Aspasia believed so, and bequeathed to Leontion, with every other gift that Nature had bestowed upon her, the power and authority of stamping her thoughts with this more beautiful effigy.

LEONTION.

Fie! Epicurus! yet it is well you hide my face *for me* with your hand. Now take it away: we cannot walk so.

EPICURUS.

What word could ever fall hence without its weight! what breath from it ought to lose itself in the common air!

LEONTION.

What would you have? for shame?

TERNISSA.

He knows not what he would have nor what he would say. I must sit down again. I declare I scarcely understand a single syllable. Well, he is very good, to teaze you no longer. Epicurus has an excellent heart: he would give pain to no one . . least of all to you.

LEONTION.

I have pained him by this foolish book, and he would only shew me that he does not bear me malice. Take the volume: take it, Epicurus! tear it in pieces.

EPICURUS.

No, Leontion! I shall often look with pleasure on this trophy of brave humanity: let me kiss the hand that raises it!

TERNISSA.

I am tired of sitting: I am quite stiff: when shall we walk homeward?

EPICURUS.

Take my arm, Ternissa!

TERNISSA.

O! I had forgotten that I proposed to myself a trip up as far as the pinasters, to look at the precipice of Orithyia. Come along! come along! how alert does the sea-air make us! I seem to feel growing at my feet and shoulders the wings of Zethes or Calais.

EPICURUS.

Leontion walks the nimblest today.

TERNISSA.

To shew her activity and strength she runs before us. Sweet Leontion, how good she is! It would be in vain to try to overtake her.

No, Epicurus! Mind! take care! you are crushing these little rose-laurels . . and now the strawberry-plants . . the whole heap . . Not I indeed! What would my mother say, if she knew it! And Leontion will look back.

EPICURUS.

The fairest of the Genii never look back:

such are the Hours and Love, Opportunity and Leontion.

TERNISSA.

How could you dare to treat me in this manner? I did not say again I hated any thing.

EPICURUS.

Forgive me!

TERNISSA.

Violent creature!

EPICURUS.

If tenderness is violence. Forgive me; and say you love me.

TERNISSA.

All at once?

EPICURUS.

Pronounce it! whisper it!

TERNISSA.

Can I? ought I?

EPICURUS.

Is that sweet voice asking its heart or me? Let the worthier give the answer.

TERNISSA.

O Epicurus! you are very, very dear to me . . and are the last in the world that would ever tell you were called so.

CONVERSATION VI.

THE EMPRESS CATHARINE

AND

PRINCESS DASHKOF.

THE EMPRESS CATHARINE

AND

PRINCESS DASHKOF*.

CATHARINE.

INTO his heart! into his heart! if he escapes we perish.

Do you think, Dashkof, they can hear me thro the double door? Yes; hark! they heard me: they have done it.

What bubbling and gurgling! he groaned but once.

Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, altho our bed indeed is rather of the highest.

Put your ear against the lock.

* It is unnecessary to inform the generality of readers, that Catharine was not present at the murder of her husband; nor is it easy to believe that Clytemnestra was at the murder of hers. Our business is character.

DASHKOF.

I hear nothing.

CATHARINE.

My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come . . . Hear nothing! You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. There! did not . . . there again! The drops are now like lead: every half-minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattrass . . How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping. The creature will carry the marks all about the palace, with his feet and muzzle.

DASHKOF.

O heavens!

CATHARINE.

Are you afraid?

DASHKOF.

There is a horror that surpasses fear and will have none of it. I knew not this; I knew not either.

CATHARINE.

You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, in case I had required it.

DASHKOF.

I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife! . . I was blind; I saw not into my heart; I looked not into it; and it chastises me.

CATHARINE.

Dashkof, are you then really unwell?

DASHKOF.

What will Russia, what will Europe, say?

CATHARINE.

Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence; but my artillery (for now indeed I may safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

DASHKOF.

God grant . . .

CATHARINE.

I cannot but laugh at thee, my pretty Dashkof! God grant forsooth! He has granted all we wanted from him at present . . the safe removal of this odious Peter.

DASHKOF.

Yet Peter loved *you:* and even the worst husband must leave surely the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovranty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this

exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

CATHARINE.

Are these, my sweet friend, your lessons from the stoic school? Are not they rather the pale-faced reflexions of some kind epithalamiast, from Livonia or Bessarabia? Come, come away. I am to know nothing at present of the deplorable occurrence. Did not you wish his death?

DASHKOF.

It is not his death that shocks me.

CATHARINE.

I understand you: besides, you said as much before.

DASHKOF.

I fear for your renown.

CATHARINE.

And for your own good name, ay Dashkof!

DASHKOF.

He was not, nor did I ever wish him to be, my friend.

CATHARINE.

You hated him.

DASHKOF.

Even hatred may be plucked up too roughly.

CATHARINE.

Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. She shall be persuaded that her repose

made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger; that I fell upon my knees to soften the conspirators; that only when I had fainted the horrible deed was done. She knows already that Peter was always ordering new exercises and uniforms: and my ministers can evince at the first audience my womanly love of peace.

DASHKOF.

Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

CATHARINE.

She shall be both, God willing.

DASHKOF.

The majesty of thrones will seem endangered by this open violence.

CATHARINE.

The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovran may cover one with blood, more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion. It is only when the people does the violence that we hear an ill report of it. Kings poison and stab one another in pure legitimacy. Do your republican ideas revolt from such a doctrine?

DASHKOF.

I do not question this right of theirs, and never will oppose their exercise of it. But if you shew the people how easy a matter it is to extinguish an emperor, and how pleasantly and prosperously one

may live after it, is it not probable that they also will now and then try the experiment; particularly if any one in Russia should hereafter hear of glory and honour, and how immortal are these by the consent of mankind, in all countries and ages, in him who releases the world, or any part of it, from a lawless and ungovernable despot? The chances of escape are many, and the greater if he should have no accomplices. Of his renown there is no doubt at all: that is placed above chance and beyond time, by the sword he hath exercised so righteously.

CATHARINE.

Very true; but we must reason like democrates no longer. Republicanism is the very best thing we can have, when we cannot have power: but no one ever held the two together. I am now autocrate.

DASHKOF.

Truly then may I congratulate you. The dignity is the highest a mortal can attain.

CATHARINE.

I know and feel it.

DASHKOF.

I wish you always may do so.

CATHARINE.

I doubt not the stability of power: I can make constant both Fortune and Love. My Dashkof smiles at this conceit: she has here the same

advantage, and does not envy her friend even the autocracy.

DASHKOF.

Indeed I do, and most heartily.

CATHARINE.

How!

DASHKOF.

I know very well what those intended who first composed the word: but they blundered egregiously: in spite of them, it signifies power over oneself; of all power the most enviable, and the least competible with power over others.

I hope and trust there is no danger to you from any member of the council-board, inflaming the guards or other soldiery.

CATHARINE.

The members of the council-board did not sit *at* it, but *upon* it, and their tactics were performed cross-legged. What partisans are to be dreaded of that commander in chief, whose chief command is over pantaloons and facings, whose utmost glory is perched on loops and feathers, and who fancies that battles are to be won rather by pointing the hat than the cannon?

DASHKOF.

Peter was not insensible to glory . . few men are . . but wiser heads than his have been perplexed in the road to it, and many have lost it by their ardour to attain it. I have always said that,

unless we devote ourselves to the public good, we may perhaps be celebrated: but it is beyond the power of Fortune, or even of Genius, to exalt us above the dust.

CATHARINE.

Dashkof, you are a sensible sweet creature, but rather too romantic on *principle*, and rather too visionary on glory. I shall always both esteem and love you; but no other woman in Europe will be great enough to endure you, and you will really put the men *hors de combat*. Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness. Men can ill brook it one in another: in women it renders them what they would fain call scornful, (vain assumption of high prerogative!) and what you would find bestial and outrageous. As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuff-box each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick, if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis, a watch-chain Venus, a ring Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

DASHKOF.

He was Frederick's.

CATHARINE.

I shall be the Pucelle of Russia. No! I had forgotten . . he has treated her scandalously.

DASHKOF.

Does your Majesty value the flatteries of a writer who ridicules the most virtuous and glorious of his nation? who crouched before that monster of infamy Louis XV; and that worse monster, the King his predecessor? He reviled with every indignity and indecency the woman who saved France, and who alone, of all that ever led the armies of that kingdom, made its conquerors the English tremble. Its monarchs and marshals cried and ran like capons, flapping their fine crests from wall to wall, and cackling at one breath defiance and surrender. The village girl drew them back into battle, and placed the heavens themselves against the enemies of Charles. She seemed supernatural: the English recruits deserted: they would not fight against God.

CATHARINE.

Fools and bigots!

DASHKOF.

The whole world contained none other, excepting those who fed upon them. The maid of Orleans was pious and sincere: her life asserted it; her death confirmed it. Glory to her, Catharine, if you love glory. Detestation to him who has profaned the memory of this most holy martyr, the guide and avenger of her king, the redeemer and saviour of her country.

CATHARINE.

Be it so: but Voltaire buoys me up, above some impertinent troublesome qualms.

DASHKOF.

If deism had been prevalent in Europe, he would have been the champion of Christianity: and if the French had been protestants, he would have shed tears upon the slipper of the pope. He buoys up no one; for he gives no one hope. He may amuse: dulness itself must be amused indeed by the versatility and brilliancy of his wit.

CATHARINE.

While I was meditating on the great action I have now so happily accomplished, I sometimes thought his wit feeble. This idea, no doubt, originated from the littleness of every thing in comparison with my undertaking.

DASHKOF.

Alas! we lose much when we lose the capacity of being delighted by men of genius, and gain little when we are forced to run to them for incredulity.

CATHARINE.

I shall make some use of my philosopher at Ferney. I detest the scoundrel as much as you do; but where will you find me another who writes so fashionably? You really then fancy that people care for truth! Innocent Dashkof!

Believe me, there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? or rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures, when he could communicate such glad tidings. The goutiest man would go on foot without a crutch, to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would break under him or bear him. Men in general are so weak in truth, that they are obliged to put their bravery under it, to prop it. Why do they pride themselves, think you, on their courage; when the bravest of them is, by many degrees, less courageous than a mastiff-bitch in the straw? It is only that they may be rogues without hearing it, and make their fortunes without rendering an account of them.

Now we chat again as we used to do. Your spirits and your enthusiasm have returned. Courage, my sweet Dashkof; do not begin to sigh again. We never can want husbands while we are young and lively. Alas! I cannot be always so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do . . none shall refuse me at ninety . . Paphos or Tobolsk.

Have not you a song for me?

DASHKOF.

German or russian?

CATHARINE.

Neither, neither . . Some frightful word might drop . . might remind me . . no, nothing shall remind me . . french rather: french songs are the liveliest in the world.

Is the rouge off my face?

DASHKOF.

It is rather in streaks and mottles, excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

CATHARINE.

I am heated and thirsty: I cannot imagine how: I think we have not yet taken our coffee . . was it so strong? What am I dreaming of? I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast; my duty urged me *then;* and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it, when the intelligence comes in, or rather when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember too, you are to catch me, and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet, and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be for the life of us. Not now, child, not now. Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet! how stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable, when by nature

one is not cruel. People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth: I am courageous, but I am full of weaknesses: I possess in perfection the higher part of men, and, to a friend I may say it, the most amiable part of women. Ho! ho! at last you smile: now your thoughts upon that.

DASHKOF.

I have heard fifty men swear it.

CATHARINE.

They lied, the knaves! I hardly knew them by sight. We were talking of the sad necessity . . . Ivan must follow next: he is heir to the throne. I have a wild, impetuous, pleasant little protégé, who shall attempt to rescue him. I will have him persuaded and incited to it, and assured of pardon on the scaffold. He can never know the trick we play him; unless his head, like a bottle of bordeaux, ripens its faculties in the sawdust. Orders are given that Ivan be despatched at the first disturbance in the precincts of the castle; in short, at the fire of the sentry . . but not now . . another time . . two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing: do not make me wait so, my dearest creature! . . Now cannot you sing as usual, without smoothing your doves-throat with your hankerchief, and taking off

your necklace? Give it me then; give it me: I will hold it for you: I must play with something. Sing, sing; I am quite impatient*.

* Can we wonder that a set of despots, who have, in unbroken succession, murdered, or instigated the murder of, sons, husbands, wives, fathers, should feel the necessity of reducing the world to slavery and ignorance, of abolishing the use of letters, of extinguishing the enthusiasm of poetry, of hood-winking the glances of fiction, of shutting up the records of history, and of laying one vast iron hand upon the human mouth, covering the lips and nostrils of aggregated nations, fastened and waxed together for the purpose, like the reeds of Pan's pipe?

Of all these autocrates, as they call themselves, the most liberality and the most sincerity were displayed by Catharine.

CONVERSATION VII.

WILLIAM PENN

AND

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

WILLIAM PENN

AND

LORD PETERBOROUGH*.

PENN.

FRIEND Mordaunt, thou hast been silent the whole course of our ride hither; and I should not even now interrupt thy cogitations, if the wood before us were not equally uncivil.

* Charles Mordaunt, son of John Lord Mordaunt, was born in 1658, succeded to the paternal honours in 1675, and to those of his uncle the Earl of Peterborough in 1697.

In Spence's Anecdotes, he says "I took a trip once with Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania. The laws there are contained in a small volume, and are so extremely good, that there has been no alteration wanted in any one of them. There are no lawyers; every one is to tell his own case, or some friend for him. There are four persons as judges on the bench; and, after the case has been fairly laid down on both sides, all the four draw lots, and he upon whom the lot falls decides the question." p. 155.

PETERBOROUGH.

Cannot we push strait thro it?

PENN.

Verily the thing may be done, after a time: but at present, I surmise, we have no direct business with the Pacific Ocean; and I doubt whether the woodland terminates til those waters bid it.

PETERBOROUGH.

And, in this manner, for the sake of liberty you run into a prison. I would not live in a country that does not open to me in all directions, and that I could not go thro when I wished.

PENN.

Where is such a country on earth?

PETERBOROUGH.

England or France.

PENN.

Property lays those restrictions there, which here are laid by Nature. Now it is right and proper to bow before each of them: but Nature is the more worthy of obedience, as being the elder, the more beauteous, the more powerful, and the more kindly. Thou couldst no sooner ride thro thy neighbour's park, unless he permitted it, than thro this forest: and even a raspberry-bush in some ten-feet border at Southampton would be an impediment for a time to thy freewill.

PETERBOROUGH.

I should like rather more elbow-room than this, having gone so far for it.

PENN.

Here we are stopt before we are tired; and in thy *rather more elbow-room* we should be stopt when we are so . . a mighty advantage truly! We run, thou sayest, into a prison, for the sake of liberty. Alas, my friend! such hath ever been the shortsightedness of mortals. The liberty they have pursued is indeed the very worst of thraldom. But neither am I disposed to preach, nor thou to hear a preacher.

Here at least we are liberated from the habitudes and injunctions of semibarbarous society. We may cultivate, we may manipulate, we may manufacture, what we choose. Industry and thought, and the produce of both, are unrestricted. We may open our hearts to God without offence to man: our brothers we may call our brothers, and without a mockery. If we are studious of wisdom we may procure it at the maker's, and at prime cost: if we are ambitious of learning we may gather it fresh and sound, slowly indeed, but surely and richly, and without holding out our beavers for it, in a beaten and dusty road, to some half-dozen old chatterers and dotards, who, by their quarrelsomeness and pertinacity, shew us they have little of a good quality to impart.

PETERBOROUGH.

All this is very well: but we cannot enlighten men if we shock their prejudices too violently.

PENN.

The shock comes first, the light follows.

PETERBOROUGH.

Most people will run away from both. Children are afraid of being left in the dark: men are afraid of *not* being left in it.

PENN.

Well then, let them stay where they are. We will go forward, and hope to find the road of life easier and better. In which hope if we are disappointed, we will at least contribute our share of materials for mending it, and of labour in laying them where they are most wanted.

Prythee now, setting aside thy prepossessions, what thinkest thou, in regard to appearance and aspect, of our Pensylvania?

PETERBOROUGH.

Even in this country, like every one I have visited, there are some places where I fancy I could fix myself for life. True, such a fancy lasts but for a moment: the wonder is, that it should ever have arisen in me.

PENN.

Certainly in thee it is less to be expected than in another: but, as in the Earth there is (we have lately been informed) both a centrifugal and a

centripetal motion, so in Man there is at once a desire of wandering and a tendency to repose.

PETERBOROUGH.

The scenery does not altogether please me, I acknowledge, quite so well as Bevis-Mount and its vicinity. I love variety in every thing: hill and dale, woodland and pasture, even hedge-rows please me, if they are old.

PENN.

Why the rather for being old? they must be the less perfect in their kind, the less neat in appearance.

PETERBOROUGH.

You give two reasons why new hedges should please rather than older; one derived from vision, the other from judgement. The neatness is produced by regularity and symmetry, which are becoming and desirable in our habiliments, in our furniture, and in our houses, but which little accord with external Nature. At home, and about ourselves, we wish for propriety, as we call it: out of doors we desire to leave and to forget the idea of what is within; and there is something in the open air which renders us abhorrent from the very name of this propriety. Your argument, that old hedges are less perfect and should therefore please us less, is very good, since pleasure comes from fitness: but surely a higher

pleasure may arise and meet us in a higher region of the mind. Instead of arguing that a stout young hedge is the best to keep a calf or a galloway within it; we may imagine, on seeing an ancient one, composed of its variety of plants, differing in size, form, and colour, that these were collected from the unserviceable wild which they deformed, and, after over-running it for ages, were obliged by a just dispensation to protect it. We may imagine the many happy generations that have enjoyed the beautiful seasons there, under the elder and hawthorn and hickory and maple, under the hazel and dogrose, clematis and honeysuckle, and other flowering shrubs, surpassing their knowledge and mine. It gives us also the idea, tho a vague and incorrect one, of the stability and antiquity of property and possession, and of that negligence which we are fond of considering as akin to liberality. The waving and irregular line in itself is beautiful; and perhaps I like it the more, as varying from the column and platoon, and every thing else connected with my profession.

PENN.

Yet thou pursuest thy wicked profession with enthusiasm.

PETERBOROUGH.

I pursue it, because it leads to distinction and glory.

PENN.

Art thou not contented with the distinction of the peerage?

PETERBOROUGH.

The peerage hides its little men under the robes of its greater. I do confess to you plainly, I am not contented with it: I will stand alone while I stand at all; and it is only by my profession that I can expect it.

Why groan so?

PENN.

Because millions groan, and millions must groan stil: because Crime and Genius, like the wild swans in their wintery course, accommodate one another, preceding and following by turns, and changing their line, but never losing it. In printing and writing the mask of admiration and of horror is the same: oftentimes in life, what we abhorr we should admire, and what we admire, abhorr. The signs are identified, the things confounded.

I do not wonder that light and trivial minds should look for honour in the army: and indeed if armies were constituted, as they were among the ancients, of citizens, for the defence of citizens, then indeed, altho one might lament their existence, there would be something at least to mitigate the lamentation. But when I hear one gentleman ask another, *how long have you served*,

or, *how do you like the service*, and when I discover glee lighted up on both sides at the name of *servitude*, the least painful of my thoughts is a very painful one; that names and things lose their enormity by habit.

If the wiser and better of every country were its governors, there would be few wars, few wants, few vices, few miseries: and this would certainly be the case, were people well instructed, which they easily might be, in their rights and duties. These are plain and simple, easy and pleasant: men would learn then one from another by daily conversation, if they had not been seized upon from the moment when they begin to speak, and if pains had not been taken to amaze them with marvels, and to bend into one circle their infancy and their decrepitude. Nothing can enter this enchanted circle; nor can any one straiten it; so hard is the temper it has acquired from the dust and bellowing fires in which it sweltered, and from the Cyclopean anvil on which it was turned and hammered.

Thy vanity prompts and excites in thee the idlest and the foolishest of desires, namely, to be looked at and admired by the idle and the foolish; while, with less effort and anxiety, thou mightest be esteemed and respected by the considerate and the wise.

PETERBOROUGH.

I have almost every fault a man can have, excepting vanity.

PENN.

That thou hast many I do verily believe, and that thou art unaware of this lying at the bottom of them; as a feather will sink below the surface of the water when it is bemired. A sick man knoweth well enough that he is sick, but he knoweth not by what proper name to call his ailment, or whence it originated. If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for; and be assured that, when they admire thee most, thou hast done something wrong. For, if they are ignorant, as we know they are, it were superfluous and redundant to say that their judgements are incorrect. Thy own heart is the standard which thy intellect should follow, under the command of God. Vanity bears nothing: what wouldst thou from it? a public path of flinty materials, trodden on backward and forward from morning to night, and holding no particle of the dews of heaven. Thou knowest what poor sordid creatures direct and controll the counsels, of those who proclaime to us aloud and confidently that they act under God, and God only.

PETERBOROUGH.

And, some time ago, in the glorious reign of our gracious king's father, if you did not give ear to them, they took it.

PENN.

Whence, but from the vapours of the earth, appears there to be, to the uninformed vision, a tremulous motion in the stars? and whence, but from the cloudiness and fluctuation of their intellects, do they believe themselves the primary movers of those high events, which the Almighty, from the beginning, willeth and disposeth, and of which they are the weakest instruments, tho perhaps the only ones in sight. Pardon me, Mordaunt! either a wilderness like this, or a man like thee, would be sufficient to awaken in me the most serious thoughts, and the desire of giving them utterance. Common minds and common localities have no such influence over me. Among them, not to speak is best, and not to think is happiest. One older and more experienced than thyself, will be surety for this; that, if thou lovest true glory, thou must trust her truth; that, like the Eurydice of the poet, she followeth him invariably who doth not turn and gaze after her; and slippeth irrecoverably from his embrace who, amid shadows and hellish sights, would seize her and enjoy her upon earth.

PETERBOROUGH.

The oil runs to that part of a lamp where there is heat to use it; the animal spirits in like manner to the occupation that can absorb them. I could easily give you my peculiar reasons for following the military profession, if this general one appears vague and idle: but I am certain you can no more wonder at it in me, than to see a larch in the upper parts of a mountain: you must acknowledge it befits the place, rather than a lilac or weeping-willow.

PENN.

People who act perversely, are always in readiness to defend themselves with reasons yet more distorted. When I was a youth at Oxford . . .

PETERBOROUGH.

Ay, Oxford is the arsenal of examples. Come, draw out one for me, and throw the sack down again.

PENN.

There was a poacher; and happy is it for his soul if he never was employed by the luxurious and wanton in quest of worse game than partridges: he was named Daniel Fogram. So ready was he to engage his services in any ill scheme or device, that one young collegian laid a wager with another, on his promptitude to assist in the murder of his father. He requested then Daniel Fogram to meet him at dusk in the middle of a

plain, called Port-meadow. Daniel was there before the time, and, on the approach of his employer, sprang up from the turf on which, dewy as it was, he had been lying. The young gentleman took his hand, in silence, and affected to look behind him, and even behind the man Daniel. At length said he *Dan! I hope nobody can hear us. I have an affair* added he slowly and in a whisper, and then broke off.

Out with it master! said Daniel, partly in a tone of impatience and partly of encouragement.

My dear friend Dan! rejoined the youth, *I have a project which, if you will help me, will bring you five guineas.*

Any thing for your Honour's service, cried promptly the courtly thief Daniel; *Speak out ingenuously and boldly, my good young master!*

I have then, since the truth must be spoken, a father who is avaricious and rich: if I were not so much in debt, or if tradespeople would trust me any longer, I would not apply to you.

No, on my conscience, cried Daniel abruptly. *I have trusted half the gentlemen in Christchurch: and there are grave dons too, in more than one college, who think they are grown again as young and spunky as undergraduates, when they can turn a round oath upon the catching of a poacher. I find no money forthcoming. My pheasants, o' my faith! are no*

golden ones. I am sorry, master, your five guineas are spent between us here in Port-meadow, and neither of us the better. Thus spake the man Daniel, as men report of him, whose worldly words, mind ye, are none of mine.

The youth laid his hand upon Daniel's shoulder, and with the other drew forth a purse, with many pieces in it, and said calmly *You have misunderstood me, you see: I must be rid of him.*

Naturally enough! if the old dog tugs so hard with his rotten teeth, and wont let go the pudding-bag tho he can't get down the pudding. But, master, five guineas for a father out of the way . . methinks . . you say he is very rich . . and indeed I have heard as much; very rich indeed . . . another guinea could do nobody any hurt.

Well, Dan, you must contrive the means.

Six guineas, Sir?

If it must be so, we will say six guineas.

Lay him, master, in one of my eel-trunks: the eels are running just now, and there are big ones about, and many of 'em: the old gentleman will give them a dinner, tho he would not give you and me one.

True, Dan, but he must be dead first.

That is awkward. I dont like blood; tho there is always some about my jacket . . and

nobody can swear whose . . badger's, hare's, otter's . . a young pig's now and then, if he cries after me piteously on the road, to take up a poor passenger without a fare.

Seriously, Dan, you can surely have no objection to kill the old curmudgeon in good company.

Hold, master; you must do that yourself.

Why are you so shy, honest Dan?

Nay, nay, master! kill him I will not.

But why now?

Why? in the name o' God! why? the man is no father of mine.

Now, Mordaunt, thy reasons, I reckon, are about as reasonable as Daniel's . . . Prythee be sober-minded . . . Wilt thou always be laughing and hiccupping and hooting at mild and sidelong reproofs? Off again! screaming like a boarding-school girl, when her bedfellow tickleth her. Fie upon thee! fie upon thee! See there now! Hold! hold! thou makest my mare kick, and caper and neigh . . Hath Legion entered thee? trot, creature, slower . . Comeliness! comeliness! Mordaunt! Hear me! There are unruly horses in the pasture: they will surely come up, and perhaps unseat me.

PETERBOROUGH.

Friend Penn, prepare yourself to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and to make room for one or other of 'em.

PENN.

Of a truth now this is unseemly.

PETERBOROUGH.

By my soul, if you had told the story to the late King, he would have given you the rest of America. Come; we are out of danger; I will be grave again.

PENN.

God mend thee, madcap! Wilt thou come and live with us?

PETERBOROUGH.

I confess I should be reluctant to exchange my native country for any other.

PENN.

Are there many parts of England thou hast never seen?

PETERBOROUGH.

Several: I was never in Yorkshire or Lancashire, never in Monmouthshire or Nottinghamshire, never in Lincolnshire or Rutland.

PENN.

Hast thou at no time felt a strong desire to visit them?

PETERBOROUGH.

Not I indeed.

PENN.

Yet thy earnestness to come over into America was very great: so that America had attractions for thee, in its least memorable parts, powerfuller

than England in those that are the most. York and Lancaster have stirring sounds about them, particularly for minds easily set in motion at the fluttering of banners. Is the whole island of Britain thy native country, or only a section of it? If all Britain is, all Ireland must be too; for both are under the same crown, tho not under the same laws. Perhaps not a river nor a channel, but a religion, makes the difference. Then I, among millions more of English, am not thy countryman. Consider a little, what portion or parcel of soil is our native land.

PETERBOROUGH.

Just as much of it as our friends stand upon.

PENN.

I would say vastly more: I would say, just as much as supports our vanity in our neighbourhood.

PETERBOROUGH.

I confess, the sort of patriotism which attaches most men to their country, is neither a wiser nor a better feeling, than the feeling of recluses and cats. Scourges and starvation do not cure them of their stupid love for localities. Mine is different: I like to see the desperate rides I have taken in the forest, and the very places where nobody dared follow me. I like to feel and to shew my superiority, not over tradespeople and farmers in their dull debates, but over lords and archbishops, over chancellors and kings. I would

no more live where they are not, than have a mansion-house without a stable, or a paddock without a leaping-bar.

PENN.

Superiority in wealth is communicated to many and partaken by thousands, and therefor men pardon it: while superiority of rank is invidious, and the right to it is questioned by many in most instances. I would not for the world raise so many evil passions, every time I shew myself in the street.

PETERBOROUGH.

It would amuse me. I care not how much people hate me, nor how many, provided that their hatred feed upon itself, without a blow at me, or privation or hinderance. Great dogs fondle little dogs: but little dogs hate them mortally, and lift up their ears and tails and spiral hairs, to make themselves as high. Some people are unhappy unless they can display their superiority; others are satisfied with a consciousness of it: the latter are incontestably the better; the former are infinitely the more numerous, and, I will venture to say, the more useful. Their vanity, call it nothing else, sets in motion all the activity of less men, and nearly all of greater.

PENN.

Prove this activity to be beneficial, prove it only to be neutral, and we meet almost near

enough for discussion; not quite: for vanity, which is called idle, is never inoperative: when it cannot by its position ramble far afield, it choaks the plant that nurtures it. Consciousness of superiority, kept at home and quiet, is the nurse of innocent meditations and of sound content.

Canst not thou feel and shew the same superiority at any distance?

PETERBOROUGH.

I cannot make *them* feel it nor see it. What is it to be anything, unless we enjoy the faculty of impressing our image at full length on the breast of others, and strongly too and deeply and (when we wish it) painfully . . but mostly on those who, because their rank in court-calendars is the same or higher, imagine they are like me, equal to me, over me! I thank God that there are kings and princes: remove them, and you may leave me alone with swine and sheep.

PENN.

I would not draw thee aside from bad company into worse: if indeed that may reasonably be called so, which allows thee greater room and more leisure for reflexion, and which imparts to thee purer innocence and engages thee in usefuller occupations. That such is the case is evident. The poets, to whom thou often appealest for sound philosophy and right feeling, never lead shepherds into courts, but often lead the great among

shepherds. If it were allowable for me to disdain or despise even the wickedest and vilest of God's creatures, in which condition a king peradventure, as easily as any other, may be, I think I could, without much perplexity or inquiry, find something in the multitude of his blessings quite as reasonable and proper to thank him for. With all thy contemptuousness, thou placest thy fortune and the means of thy advancement in the hands of such persons; and they may ruin thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

You place your money in the hands of bankers; and they may ruin you. The difference is, your ruiner may gain a good deal by it, and may run off: mine has no such temptation, and should not run far. All titulars else must be produced by others; a knight by a knight, a peer by a king, while a gentleman is self-existent. Our country exhibits in every part of it what none in the world beside can do, men at once of elegant manners, ripe and sound learning, unostentatious honour, unprofessional courage, neighbourly hospitality, courteous independence. If a Frenchman or a German saw a hundred or two of our fox-hunters, in velvet caps and scarlet coats, he would imagine he saw only a company of the rich and idle, bent on a pastime both frivolous and cruel.

PENN.

He would think rightly. Such gentlemen ought, willing or loth, to serve an apprenticeship of seven years to a ratcatcher.

PETERBOROUGH.

It would be no unwise thing to teach, if not gentlemen, at least the poor, in what manner to catch and exterminate every kind of noxious animal. In our island it is not enough to have exterminated the wolves: we are liable to the censure of idleness and ill husbandry, while an otter, a weazel, a rat, or a snake is upon it. Divines may teach us that these, and other vermin, were created for some use. I have such deference for divines that I never argue with them. Voracious and venomous animals may undoubtedly be of service; and whenever it is proved that the service is greater than the disadvantage, I would propose in parliament to import them again duty free. Rats come amongst us with almost every vessel: and nothing is easier than to entice them to a particular spot, either for the purpose of conservation or destruction.

PENN.

Something of tenderness and consideration is due to them by the heads of parties; to whom, with the consent of Majesty, they have given

their name, and we, in compliance with so high authority, say they have *ratted.*

PETERBOROUGH.

You must allow me to join the hounds again, and to remark that probably a third of these fox-hunters is composed of well-educated men. Joining in the amusements of others is, in our social state, the next thing to sympathy in their distresses: and even the slenderest bond that holds society together should rather be strengthened than snapt. I feel no horror at seeing the young clergyman in the field, by the side of his neighbour the squire, and his parishioner the yeoman. Interests, falsely calculated, would keep men and classes separate, if amusements and recreations did not insensibly bring them close. There is somewhat of squeamishness in that humanity which appoints the functionaries for the obsequies of a fox, limiting the number of them, and forbidding the use of velvet or broad-cloth. If conviviality (which by your leave I call a virtue) is promoted by foxhunting, I will drink to its success, whatever word (in the formulary) may follow or go before it. Nations have fallen by wanting, not unanimity in the hour of danger, so much as union in the hours preceding it. Our national feelings are healthy and strong by the closeness of their intexture. What touches one class is felt by another: it sounds on the rim of

the glass, the hall rings with it, and it is well (you will say) if the drum and the trumpet do not catch it. Feelings are more easily communicated among us than manners. Every one disdains to imitate another: a grace is a peculiarity. Yet in a ride no longer than what we have been taking, how many objects excite our interest! By how many old mansion-houses should we have passed, within which there are lodged those virtues that constitute the power, stability, and dignity of a people. We never see a flight of rooks or wood-pigeons without the certainty that in a few minutes they will alight on some grove where a brave man has been at his walk or a wise man at his meditations. America may one day be very rich and powerful; she cannot be otherwise: but she never will gratify the imagination as Europe does. Her history will interest her inhabitants; but there never will be another page in it so interesting as that which you yourself have left open for unadorned and simple narrative. The poet, the painter, the statuary, will awaken no enthusiasm in it: not a ballad can be written on a *bale of goods*. And not only no artist, but no gentleman is it likely that America will produce in many generations.

PENN.

She does not feel the need of 'em: she can do without 'em.

PETERBOROUGH.

Those who have corn may not care for roses; and those who have dog-roses may not care for double ones: I have a buttonhole that wants a *bouquet.*

PENN.

I do not conceal from thee my opinion of thy abilities, which probably is not a more favorable one than thy own: since however the vices that accompany them, rather than the virtues, thy ambition rather than thy honesty, thy violence rather than thy prudence, may push thee forward to the first station; it is my duty as a friend to forewarn thee, that such promotion will render thee, and probably thy countrymen, less happy.

PETERBOROUGH.

I will not permitt any thing to produce that effect on me: the moment it begins the operation, I resign it. Happiness would overflow my heart, to see reduced to the condition of my lackeys the proudest of our priesthood and our peerage. I should only have to regret that, my condition being equal to theirs, I could not so much enjoy their humiliation, as if my family and my connexions were inferior. When I discover men of high birth, condescending to perform the petty tricks of party, for the sake of obtaining a favour at court, I wish it were possible, by the usages of our country and the feelings of Englishmen, to elevate

to the rank of prime minister some wrangling barrister, some impudent buffoon, some lampooner from the cockpit, some zany from the theater, that their backs might serve for his footstool.

PENN.

Was there ever in a christian land a wish more irrational or more impious?

PETERBOROUGH.

The very kind of wish that we oftenest see accomplished.

PENN.

Never wilt thou see this.

PETERBOROUGH.

Be not over-certain.

PENN.

Charles, whose pleasures were low and vulgar, whose parliaments were corrupt and traiterous, chose ministers of some authority. The mob itself, that is amused by dancing dogs, is loth to be ridden by 'em. The hand that writeth songs on our street-walls, ought never to subscribe to the signature of our kings.

PETERBOROUGH.

I speak of parliament.

PENN.

Thou speakest then worse stil. A king wears its livery and eats its bread. Without a parliament he is but as the slough of a snake, hanging in a hedge: it retains the form and colours, but it

wants the force of the creature; it waves idly in the wind, and is fit only to frighten birds and mice.

Thy opinions are aristocratical: yet never did I behold a man who despised the body and members of the aristocracy more hautily and scornfully than thou dost.

PETERBOROUGH.

Few have had better opportunities of knowing its composition.

PENN.

Those who are older must have had better.

PETERBOROUGH.

Say rather, may have had more: yet I have omitted few, unless the lady's choice lay below the chaplain; for I was always as select in my rivals as in my mistresses. How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards or sons of bastards? If you believe there are a few, I will send the titheman into the inclosure, and he shall levy his proportion in spite of you.

Aristocracy is not contemptible as a system of government; in fact it is the only one a true gentleman can acquiesce in. Give me any thing rather than the cauldron, eternally bubbling and hissing, in which the scum of the sugarbaker has nought at the bottom of it, but the indissoluble poison of the lawyer's tongue and the bare bones of the poor reptiles he hath starved.

Enough for aristocracy; now for aristocrats. Let me hold my hat before my face and look demurely, while I say, and apply the saying to myself, that, to him whose survey is from any great elevation, all men below are of an equal size. Aristocrats and democrats, kings and scullions, present one form, one stature, one colour, and one gait. I see but two classes of men: those whose names are immortal, and those whose names are perishable. Of the immortal there is but one body: all in it are so high as to seem on an equality, inasmuch as immortality admits of no degree: of the perishable there are several sets and classes; kings and chamberlains, trumpeters and heralds, take up half their time in cutting them out and sticking them on blank paper. If I, by fighting or writing, could throw myself forward, and gain futurity, I should think myself as much superior to our sovran lord the king, as our sovran lord the king is to any bell-wether in his park at Windsor.

PENN.

Strange! that men should toil for any earthly glory, when the only difference between the lowest and highest is comprised in two letters . . the one *in* a thousand and the one *of* a thousand . . an atom in the midst of atoms, take which thou wilt. For the sake of peace and quiet, I would avoid in public too nice inquiries into those dignities, as

they are called, which arise fortuitously or spring from favour. Ever since the abolition of the Commonwealth, we have been deafened by exclamations of *Church and King*, and stupefied by homilies on *throne and altar*, by which latter the more pious and more intelligent mean *butterhatch and cellar*. They indeed declare that, by the *throne* they would signify the *will of one*, and by the *altar* the *word of the Lord*. Now if the will of one is the degradation of millions; if the will of one is for strumpets and gamesters and ruinous expenditure in idle recreations; if the altar is the marketplace whereto every man is forced to bring a tenth of his corn and cattle, and must be taught by a hireling and extortioner, what Jesus and his disciples and apostols, by commanding and preaching and writing, could not teach him, then indeed must I be confirmed in my opinion, formed after many years, from all I have experienced and seen, from the honester part of the reasoners I have heard, and from the wiser of the books I have perused, that, until these incumbrances and curses, this throne and altar*, are removed from the earth, man never can attain, and unworthily will aspire to, the happiness and dignity of his destination.

* He speaks of the throne and altar as they stood in the times of Charles and James.

PETERBOROUGH.

I know not to what books you referr. Learned men may be mistaken in their reasonings, and are likely to be: they start with more prejudices than the unlearned, and throw them off with more difficulty. I may differ from Cicero and Sydney...

PENN.

Thou mayest: but if they are wiser than thou art, might we not surmise that they think more rightly on what hath more fully occupied their thoughts?

PETERBOROUGH.

That follows necessarily.

PENN.

When a man on any occasion saith *I do not think so*, we might ask him, if civility allowed it, *Hast thou thought enough upon it? or in truth hast thou thought at all?* In our case, we need not run back to Cicero, we need not invoke the name of Sydney, if in the heaviness of our hearts at the violence of his separation from us it were audible on our lips; it suffices to look into our farmyards in the morning, and at midnight to mingle with the groomporter at the palace. The matter of religion is quite indifferent to thee, as far as the heart is concerned; and in my opinion it is here that the heart alone is in question. I am grieved to find it insisted on that the *Word of*

God requires more explanation than the *Statutes at Large:* that men are appointed and paid to expound it; that we must give them money for words, and finally must take their words at their own price. We may know the very thing they do, we may know it better, we may have learnt it before they learned it; there is no appeal; we must take it after their chewing, and keep it in our mouths and swallow it just as we received it out of theirs. No man whatever is salaried for teaching the laws of the land to the simple, which laws are mostly dark and intricate, altho by ignorance or mistake of them a poor creature may be hanged: yet thousands are salaried for teaching what Christ taught better, what is plain to every one, and what the divine and merciful lawgiver would certainly not hang us for misinterpreting. Indeed he left us no power of doing so: he found a tablet on our bosoms fit for the reception of his precepts, and there is nothing in them which we can erase without a violence to our conscience, nothing which we can neglect without a detriment to our interest. If none traded in the expounding of the laws, none would be called heretics, none would be burnt alive, none persecuted. Toleration is in itself the essence of christianity, and the very point which the founder of it most peculiarly injoined.

PETERBOROUGH.

Now answer me: would you permitt any body of men to act systematically against the laws?

PENN.

If the laws were iniquitous, or forced upon them.

PETERBOROUGH.

What, if equitable; what, if conservative of peace?

PENN.

Thou knowest my mind on this.

PETERBOROUGH.

The popish priesthood must always be opposed to the civil magistrate.

PENN.

In what must it, and by what necessity?

PETERBOROUGH.

By its institution, by its interests, and its vows. Laymen are commanded, by the statutes of every nation in Europe, to denounce a murderer, or whoever is guilty of a capital crime. The popish priest, in quality of confessor, is commanded by other edicts, by edicts issued from without the country, not to denounce any such: so that, by the institutions even of catholic states, he becomes a partaker of the crime.

PENN.

There are contradictory laws that protect them.

PETERBOROUGH.

Surely that country cannot be well governed, which has one body of laws for one body of men, another for another; which says, *this crime shall make that amends*, and yet allows a priest or friar, a thousand miles off, to whisper by proxy in another's ear, *if you hear of it in confession, oblige the criminal to eat a pound of stale sprats and a bundle of stiff radishes; and, when you three divine agents have touched his entrails, take out your whittol and cut the halter.* Nevertheless the papists have a strong argument in favour of their religion, disobedient as it is to the command of Jesus Christ, in rising up against the civil magistrate, and claiming a superiority of power.

PENN.

What argument?

PETERBOROUGH.

Its duration.

PENN.

I never knew any thing good remain so long. Other paganisms may boast the same advantage as this. Whatever is equally well contrived to flatter the vices of men, will exist while the vices themselves do. The little there was of learning in the world, and the much there was of craft and violence, were employed for many centuries in the construction of this vast fabric, where, as is reported of a temple in Babylon, every comer was invited to the mysteries of prostitution. But in Babylon we

do not read that people were slain for abstaining therefrom, or for preferring fresh water to salt, and cleanliness to perfumes. Neither in turning over the leaves of the New Testament, do I find the ordinance of cutting and searing in conversions; which therefor I must attribute to some holy father, whose notion of bringing up his children makes me wish he had fewer, or to some pastor who took more interest in the gelding of his flock than in the cleansing of it.

PETERBOROUGH.

Your popish friends in England will be very angry at you, if they ever hear that you speak in this manner.

PENN.

They are the persons who ought to thank me, if any ought. I do not cry at the windows of a bolted house that a fox is under them: I cry at the cottage-door that I saw him steal in among the hens and chickens. Men hate us worse for trying to set them right than for trying to set them wrong, and have no more fondness for plain truths than for plain cloathes. The popish priest hath grounds for disliking me: the popish gentleman hath no better reason for it, than for disliking the man who has liberated him from a madhouse, has cured him from a malady caught by seeing others in it, has allowed him to order his own dinner, has kept his daughters from the defilement of foul questions and suggestions, and his wife's tongue from

betraying the secrets of the family. These are only a few of the benefits and among the higher I should conferr on him, if he would be warned by me against that worst of falsehood and impiety, which persuades him that any mortal can stand between God and himself, or aid him in his salvation by any other means than good counsel. He may swallow a goatskin of the richest *tinta de Rota* thro the channel of his teacher, and his forehead may be smeared with Provence oil, til it shine like a brazen bed-pan : 'twill be in vain.

PETERBOROUGH.

Really, to speak my mind, a religion to be sound and wholesome must be home-brewed . . If you run across the way with it, you lose almost all but the froth. To force men into public houses of worship, is as unjust and unreasonable as to force them into public houses of carousal. If you will insist upon it, the least you can do is to pay the reckoning.

PENN.

This varieth from thy former fantasies.

PETERBOROUGH.

It is my custom to say and do whatever occurs to me at the moment. I may be called inconsistent for it, but I cannot be called unfair.

PENN.

Fairness and consistency are not indeed always the same.

PETERBOROUGH.

If I give several sets of opinions while another gives one opinion only, I give what may be received and what may be rejected, which he does not: and the choice between two things is often as good as either.

PENN.

And the escape from both of them is often as good as the choice.

PETERBOROUGH.

In any set speech, in addressing the parliament or the soldiers, you never will find me contradictory or wavering; wheras among my friends I throw out what comes uppermost, and find a pleasure not only in my versatility, but in the watchfulness it excites among those who purchase from me at an easy price the titles of wariness and acuteness. Nothing is so agreeable both to children and men, as to let them catch you tripping, and particularly if you are strong and usually walk upright, and with stateliness: and to connive at them is the most economical of pleasures.

PENN.

It may hinder thy rise in the state; which would fret thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

What man ever rose in it by his intellects, until he had perverted or contracted or covered them? The wide and abundant and impetuous stream

bears pleasure and wonder on its bosom: wealth rises from the narrow and factitious. What is that to me? Let us spur on.

You have already proved that what we call patriotism is very different from what rhetoricians and orators represent it. A man's own glory rests well upon the glory of his country: but how few can claim any for their own! great generals, great writers: have we in existence or on record, half a dozen of either? We are apt, I know not with what reason, to ridicule the French for their proness to servitude and their adulation to princes: yet is there another man in the world so proud of his country as a Frenchman is of France? We consider no part of God's Creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful, as the Scotch: nevertheless we see them hang together by the claws like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them. Altho they tell you they are the most loyal of mankind, yet they are ready at any time to sell their king and abjure their principles, and will haggle less with you about the price of them, than about a bale of linen or a barrel of haddick.

PENN.

How is this? We never gained so much by Charles as we paid for him.

PETERBOROUGH.

That bargain was driven hard with us: but if *we* could make little of him, what could *they* do?

A story comes into my mind, which I heard at Portsmouth just before I left England. It exhibits no unfavorable specimen of a Scot: and it proves to us that there is a certain Patriotism, loth to let Truth stand in her way, or Nature herself do any thing disagreeable to her. The lord Halifax, you may have heard perhaps, is the chief patron of our poets. A Scotchman one day came before him, bowing to the earth, and holding out a piece of rumpled paper. His Lordship smiled with his usual affability, thanked him, and told him that, being a disciple of Mr. Locke's, he had no occasion for such an offering so long after breakfast. *Hauld! hauld! it's poesy, it's poesy, my laird! written on the scaith of a maiden in Dundalk, and ane of vary guid connaxions.*

Well then, my dear Sir, let me see it.

The rimes are in a kind of step like that of Catiline as described by Sallust.. *modo citus modo tardus incessus*.. the best invention that poetry ever made: never was there one so serviceable to the memory; for you must read them several times over, before you can find out whether there are any verses in them. I should not be surprised if they shortly come supported by such a powerful

host of partisans, on our side of the Tweed, as to rout the united forces of Milton and Shakespear. Listen.

> The southern blast was so bitter cold,
> It almost sheared the sheep in our fold
> And made the young maiden look like the old,
> Blue as baboon is, where he is bluest..
> Mind thy steps, Meggie! mind, or thou ruest.

How! cried Lord Halifax, *can Scotchmen then, come so near the English border in their phraseology?* Nevertheless he suspected a mistake, and soon apprehended it. *The southern blast! you must mean the northern.*

Faith and troth! and I did mean the northern, and did e'en write it, my laird! but I thought i' my conscience it ill beseemed me to leave an immortal reflaxion on my ain maither country.

Halifax gave him a guinea, ordered his groom to bring him a sack of oats from the stable, and told him at parting, he ought to be made a doctor of laws for his poetry and a knight-banneret for his patriotism*. The Scotchman looked at his

* A great historian of Edinburgh denies the authenticity of this, and promises to give the world a succinct account of the real fact, in the seventh, eighth, and first part of the ninth volume, of the Life he intends to prefix to *Fugitive Pieces, Answers to Cards of Invitation, &c. &c., by the Earl of Halifax.*

guinea, and said, in the despondency of ambition, "*'Twou'd tak anither to bring 't aboot.*"

PENN.

Yet perhaps this very man, so zealous for the honour of his country that he would lie for her all day long, would be very glad to abandon her, might he thereby be made an officer of excise in Muscovy or Poland. By my removal from England to America, I do not think I any more change my country, than my father did when he left Bristol for London. We relinquish her, when we relinquish her purer habits, her juster laws, her wiser conversations, her holier religion; not when we abandon the dissidence and dishonesty of her parties, her political craft, her theological intolerance. That is properly the land of our fathers, in which we may venerate the image of their virtues; in which we may follow their steps, and leave our own not unworthy to be followed. We want animation, ye tell us; we want liberality. O Mordaunt! in the eyes of men, those want every thing who want imposture. How many are there in high places, who cry aloud to clear the way for the conscience! who shout *give the poor creatures corn, give the poor creatures liberty;* yet who blink their eyes upon christian blood flowing forth under the sword of persecution. Cromwel, at whose frown their rotten hearts would have melted away, is now a subject of

derision to them. He stretched out his hand over the Alps, and cried, *Defend thy brother! preserve the creature that God made; loose the bondman that Christ redeemed!* Can I think it the most rational of happiness, the most obligatory of duties, to reside in a country at the head of whose councils are the silent associates of thieves and murderers? Doubtless I must lose sight of them in it, I must cherish it, I must love it, because it is the country where I broke my head seven years ago by forcing my horse over a gate! Is it anything for such as thou art, or (I would say it with humility) for such as I am, to be greater in soul and intellect, than a king or chancellor or archbishop? Have we the same temptation as they have, for violence, disingenuousness, and falsehood? Let us praise God that we have not, and let us keep where we never may catch it.

PETERBOROUGH.

Let us think of the country, the only true comforter; or, if you dispute this point, the only general one. Could not you have left standing in these meadows a few of the shadier and larger trees? It appears to me, friend Penn, that you are like a father, who strips two or three of his infants stark-naked, and encourages his elder son to wear eight or ten waist-coats and as many great-coats.

PENN.

Why, perhaps it might have been as well to leave here and there a tree, for the sake of the cattle.

PETERBOROUGH.

And for the sake of ornament.

PENN.

I cannot see any great ornament in trees, until the carpenter hath had them under his hand. They are dullish in summer, and ragged in winter, the very best of them, trim them and contrive them as you will. The ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence.

PETERBOROUGH.

And yet you would not let people dance.

PENN.

I would not call them together for that purpose: but when countryfolks have done the business of the day, I might not reprove them for an innocent relaxation.

PETERBOROUGH.

Really I fancied that even the sound of a fiddle was an abomination to you.

PENN.

I was never given to capering: but there is something in a violin, if played discreetly, that appeareth to make hot weather cool, and cold

weather warm and temperate: not however when its chords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and, unless one taketh due caution, wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath too between one's lips, if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight.

PETERBOROUGH.

Egad, friend William, I have talked with dancing-masters in my day, who knew less about their business than you do.

PENN.

If they knew but half of it, they would change it for a better. They do not see where it finishes.

PETERBOROUGH.

Impudent dogs, they would see that too, if they could.

PENN.

We must accommodate things and practices to their country. Hot-beds do not want stoves, and stoves do not want furnaces, and furnaces do not want blow-pipes. In cities the youth has pastime enough, without incentives to frowardness and lust: but the labourer of the fields may perhaps dance in the evening with the young woman he has worked with in the noon, and do it irreproachably. His truly is a kind of labour that will not

whet his appetite for wanton things: and the motion of the limbs, being different from that wherin they had been exercised so many hours, would rather tend to refresh than to weary him. Among the idle, by the presence of what is pleasant to the senses, thoughts swell into wishes and wishes ripen into deeds.

PETERBOROUGH.

Why should not they?

PENN.

Because our destination is higher, if we consent to it; and because we can do good in as little time and with as little trouble as we can do evil. The trees, the blades of grass, the weakest herbs, assume by degrees the consistency they ought to have, and grow to the utmost highth the climate and soil allow to them: we alone droop when our strength should be at its full; and the strongest man in England sees no reason why we should not. Mordaunt, it would afflict thee to blush at thee: against that fire thou couldst not stand: beware then!

Many in every age, have been the hypocrites of Virtue; ours is the only one, I imagine, that ever saw the hypocrites of Vice. Persons of your condition found a difficulty in becoming profligate to their heart's content. It was a point of conscience with 'em (when every other point of it was blunted or broken) to seem worse than they really were,

and to make their intimates worse, if possible, than themselves. This, in great measure, was done from a spirit of obstinacy and contradiction: for altho on the opposite side there were considerable numbers of very strict and holy men, there were perhaps no fewer of those who were only so in appearance. On the same principle, where there were thousands who were, heart and soul, devoted to the cause of liberty, there were tens of thousands who pretended a love of it, merely to obtain a portion of fines and confiscations. Would you wish to have before you any objects more odious?

PETERBOROUGH.

The wish would be fruitless.

PENN.

And yet there were those who tried whether they could not become so; and as they had opposed real licentiousness to false religion, so they carried what they called loyalty to such a degree of subserviency as would disgrace a troop of Asiatic slaves, and adored the most reprehensible of kings, not only in the language but with the rites of their church-worship, drinking to his health in the same posture as when they celebrate the most awful event in the ministry of their Redeemer, and devoting their lives to him with the same formality.

PETERBOROUGH.

And the same faith.

Every man would rather eat a good dinner, than a bad one; and when it is easier to get it by kneeling and drinking than by labouring and thirsting, I cannot call them fools for it.

PENN.

Verily I did not designate them by that name, altho some of them have seen reason to bestow it on themselves.

PETERBOROUGH.

Poverty gives a man of family great privileges: I do not make use of mine, and care little about those who have stolen a march of me, and rest in oblivion. Yet I am poor enough for any pretensions, and am likely to remain so in despite of contingencies; for I have rather a large family of vices, and am piously resolved, as becomes a good parent, to cherish and maintain them.

PENN.

Inconsiderate young man! Know, for thy comfort and encouragement, it is less easy in youth to extinguish vices than to convert them into virtues. Afterward we lose the power of doing either, and fancy that to whine and promise serves as well. Fit thyself to become the head and ornament of a family: love some one.

PETERBOROUGH.

Easy enough that!

PENN.

Perhaps not so easy as at first it appears to thee.

To desire is not to love: the passions are moderated by tenderness.

PETERBOROUGH.

Faith! I am afraid they are among us men. Love, like canine madness, may be fairly stifled in a feather-bed, with proper assistence. Your advice reminds me of a recitative, I know not in what opera.

Amare una, e dall' una esser amato,
E' il maggior ben che possa l' uom godere;
Due mi amano; amo trè; sono infelice.

PENN.

Which being englished, what may be the import?

PETERBOROUGH.

To love one, and to be beloved by one,
Is the greatest good a mortal can enjoy:
Two love me; I love three; I am unhappy.

PENN.

And he deserved it, whoever he was: for truth had opened his eyes, and he would not see. The sentiment* is worthy of a pagan in red boots.

PETERBOROUGH.

An idle friend of mine spent an autumn and winter in Italy. Soon after his arrival in that country, he took a residence on the lake of Como,

* It may be suspected that the sentiment and the verses too are Peterborough's.

and was particularly fond of a shady walk beside the rivulet which runs under the city. Here he saw in the old hedge of a little wood, and about a mile from the Milan gate, a very beautiful green lizard. The animal looked at him as stedfastly as he looked at the animal; and, it being the first he had ever seen of that large kind, he continued to admire it for almost half an hour. On the morrow, at the same time of day, he repeated his visit to the place, and found in a few minutes the same inhabitant: and their interview was again the same. Curiosity led him a third time to the spot; but somewhat later; and he really felt a disappointment at not finding his lizard. He sate down and began to read, and after a time was about to change his posture (for the short grass hardly covered the gravel, and he had not under him such a cushion as you have), when the lizard's eyes met his, between him and the bank. It stopped, and gazed at him, and then walked slowly into the hedge, and gazed again from the very place in which it was first discovered. Confidence was now established perfectly between the parties. One day my friend was tempted to take his lizard home with him, and tried to catch it. The creature, equally swift and quicksighted, sprang away, looked once more at him from its first position, and was never seen afterward. This is the recital of my friend; a friend as foolish

as any I have: but I suspect his folly will save me from a greater; and, if idleness should attract me to the side of marriage, I shall think of him and his lizard. He was not contented with all the pleasure it ever could have given him: he must forsooth catch it and keep it: had he succeeded, he would soon have been as tired of the creature as the creature would have been of him. Marriage is the first step to Repentance: and there are not many to climb.

PENN.

I have better hopes of thee than thou appearest to entertain of thyself. Great conversions have been brought about by trifling means. No longer ago than toward the close of Charles's reign, a young courtier of violent temper, a lecher and infidel, knocked down his valet, for that, in dressing him (it being then the ungodly custom for one creature to dress another), he the valet had inadvertently put the breeches on the master the hinder part before. He might have corrected this, as many worse things have been corrected; but in his wilfulness he sware a loud oath, that, to shame the fool (not meaning himself but his valet), he would wear the said breeches in the said position the whole day. Now, whether he had taken any food that, suddenly and abruptly, made this preposterous carriage of them inconvenient, or met any grave person whose reproof smote him sharply, or

whether, as was reported, some worse object, affecting him very differently, crossed his path, so it was, that he returned to his lodgings quite discomfited, with many following, not of the household, nor called. He took shame to himself, and something of a fever supervened. Meanwhile the king died; and this death operated upon his infirmity: hearing which, two chaplains of James accosted him kindly, and left many books with him, promising him the King's pardon and countenance if he would confess his sins to them. He confessed readily; and a pension was settled on him, which induced him to frequent the royal chapel, in the hope, as he said, that no doubt whatever might remain in his mind upon any doctrinal question. On the late accession of William, he was found in his place at chapel: and perhaps it pleased the Lord to place a Dutchman on the throne, for this reason among many in his inscrutable wisdom, namely, that he might rescue a stray soul, eager for the right path, from the captivity of Babylon.

PETERBOROUGH.

Nothing more likely. It seems an easier matter to turn his soul than his breeches.

PENN.

He hath become a presbyterian; one step nearer the truth.

An effect, not indeed so great, but more sudden, and more beneficial to me, who am interested only

in the same degree as thou art, by this conversion, was produced in my own family, thro means equally slight and, if there be any such, upon an equally fortuitous occasion. My good father had once a waiting man, whom, among other services, he employed in the pouring out of wine from black bottles into white ones, of which white there being some lack, he bade the man buy two more. The man went forthwith, and bought them; but ere dinner-time they were broken. Wherupon my father said to him, *Hast thou broken the two bottles?*

Yea, said he.

How? thou fool! cried my father; for he was quick and choleric.

His waiting man then answered and said, *I brake them by striking one against the other, to try if they were good for any thing.*

The patience of my beloved parent did not hold out against this, and, rising from his seat, he would have smitten the waiting man: but I arose also, and caught him by the sleeve, and said to him, *Father! thou art angered. I would speak to thee with all dutifulness, as becometh a young man and thy son. Bethink thee now, my good father, if thou, being a man of war, hast not done to men what thy servant hath done to bottles; if thou hast not been fain to try, whether, in thy estimation, being a man of*

war, they were good for any thing, and by the same experiment and proof, namely, by making one of them strike the other. Pardon then this thy servant; for that he hath confest he did it; when it may be that this confession is not yet made nor deemed requisite.

PETERBOROUGH.

And what said the old admiral to this?

PENN.

I need not tell thee; since it aideth in nothing my discourse.

PETERBOROUGH.

But do tell me.

PENN.

I will then; inasmuch as it sheweth his compliancy of temper.

Son William, said he, *for one sally of such good sense and good nature, I could bear thy sanctification and grimaces seven years. Give me thy hand, my lad! we are friends again for life.*

Now I had angered him, by hoping and resolving to live in future more regularly and religiously, than we had been accustomed to do among his nautical companions.

PETERBOROUGH.

If joy, which is much less inglorious, much less argumentative, than grief, had allowed him a few moments of reflexion, he might have told you

that men are very well tried, whether they are *good for any thing*, by this process. For not only do they shew their courage, without which, as the world is constituted, there is neither peace nor equity, the two best things of good things, as you above all people will admitt; but they promote one another's self-esteem, and superadd the delicacy of good manners, to those higher and purer attributes of sound morality.

Another thing, my good friend, or rather, if you will bear it, two, I must object against your system. You prohibit not dancing only, but singing and drawing. As you will perhaps make the better defence for yourself on singing, I shall speak first upon drawing, and then attack you mainly.

One would imagine that so contemplative a race of people as you are, would cultivate an art of which the early shoots require shade and seclusion, and the first efforts are made in privacy. Others are *chaperons* to society and dissipation. In dancing, I concede to you, the figure of the dance is the last figure that is thought of; and in music, there never was a young person of either sex who, in the softest parts, did not sigh a note higher than the softest flute. Drawing has no such inconvenience or aberration. This creative faculty is silent and meditative: it leads to a temperate love of Nature, to a selection of what is beautiful, and to a habit of what is correct.

In poetry, the most tender and the least tender emotions are excited. He who draws tears from me, would draw his sword against me, if I tried as a poet to draw any tears from him: so fixedly is jealousy the associate of poetry. And if a woman takes up the art, as some have done amongst us, I would whisper in her ear, if I dared, that there never was a Sappho who would not plunge over head for a Phaon.

Drawing here too is widely different. If it raises any aspirations after Fame, they are solitary and sober, and after Fame in her calmest and most quiescent hour.

PENN.

Friend, we can do without both Fame and her aspirations, and what we *can* do without, we *should*, or we must forfeit the name of temperate men.

PETERBOROUGH.

Surrender then to me this province of Pensylvania.

PENN.

Nay, nay; I do not play at forfeits with thee: and besides, the gift would harm thee. My prudence is greater (discreetly be it spoken) than thine.

PETERBOROUGH.

Faith is it!

PENN.

And thou wouldst never erect such an asylum

for peace and industry, as, by the blessing of God, I hope to erect herin for future generations.

PETERBOROUGH.

I must attack you then on the side of singing, and argue upon it as a moralist might do.

PENN.

Then verily, friend Mordaunt, thou wilt display much originality: I yearn to contemplate thee in that character.

PETERBOROUGH.

Have you never heard soldiers and apprentices sing lewd songs?

PENN.

Why, songs under that description, and from those quarters, have reached mine ears: and, if report speak truly, the breath of such hath tarnished the nearest gold lace on each side of them.

PETERBOROUGH.

If patriotic or tender songs had been written well amongst us, and set to good music, they would have gained access to those persons, who, for want of them, amuse their idleness and indulge their fancies with coarse disgusting ribaldry. Nay, had they been awakened early by them, such idleness and such fancies never would have existed: for music of this nature is a strengthener both of the mind and of the heart. I am persuaded that even the highest national character might be raised stil higher, by inspiring boys with a timely love

of it, and by supplying them with lofty and generous sentiments in graceful and well-composed songs. The Lacedemonians were the rudest people in Greece: I doubt whether the admirable order that subsisted so long amongst them, as citizens and as soldiers, is more owing to the laws of Lycurgus than to the elegies of Tyrteus. The Athenians were the softest and most effeminate: yet they dashed down tyranny and strode over valour, singing the praises of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

PENN.

We have no tyranny to dash down, and no valour to stride over: our voice is, *God is amongst us: he commands us peace.* Thy observations, as applicable to the turbid state, wherin it is (as thou fanciest) the interest of such as thou art to keep thy country, are not incorrect.

PETERBOROUGH.

This avowal is very liberal: keep up with it in practice. Why cannot you take men as you find them? You might make a great deal of them, and spare yourselves the trouble of turning them inside-out. You resemble the puritans too much for me.

PENN.

Are we cruel then, and intolerant, and arrogant? are we without mercy, without forbearance, without patience? do we look for God every-

where but where he is to be found? and are we desirous of shewing him such another figure as ourselves?

PETERBOROUGH.

No, certainly not, at present: but, if Religions were not sideling in their infancy, and retrograde in their maturity, one might fear it. Calmness and quietude are your darlings.

PENN.

They are the things that men want most.

PETERBOROUGH.

You undervalue, or rather you despise and contemn, what exalts us in the arts and sciences, and hence inhibit the growth and tendency of intellect, which surely, to speak in your own manner, God bestowed upon us for our improvement. What is worse, you allow no compromise between Vice and Virtue: by which system, if universal, men, finding the impracticability of perfection, and experiencing the loss of esteem for not bringing what you exact from them, would relapse, without a struggle or an effort, from the eminence they had attained. In the large heart, the habitation of generosity and beneficence, I would leave a cell or two vacant for less worthy guests, and pass without peeping in.

PENN.

But prythee shut the door, if thou findest it wide open, with the intruders at their tricks.

PETERBOROUGH.

It is the privilege of Man to do irrational things.

PENN.

Do you people who talk of privileges, and (such is the phrase) enjoy them, exert them every day?

PETERBOROUGH.

Only this one.

PENN.

Mordaunt! Mordaunt! would that thy confession, frank and honest as it is, were made in another tone, and with another feeling, and to a holier than I am, or than Man can be!

PETERBOROUGH.

You have given me leave to speak plainly and unreservedly with you, upon every question and every objection.

PENN.

Else neither were I thy friend, nor wert thou mine.

PETERBOROUGH.

I will venture then to declare that, in the opinion of the world, enemies as you profess yourselves to pride, you are no less proud than other men, tho differently.

PENN.

There are some amongst us, I wish I were confident of being one, who have twisted back and cutt off many rank branches from this most

poisonous plant, the roots wherof twine about the heart until they suck out all the best juices, and until its wind-catching and ever-fluttering foliage overshadows and starves the brain. Self-complacency is often mistaken for pride, and stands not far from it in certain places. The consciousness of having mastered some prepotence of passion, or of having rectified some obliquity of disposition, may leave the expression of disdain for the evil subdued, not unmingled with gladness, perhaps too triumphant, in the subduer. I will never animadvert upon thee, friend Mordaunt, if I should see a grand illumination in thy countenance after such a victory.

PETERBOROUGH.

My friend, in this warfare you are among the few great captains.

PENN.

Nay, never say it. *Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.* So sayeth the wise one. My heart is sick indeed; for I myself have deferred the hope I raised and cherished. Perverse as we are we sigh for happiness; we know where to find it: and we will not go for it one step. If we would increase it, we must do with it as we do with money; we must put it out. Whatever of it we place in the hands of another, let him be improvident, let him be thankless, is sure to return to us, and without delay: whatever we keep to ourselves, lies dead

the moment we have thus settled it, and cannot be lifted from the iron chest. I have begun to do good late, and can hope alas! now to do but little.

PETERBOROUGH.

A truce with sighing, friend Penn; for that is a thing in which I never can join with you; unless I find you in debt, or with bad wine before you: these being two evils beyond my mending, and growing no better for waiting.

You have turned me aside from the conversation I would have holden with you about pride.

PENN.

Dost thou find any growing in this wilderness? or dost thou fancy I have chosen a fit spot for the cultivation of it?

PETERBOROUGH.

No, no; but tell me whether you do not believe there are some kinds of it useful and beneficial to society.

PENN.

I do not.

PETERBOROUGH.

I would by no means advert to that which arises from antiquity of family, unless I were fully confident of surpassing one day, in services to my country, the foremost of my ancestors.

PENN.

In regard to antiquity of family, the hedge-hog and sloth fairly beat the best of us, by a good day's run.

PETERBOROUGH.

So says Moses.

PENN.

And, friend, art thou wiser than he?

PETERBOROUGH.

I do not speak of the creature man; I do not speak of our commoners or peers. The only claim to distinction in the generality of the former, is, that their ancestors have lived upon the same spot for several ages: so have their groves and avenues: so have their pigs and poultry. Among us of the peerage, there are only ten or eleven whose best forefather rendered any remarkable service to his country, or distinguished his name by valour or by genius. Supposing a peer or gentleman, descended, not from one who crouched or curtesied to a frivolous fantastic Scotch schoolman, or those lying varlets his son and gransons, but from one who clinked his mail in close array with a Plantagenet's, or, what is more, bade him respect his equals and reverence the laws, shall not that man look back with pride upon the glorious shade gone past, and shall not he become the better for the retrospect?

PENN.

With veneration he may indeed look back, but not with pride, which ought to be humbled to the dust before such an apparition. Pride it would be, and folly too, in the extreme, if he preferred the dead man who had once done these things, to

the living one who does the same, at the same hazard.

PETERBOROUGH.

The rarity of those who acted and thought generously in times of ignorance and violence, renders a single one such equal in value to some thousands of the foremost who act and think so now.

PENN.

Of all pride however, and all folly, the grossest is, where a man who possesses no merit in himself shall pretend to an equality with one who does possess it; and shall found this pretension on no better plea or title, than that, altho he hath it not, his granfather had. I would use no violence or coercion with any rational creature; but, rather than such a bestiality in a human form should run about the streets uncured, I would shout like a stripling for the farrier at his furnace, and unthong the drenching-horn from my stable-door.

PETERBOROUGH.

After all you have said, I am but the more confirmed in the sentence of a poet, whose name I have forgotten, that Pride is

> Mother of Virtues to the virtuous man,
> And only hateful with her arm round Vice.

PENN.

Thou mistakest another for her: she is verily

an unsober jade, who in her gravest humour will lead thee into quarrels, and in her gayest will pick thy pocket.

PETERBOROUGH.

I have an insuperable objection to small states, because of their inability to defend themselves. If some day America should form herself into a republic, as it is very evident she will, from the political and theological tenets of the settlers, one portion will drop off after another, like noses and ears in such a climate, and every thing will soon be rotten and at last diminutive.

PENN.

Families themselves do not hold together, longer than is consistent with the welfare of the members: yet, altho they may not hold together, they may abstain from fighting and quarreling. In vain wilt thou devise new forms of government, until thou hast erected something for those forms to stand upon. Until thou hast broken in the horse, do not trouble thy head about the colour or quantity of the trappings; for peradventure thou mayest not sit easily on them, nor long. Small republics have usually been happier than extensive ones: while small principalities serve only as seraglios for the masters of greater, out of which to take their wives. Otherwise it would be expedient for them to putty up such bug-holes.

Suppose an Italian wishes to committ a murder,

and he hath no cardinal at Rome to protect him, nor any friend among the domestics of the most christian or most catholic majesties, whose ambassador's houses are inviolable asylums for assassins, he hath only to waylay his enemy in such a state as Piombino or Massa, out of which, if he catcheth a cow by the tail and she gallopeth, he shall be carried in twenty minutes.

PETERBOROUGH.

This reminds me that there is prevalent, thro the whole of Europe, a most injudicious, injurious, and iniquitous practice: the custom of protecting, I do not say murderers, for that is not universal, but fraudulent debtors and other fugitive malefactors. One would imagine that common interest and common courtesy should admitt, should indicate, should dictate, the pursuit of them, even by an armed force, if necessary, passing the boundaries. No prince ought to be the patron or the protector of lawless men. In private life we not only refuse to receive such characters, but we dismiss from our service those who have given a slight offence to our neighbours. I am not so visionary as to expect that princes should be gentlemen; but, as they often have gentlemen about them, some one, it may be hoped, at some time or other, will have courage and influence enough to persuade them, that such a conduct is at once dishonorable and disadvantageous.

PENN.

We should bring out of every man and every creature as much utility as we may: now much utility will never be produced, unless we render life easy and comfortable. If all men would labour six hours in the twentyfour, some mentally, some corporeally, setting apart one day in the seven, all the work would be completed that is requisite for our innocent and rational desires. Dost thou believe that God beholds with pleasure any poor wretch working three-fourths of his whole life-time, reckoned from childhood?

PETERBOROUGH.

No, nor is the thing possible.

PENN.

I tell thee, Mordaunt, the thing is possible, and is done*. Thou countest not the hours when thy horse is at his manger as those of his course; not the hours when our common nature casteth him

* The House of Commons has lately passed an Act, by which it is provided that children under *nine* years of age shall not be obliged to work longer than *twelve* hours in the day. Do not the wretches deserve to be stoned to death, who thus authorize the infliction of such hard labour on creatures so incapable of enduring it? No animal, tho full-grown and vigorous, should labour twelve hours, with all the benefit of the open air, and with the occasional refreshment of food, water, change of position, variety of motion, and frequently a little respite and cessation.

down into sleep: why then treat thy fellow man more harshly? He too must sleep, whether he will or no: he too must replenish his veins with food and sustinence. These are as requisite to his labour, are in fact as much the implements and tackle of it, as the spade and plough. When Nature hath demanded so much for herself, what remaineth to the creature? Allow six hours for rest in cold climates, eight in hotter, and one in each for refreshment by food; thou wilt then find that not only three-fourths, but nearly the whole of life is hard labour. This ought not to be: and I verily do believe that God hath opened to us our new continent, that it may be no longer.

PETERBOROUGH.

The whole world is not in the condition you represent.

PENN.

True, the whole world is not so; but only that part of it which is policied and civilized; in other words, that very part which, possessing the experience of ages, ought to liberate itself from its trammels, and to enjoy the refreshing sweetness of well-ripened society.

What art thou musing upon with such complacency?

PETERBOROUGH.

I know that you rise early, and I cannot see

why you allow to others quite so many hours of sleep. I myself sleep only four.

PENN.

I could make thee sleep six, and soundly as a Board of Inquiry in the committee-room, and quarrel with him who wakened thee, swearing (for thou dost swear now and then, friend Mordaunt . . God mend thee!) that thou wert already upon thy legs, and wantedst no fool to call thee; and rubbing thine eyes meanwhile, with nightcap between them and forefinger.

PETERBOROUGH.

Indeed could you, friend William, and without a march up the garret-stairs, to the little snug room with a square white curtain at the window, and overlooking the poultry.

PENN.

O fie! thou wanton!

PETERBOROUGH.

That indeed would make a man pant, and desire to rest himself, and take rest therin, tho he were as the young cedar, even like to the cedar that hath not many years.

PENN.

Who touched thy lips with flame, that thou speakest thus?

PETERBOROUGH.

Not she, upon my honour! not that bright cynosure with eye of steel and bosom of

snowy cloud, that the cocks crow to, and waken me.

PENN.

Be discreet; and ponder not upon the handmaid.

PETERBOROUGH.

In earnest then, do not you think that eight hours sleep would be excessive for a labourer, in any climate?

PENN.

I do not. I would divide his sleep, in some countries; four hours in the hottest part of the day, four at night. I sleep seven, and am convinced that many, and those too who do not labour, may sleep eight without ill consequences.

PETERBOROUGH.

Yet those who have slept long have mostly been short-lived.

PENN.

Not because they slept long, but because they ate and drank immoderately and late, and slept in consequence both long and badly. Long sleep in itself, I conceive, is far from unwholesome, tho it is almost always followed by debility.

PETERBOROUGH.

How can it be other than unwholesome, if followed, as you acknowledge, by debility?

PENN.

This procedes not from the relaxation caused

by its continuance, but from breathing the same air the whole time, and losing that which refreshes the earth, and every thing alive, animal and vegetable, soon after sunrise. If we arose when we ought to do, we should be the better for a brief and gentle sleep in the middle of the day; a thing which very active and very studious men are most improvident in neglecting. Neither love nor poetry have imagined aught more precious than the eyes; insomuch that the poet and lover, when he hath made some idle girl believe every thing else, comes hither at last as to the highest pitch of all, telling her that she is dearer to him than they are; and, if she swallows this wafer, her faith is catholic. The eyes would remain much longer unimpaired, by dividing, I do not say equally, the hours of their employment and their repose.

PETERBOROUGH.

The *society of friends* enjoys eyesight in perfection, and with the clearest title; by rejecting with other pleasures those of literature. I never have heard of one, beside yourself and George Fox, who pursued any science or was occupied in any study.

PENN.

The knowledge that conduces to practical good is not restricted or undervalued by us: whatever leads away from that direction seems to us reprovable and amiss.

PETERBOROUGH.

My dear Penn, you are too speculative; too visionary for this world of matter and realities.

PENN.

Friend, that which thou callest matter is indeed such: but that which thou callest reality is not. There is nothing so visionary as what the world esteems real; nothing so baseless, nothing so untrue.

PETERBOROUGH.

Men, it appears to me, are incapable of that perfection to which you would, with whatever gentleness, bring them on.

PENN.

We do not hope to conduct them further in the way than our blessed guide and master hath commanded. They are no worse generally in our day than they were in his, altho the best governments in these ages are more degrading than Roman or Greek would suffer, until utterly subdued. It is impossible to rescue the human race from the abyss of sin and slavery, unless we can induce our brethren to look on Christianity in its purity.

PETERBOROUGH.

Ah my friend! nothing on earth has been, or ever will be, of long continuance; and least so purity.

PENN.

Thou speakest untruly, Mordaunt! Of long continuance have been folly and wickedness: shall

wisdom then and righteousness be transitory or illusive? Is that which is inconsistent and wrong, of a nature more stable than that which is consistent and right? Is there singleness in falsehood? is there duplicity in truth? Why then shall corruption stand, and incorruption sink? or why shall the good bend voluntarily, to drink from the cup of the damned, the last and bitterest of its dregs, despair? Let us raise up our heads unto the God who made us; even as he made us let us raise them up. Let us hope and believe that he will help us in our endeavours to render one another free and happy. We take man such as his hand hath formed him; we lead man whither his voice hath called. Is this visionary? is this speculative?

PETERBOROUGH.

Enthusiasm will cool gradually. Within half a century, I presume to prophesy, the society will dissolve from its very purity.

PENN.

Let it continue but that period; and it will contain, in so brief a span as the half-century thou allowest to it, a greater portion of true christianity and solid happiness, than the sixteen whole ones past over us have contained. After which, supposing that religion may have grown much cooler, habits of industry and feelings of gentleness will have sprung up widely, and have

spred very far beyond the inclosures of our brotherhood.

PETERBOROUGH.

Nations, like individuals, interest us in their birth and early growth: every motion, however irregular, seems to us natural, graceful, an indication of vigour or intelligence. For some time afterward the sallies of frowardness and of passion are not only forgiven in them, but applauded and admired. Soon however what we fancied a pleasing peculiarity becomes an awkwardness and uncouthness; what was spirit is petulance; and we confess we were disappointed in our hopes and calculations. In fact the hopes were foolish, and the calculations were traced by a clumsy finger on a moving sand.

Against our expectations and auguries, America may produce boors without the honesty, the simplicity, the frugality, of boors; and merchants not only without the quiet industry and expectant patience of merchants, but with scarcely the steddiness of the elements that waft and convey their merchandize. Do not accuse me of rashness or of incivility, when I declare to you my suspicion, that you, however unconsciously, tend toward this mischief. Whenever a part of society secedes from the general mass under whatever pretext, it grows distrustful, and renders others so: hence moroseness, and the resolution of indemnity, by

the acquisition of wealth, to gratify a secluded vanity and enforce an ungracious consequence.

PENN.

The ancients were of opinion that every man has his good and evil genius. They would have believed more wisely that every thing human hath about it, near or remotely, somewhat of good and somewhat of evil. There is truth, and perhaps more of it than can unfold itself at present, in thy observation. We will strive, by mutual admonition and encouragement, to break off and to bend aside as many thorns as we can, from the path we have chosen to pursue. One would think it requireth but little exhortation, to warn men against the two mischiefs thou hast pointed out: wherupon I would ask the grossest fool and sensualist, whether he doth not eat a heartier dinner, and digest it better, by keeping in good humour; and the most dishonest rogue that ever touched a fleece, whether he gaineth not more by being trusted than by being distrusted, and whether he hath not a better chance of being trusted for honesty than for dishonesty? Teach men to calculate rightly, and thou wilt have taught them to live religiously.

PETERBOROUGH.

Pious and contented as your people seem, they are not indifferent to the good things of this world;

indeed none look more attentively to what we call the main chance.

PENN.

Honest occupation is favorable to that piety and content which thou attributest to us.

PETERBOROUGH.

Religious men, in other new sects, have generally placed their reliance more undividedly on Providence.

PENN.

Providence uses earthly means. We rely on Providence for blessing us in our endeavours to benefit one another; which we would do by giving employment to the needy, and aiding the laborious.

PETERBOROUGH.

Fortune has favoured you above others. Industry often fails with them; with you rarely.

PENN.

Allegorically speaking, as thou hast done, of Fortune, if we hope to be gainers from her wheel, we must now and then drive a spoke into it ourselves; and we must take what precaution we can that it do not fire by its velocity. Industry has never failed, while she has kept both eyes upon one object, nor until she has risen from her business and gone into partnership with Speculation. Afterward she hath no better right to the name of Industry, than Thievery hath, or Gaming.

PETERBOROUGH.

The world will turn round stil. Industry is produced by Want, Wealth is produced by Industry, Idleness is produced by Wealth, Poverty is produced by Idleness. Here Poverty finds herself at the side of her sister Want. They agree to go in search of Industry, before it is too late, being sure of finding her, since she may be heard of in every field and traced at every gateway: and the great year procedes again thro the same zodiac. We may calculate in like manner on the order of the political globe, which is destined in all its divisions of country to one series of risings and settings. Barbarians must have a chieftain; the chieftain must have favorites. These are jealous and quarrel and stand apart. Each promises what great things he will do, for such as espouse his cause. A part of these benefits is granted, a part extorted. Hence the higher power by degrees is subdivided: but the principal holder of it is never quiet, until he can recover, by force or strategem, what his interest led him to compromise or his weakness to concede. That which is balanced can never long be stable: for a time it nods to the one side, for a time to the other; but at last it falls to that where there are the most hands to drag it down. Hence democracy. The exaltation of spirits which democracy produces in the body

politic, and the envy and hatred which every king in its vicinity bears against it, are the causes of eloquence and of war. Popular chiefs are recommended for the army by popular orators: in these chiefs the habit of command abroad is succeded by the flagrant lust of it at home. Clamours are raised; advantage is taken of great abuses for the enterance of greater; and from the slips of the theater, thus thrown into confusion, comes Monarchy again in full plumage, sometimes alone and strait-forward, sometimes in slower and statelier procession, thro the yielding files of a bought and bowing aristocracy.

PENN.

Thy wand, friend Mordaunt, hath well pointed out those monstrous signs, under which the industry and felicity of mankind have regularly been blasted.

As the arrow of Paris was directed from behind the brightest and most glorious of the heathen Gods, and occasioned the downfall of his native city, so hath ever that of Policy in later times from behind the fairer image of Christianity; and hath likewise caused the prostration, not of a city, not of a country, not of an empire, not of a continent, but of all God's higher creatures in every quarter of the civilized world. For, without these corruptions and abominations, can we believe that Mahometanism would have risen up, like the

Simoom from the desert, and have thrown Truth upon her face and stifled Wisdom, in their fairest regions, in their most ancient residences? or that the Gospel would not have penetrated long ago into the furthest recesses of this half-illumined Earth? Half-illumined do I call it? Long will it be, I fear, before a few scanty rays are to fall upon a fourth or fifth of it.

PETERBOROUGH.

This we owe to Popery; to her turbulence, her insolence, her fraudulence; to her rapacity, her persecutions, her lusts; to her contempt of good-faith, of equitable government, of authority both divine and human.

PENN.

Every establishment of a political church is popery: every church having a head, which head is not Christ. So long as the pure is dipt in the impure, and left in it, so long as what ought to be the most simple is made the most splendid, and what belongs to the house of God is transferred to the house of parliament, there cannot be true christianity among the people.

The religion of Christ is peace and goodwill; the religion of Christendom is war and illwill. Popery hath set the worst examples, and hath maintained them the longest.

PETERBOROUGH.

You appear to dislike the religion of Rome worse than any other modification of Christianity.

PENN.

As being more remote from the simplicity of the Gospel, and as violating more of Christ's ordinances. Popery lives on the offal of men's vices.

PETERBOROUGH.

Not she indeed: she has better dishes; tho these, if well drest, are not amiss.

PENN.

For shame! for shame!

PETERBOROUGH.

Be generous, be just. If the pope has a couch for Vice, he has also one for Virtue: and as the couches are of much the same quality, so are these two that are to rest upon them.

PENN.

He is fraudulent to be domineering, liberal to be enslaving.

Can any thing be so insulting to equity and common sense, as that a gang of priests and friars should be the absolute and self-elected potentates, of enough territory and population to constitute a mighty commonwealth? Alas! and such was it! With less than one half of its present extent, it was the most potent, the most free, upon the earth. Let those who doubt, or rather who profess to doubt, which is best, arbitrary power or republican

freedom, lift up their eyes, if their eyes can indeed be lifted up, to the contemplation, on the one side, of equal laws, of magistrates elected by the people, of frugal habits, of voluntary industry and adequate recompense; on the other, of insolent domination, of rulers imposed by force and maintained by terror, of dissolute manners, no less in the lowest than in the highest, not springing from abundance, but permitted and thrown out as a covering and contentment for privations, a narcotic that at once assuages and destroys the appetite; then of gaming and beggary, which follow, of dilapidated cities, of religious perjuries in the creating of saints to people them, and the triple pestilence of priests, monks and marshes, of which the last only ever intermits its ravages.

PETERBOROUGH.

Vigorous description! irresistible truth! The father of lies himself cannot find a stone to throw against it: nevertheless I doubt whether you would bring over one convert, tho you were permitted to preach it in the *Piazza di Spagna*.

PENN.

I doubt it equally. Both in hearing and reading, men rather look for what suits their notions and opinions, than for what may alter and correct them. By which perversity they often lose much advantage and much pleasure; since nothing is

gained by taking up that which is already theirs; no more than by sitting astride their own horses in their own stable yards: they remain there without progression, tho they fume and chafe, and bounce as high on the saddle as if they gallopped.

PETERBOROUGH.

According to most systems of religions as we find 'em, it seems that the original design, and every botch made upon it, was to leave the greater part in shade, requiring glosses and interpretations, and consequently those who should be paid for making them and for keeping them in repair.

PENN.

We have a God who is called the prince of peace: but we seem disposed to keep him in a long minority. We are turning our eyes more fondly on another, whom we denominate the *lord of hosts.*

O God of peace, Emanuel! make us forgiving as thou wert forgiving, even on the cross! Make us tolerant, equitable, humane!

PETERBOROUGH.

I am glad you have stopt, William! If you had gone on, I should have prayed, myself: for prayers and gaping are contagious. Besides, in all likelihood you would have prayed that no hirelings should enter the temple, as being contrary to the ordinances of Christianity: and then what the devil would become of our younger children, and

chaplains and college-tutors? Knock down the peerage at once, or keep its props fast in the ground. I will never quarrel with any man about the church; but we may have a word or two and a blow or two about the church-establishment.

PENN.

Not with me, I promise thee. What I think it wrong to hold, I give up readily. Let us return to Rome again: such is the pertinacity of popes, to the system from which they, and their closer adherents, draw their sustinence, that they never abandon a proven falsehood, or an iniquitous demand, or ever resign a pretension once acted on, or pardon a reclamation made on any side for redress. Hence bishops are still nominated for villages and rocks *in partibus infidelium;* and hence the more precious privelege of holding an empire over empires. Every tie, human and divine, will be dissolved, entangled, or knotted, as suits the passions of the sitting pope, whose incubation is best warmed by ashes and blood. In the correspondence of Pius the fifth with Charles the ninth and Mary de' Medici, he orders her to combat the enemies of popery *until they are all massacred.* Afraid that she might not understand him, or that she might think he spoke figuratively or passionately, he repeats the injunction a few lines below, and uses the words *utter extermination.* The protestants, vanquished by the duke of

Anjou, implore his intercession with his royal brother: on hearing which, his *Holiness* writes to his *Nobleness*, that he ought thro piety to be inexorable to all. Furthermore he tells the king, that his Majesty will *tire God's patience* and provoke his anger. Suspecting that the gentle Charles might be influenced by the generosity of his brother, he commands him not to listen to the voice of friendship or of consanguinity. In another letter to Catharine, he says authoritatively, "Inflame the spirit of the King to annihilate the last remnant of civil war."

Afterward, when peace was concluded, he writes thus to the cardinal de Bourbon: "We expect you, in your prudence, to confound and overthrow the conditions of so pernicious a treaty. You owe this proof of zeal, to God, to the King, and to the character you sustain."

No people are so deeply interested in abolishing the political power of popery, as those who believe in its religious doctrines. For where such doctrines are coupled with such perfidy and cruelty, they expose the holders of them to the worst suspicions, in many cases unjustly.

And what is the inscription on the walls and doors of roman-catholic churches and chapels? is it any commandment from the Decalogue, any proverb from Solomon, any precept from Jesus-Christ? No: it is *Pray for the souls.* And for

what souls? Not for thy own, which 'twere easier to darn before it is turning to tinder, but for those in the fires of purgatory. *Praying* means *paying:* the substance of the prayer is a compost of pounds shillings and pence. The salt water at the font, into which every one dips a finger, serves for tears; and the moneybox, nailed above it, for repentance. These are essential parts of the religion, and not accidents: but if they were accidents, and not essential parts, a prudent man would keep away from a labyrinth, at every turn and passage of which there is a thief to pick his pocket, to tie his hands behind him if he resists, and to gag him if he speaks a word. How long, O Lord! . . .

PETERBOROUGH.

Ten to one, the Lord will give you no answer, friend William! and in this instance I am more pious and resigned than you are; for I never ask of him how long he will be about any thing, particularly such as these, in which I know he likes to take his time. If you wish to know it, I can answer the question, and you need not look up into the clouds for its solution. It will be just as long as the rich can drive the poor before them, and the cunning can lead the rich. I wonder you should object to the order of priesthood, and to the quiet seizure of your property by this order, on your hesitation to deliver up as much of it as

the venerable members may demand. Are they not wiser than you?

PENN.

They are wise in their generation.

PETERBOROUGH.

That is enough for any body.

PENN.

Thou misunderstandest me.

PETERBOROUGH.

Ho! ho! if I had taken the other sense, I should have replied, they ought to be, for they have a good deal of practise in it. Being wiser than you, which they tell you they are, and are ready to fight you with fists if you deny it, they know better than you do what they want, and what they are worth.

PENN.

What they want they cannot tell, forasmuch as their wants increase with their possessions; but what they are worth we may well-nigh guess.

PETERBOROUGH.

They have texts from Scripture, proving their divine right to tithes. The Jewish priesthood had them.

PENN.

I do not deny their similitude to the Jews, if the old ones were like their descendents: but it pleased God to abolish this Priesthood, and the law it followed.

PETERBOROUGH.

It did not please God nor the servants of God to abolish tithes.

PENN.

We must wait.

PETERBOROUGH.

Indeed must you, and in the mean time count out your money. Now take another text. *The labourer is worthy of his hire.*

PENN.

Pay the labourer, if he *hath* laboured and thou hast hired him: if he hath never laboured, and if thou hast never hired him, bid him good morrow. Pay the labourer; I repeat it; but pay not the priest. If thou calledst him a clown or a hind, he would maltreat thee for miscalling him; while he is fain to call thee somewhat less; not clown nor hind, but cattle. Use and custom reconcile men to any thing; otherwise there are of such tempers, that, on receiving so unseemly and rude an appellation, they would look into the hedge-row for some lithe ash-plant, and feel in their pockets for wherewithal to cut it . . that is, if no discreet friend were at their side, to moderate their inclination and to withold them.

PETERBOROUGH.

. . mounted on a stout contemplative black mare, with a bushy mane and tail, a broad white streak

down the forehead, white likewise one fetlock and hoof.

PENN.

Ay, ay, more likely to find him on such a creature, than on one opening and shutting his nostrils like a fop at a perfumer's; one as ready to snap slily at his neighbour and comrade as a privy counsellor and competitor in the cabinet; one touching the ground with the extremity of the foot, whenever he stops for a moment, as tho forsooth that same foot of his were a divining rod; so important and majestical doth he appear to hold himself; a gelding with a silvery tail, and scarcely enough of it to whip a sillabub or fray a gossamer, with a body bright and flashy as a marigold, thin and bony as a Mordaunt, and just as unsteddy and trickish and mettlesome; and loud in his snorting as a young patriot under the hammer.

PETERBOROUGH.

Whatever may be objected to the catholic faith, as this tissue of fooleries and frauds is called, I find the members of it better-tempered people, when the pope and his *posse* do not stir them up, than other sects. Even the priests and monks, if you leave their temporals untouched and unthreatened, are jovial and rational. I have known many instances of it, for a person who has had so little to do with 'em; one of which I am certain will amuse you.

When I was in Paris, I was admitted to visit a young lady of some attractions. Going out of the door, one morning, I met a capuchin on the steps. Having seen him in the neighbourhood too frequently, and having remarked that he eyed me rather more curiously than I liked, I asked him somewhat fiercely what he wanted there. He bowed very profoundly, and answered that he came to supplicate for relief to the necessities of the monastery.

You capuchins and other monks, replied I, *never enter a house where there is only an ugly woman or a poor one.*

Again he bowed, and more profoundly than before. *Sir,* said he, *We have ugliness and poverty enough among ourselves: I came, as I told you, to obtain what the convent wanted.*

I then observed that he was a very handsome man, about thirty years of age, of a correctness in his language, that indicated a good education, and of an easiness in his demeanour, that mere impudence may lend for a moment, but cannot long sustain; it was such as gave me an assurance of high birth, and of excellent connexions formed early. Vext and ashamed, that I had treated as a *roturier* and capuchin, a gentleman whom perhaps nothing but the hope of gratifying his amiable passions had cowled and frocked, I shook him cordially by the hand, threw a guinea into his hood,

and apologized for offering only the yellow of the egg, having but that part remaining from my collation. He hesitated a moment; then said, he never could object to partake my fast with me, and should be contented in future with a less complimentary distribution, leaving me the yellow.

PENN.

I have no proof before me that the capuchin, as thou callest the man, came to the female's house with any pravity of intention: yet he sinned; forasmuch as, having made and sworn to vows of poverty, expressing the rejection of money, he received thy gold, knowing it to be gold, and other than, what thou calledst it, the yellow of an egg. Therefor, whatever might be the placidity of his temper, and certain, as thou wilt have it, that another day he fasted on the white, I cannot in my conscience acquitt him of offence.

If Popery however displays the dexterous filcher, the Church of England hath greatly the advantage over her, in the exertion of brawny strength in the meadow and farm-yard. Neither the catholic priesthood, nor any other that ever existed among men, even in times of ignorance and paganism, hath been so litigious and oppressive. In another age or two they may grow weary of kicking and cuffing us: but they will never cease to exhibit their agility and spirit, in leaping over the palings of our

corn-stacks; or their observance of the most rigid rules of right, in watching our garden-gate for us, and weeding out the tithes of our beet and parsley. The catholic priest, when he enters a family, bringeth at least a pretext of some spiritual concern, some confession to hear or some admonition to impart; but your Church-of-England text-and-tithe collector holdeth in derision all such idle occupations, and intrudeth on your substance with a pistol in the fist, and with a curse upon the lip, as little a time in discharging.

Surely men can judge for themselves what instructor they shall place the most confidence in: as surely ought they to take his instruction rather than a stranger's, whose first step is intrusion, whose second is violence, and whose every succeeding one leaves defiance and hatred behind it. What wonder that the beneficent hand of Religion should be swollen, festered, and palsied, nailed as it hath been so long to the posts of Palace-yard! If she be spiritual, she belongeth not to the state: if she be carnal, of a right she doth.

Is not religion, of any plain, honest, unadulterated kind, as easily taught as morality? Again, is it not taught as easily as agriculture or chemistry? Yet we have no establishment, no order of citizens set apart, for teaching one or other of these, and demanding from the remainder, willing or unwilling, a tenth of the produce of their

land, and another tenth of their labour upon it: tho agriculture and chemistry require more study, more exertion, more attention, more precision, than the acquiring and holding forth of those dogmas, which, while they tell us to love our neighbour . .

PETERBOROUGH.

As ourselves; a thing impossible.

PENN.

If thou findest it so, leave it a little on the way-side, and let me go on. The dogmas of your gentry in lawn and purple, while they persuade us to love our neighbour, order us also to damn him everlastingly; and are slower, I opine, than the other two sciences, those of agriculture and chemistry, in giving the labourer a clean shirt and good dinner, and in shutting out the fiercer or the subtiler marauders, from which no path of life is exempt, active in spring and autumn, active in winter and summer, at undermining or battering his frail corporeal tenement.

PETERBOROUGH.

People must be imposed upon for their good. He who said in his heart that all men are liars, was none himself on that occasion. Lies and liars are the things and persons the most necessary in our sublunary condition; and without a tinge of falsehood the colours of the fairest character are faint.

PENN.

Hold! hold! or I whip thy horse before me, since I may not ride faster. One would think the cloven hoof surmounted the uncloven.

PETERBOROUGH.

I will procede more circumspectly. Grant me this. A man in a wig gains credit, where one with a cropt head would be kicked out of doors. In religion too, a white hand waves about it more persuasion than a browner; and a hairy one in church would be looked at as suspiciously as Esau's. My father was fond of repeating two couplets, which he was likewise fond of attributing to a maiden aunt: she however, altho the stoutest of episcopalians, disclamed them.

> Little that theologian teaches
> Under whose text hang tattered breeches.
> The devil take him who disbelieves
> Verities shaken from lawn-sleeves.

PENN.

There is soundness of observation in the first stave of the canticle: let us hope that so sedate and curious an observer spake the remainder more in levity than in malice. Otherwise it were well if we ascribed it to the sudden influx of melancholic humour, which we may collect from the import of the words preceding.

PETERBOROUGH.

If we had no establishments we should stil have sects.

PENN.

What then? whom would they fight for? who would pay them? Altho there were no establishments, there might indeed be sects in religion, as there anciently were in philosophy: yet either we must suppose that christianity is prouder and crueler and more avaricious than philosophy, or we must admitt that establishments, and not christianity, have, wherever they existed, raised such tumults, seized upon such wealth, and shedd (O blessed Redeemer was not thine enough!) such torrents of human blood. If philosophy has not done it with her sects, neither would christianity have done it with hers, without her purple and pretorians. These are as unfriendly to the one as to the other; and, while they exist upon earth, the more civilized parts of it can expect no better state, long together, than external wars, internal discord, and universal oppression. Revolutions may for a while relieve them; chastisement and the fear of it may render the princes more conciliatory and submissive: but the poison will be poured again into the drowsy ear, by those upon whose pillow they slumber. Hence even the recluse and quiet reasoner will be tempted to point toward the natives of these wilds: and some one,

in the moroseness of sad triumph, will say to the inhabitant of the city, Are not such men more happy, are not they more virtuous, are not they more dignified, and, O slave! so bruized and abject as to be insensible to thy slavery! are not they more deeply enlightened, more vitally wise, than thou?

PETERBOROUGH.

There is a very strange idea, gone abroad for a long time, and moving about much at its ease, by which we are to understand that *minister* means *master;* the exact opposite of its original and right import. Thus the ministers of the church call themselves the church, and the ministers of the state are the state. Now, in my humble opinion, the state is composed of all the *people* in it, and the church of all the *christians.* If this opinion is correct, and ever should be acted on consistently, what will become of our princely hierarchy? and may it not happen that some of those who carry white and black rods, shall lay them aside, and with equally kind officiousness help the traveller to mount at the inn-door, and snatch his skirt from between him and the saddle-bag?

PENN.

Political institutions, or *establishments,* should be founded on christianity, and not christianity on them. This perverts the order of things; which

order, insomuch as passive example can effect it, we would set right. But what is example, what is reason, what is christianity itself, in opposition to the force of wealth under the shield of government! Every rich family sees or imagines its interest in the present system, which, whatever it may be called, is no better nor other than popery in any state throughout Europe; and every poor one hopes it, excepting those few who look to one rule of faith, under one immutable and immortal teacher, where they indeed find room enough to place their interests and rest their hopes.

Nothing can excede the impudence of men pretending to be Christians, professing to follow the ordinances of Christ, reproaching the pope for his perversion of them, and themselves at the same time violating the most positive and unequivocal command of our blessed Lord and Saviour: "Call no man your *father* upon earth: for one is your father, which is in heaven." Now, tho dignities of state were left untouched, dignities, as men vainly call them, in religion are here distinctly and solemnly forbidden. I say nothing of the prevarications and perjuries that must be crost to reach them. Can the calmest face, can the best-pleated lawn-sleeves, can the highest-drawn pink stockings, can the comeliest breeches the most nicely puckered at the knee-band, do away with or cover this? In the

time of the Apostols there was no string of prayers ordained, no dressing and undressing in the public place of worship, no pagan ceremonies, no other precedency than eldership. Priests, we have heard, were appointed to put down the devil. If they have been seventeen centuries about it, and could neither do it while they were holier men and worked miracles, nor afterward, when they became less holy but more wise, and had learnt all his tricks and devices, it is time methinks they should give in, and own themselves worsted. If, on the contrary, they have put him down, or if he has been put down without them, or if we have brought him to decent terms, or if he lieth quiet by his fireside of his own accord, and we no longer feel ourselves in danger from him, we may just as reasonably and constitutionally demand from Parliament the disbanding of them as of any other body of troops, appointed for any other service, when that service hath been performed. But if, after so many thousand years, he fighteth only the more desperately for the blows he hath received, I would try other methods of attack and other implements of warfare, or I would keep myself shut up close in my fastnesses at home. Are scouts and watchmen here likewise necessary? enow of men for the purpose will ever be remaining, whose vanity and ambition, whose love of teaching and of

talking, whose impatience to display a fine voice, a fine person, a fine gesture, a fine doctrine, a fine metaphor, will cloathe them in the garb of piety, and place them astride the gate of the sheepfold. Furthermore, let us hope that better inducements will exist at all times, and that the necessities of the soul will be supplied in their due season; that every father and mother, every experienced man, every considerate woman, will exercise the duties of private life and social, by inculcating those morals wherefrom arise the listener's content and the teacher's security; and which, if no other benefit accrued from them, would detruncate our rank expenditure on the three most wasteful and unprofitable of consumers: on him who carries the sword in his hand; and on those two wilier ones who carry it in their mouths, flaming and empoisoned.

PETERBOROUGH.

But Christ himself said, if what I once heard at a sermon is exact, which indeed it may not be, for I was half asleep, *I bring not peace, but the sword.*

PENN.

Christ never said any thing like it; for Christ never contradicted his own doctrine. We find the words among better; and we find them attributed to him: falsely, falsely. No construction can ever make Christ a murderer; tho his name hath been

used among men for hardly any other purpose. Either the words were reversed by accident, which is the more charitable supposition; or were corrupted by design, which I am afraid is the more probable and correct one. Some conciliatory and harmonizing theologians would assure us, that they never were changed, interpolated, or transposed; and that they signify the hard service of the first Christians, and the persecutions they must suffer. This is foretold plainly enough in other places: *here* the expression would shew the *object* of Christ's mission, and not its accidents; that he came to bring slaughter, and not peace. Therefor, even if we found it in the writings of all his disciples and of all his apostols, in the same terms, we should at once reject it; because it never could have been said by the person who proclamed universal good-will and unqualified forbearance, supposing him sent, as we do, by the God of mercies, and breathing the spirit of truth.

PETERBOROUGH.

There is one text of Scripture, and only one, upon which all establishments and sects agree, excepting yours: which makes them all think you an unconscionable set of people.

PENN.

That text doth not occurr to me at the present time.

PETERBOROUGH.

Priests and rulers preach and proclame it

incessantly; and, what is more remarkable, act as they proclame and preach.

PENN.

Canst thou repeat it?

PETERBOROUGH.

Kill and eat.

It appears to me that there was more Christianity before Christ than there has been since.

PENN.

Hast thou any objection that there should be more after than there was before?

PETERBOROUGH.

None at all.

PENN.

Let us then begin to speed it, and to recover as much time as we can. It consoleth me to find that thou occasionally dost think on worship.

PETERBOROUGH.

I have left it off.

PENN.

What was thy motive; if indeed thou didst not drop away from it thro lightness of mind?

PETERBOROUGH.

I dropped away from it thro piety itself.

PENN.

I am afraid to question thee further, lest thou say aught irreverent.

PETERBOROUGH.

Reverence urged me. The clergyman told us

repeatedly that we were all children of Satan, and ordered us in the next breath to turn him out of doors. Lear's children were detestable for this very proceding: yet Lear was neither older nor madder, nor was he worse pelted.

Religion is apt to wince if you handle her quarters near her stalls and mangers. Here however one may treat her as having grown more tractable: and since her price is out of the question, and no dealer is within ear-shot, we may express a wish that those usually about her had consulted their own interests better, and had attempted to shew us that she can bring us to happiness somewhat less circuitously, and without relay and baiting.

PENN.

The road hath been shewn to us by the same divine hand that made us; and such is, and such was ever, our hanging back, I do not wonder that God repented of creating Man.

PETERBOROUGH.

Nor I neither, on second thoughts. The nearest thing we can do to this effort of Divinity, is often followed by the same feeling in less time. But it is surely by some unfair interpretation, that the living God is represented to us as hardening the heart of Pharaoh, expressly that he might disobey his commands; which disobedience caused the death of that king, and of thousands with him; of thousands who

were innocent even of having their hearts hardened, on the contrary, who were engaged at the very moment in bringing God's tragedy to the close, and performing the duty which he himself inculcates, of obedience to the prince.

PENN.

Worm! worm! thou wouldst question the Lord.

PETERBOROUGH.

Not I indeed. I would question those who dress him in their own dirty suits, to frighten folks out of their senses and their money. And even them I would let pass on, when I had joked or reasoned them into a passion: for I am as much an episcopalian at heart as any of 'em, and see the matter in the same light. Nevertheless I can allow my zeal for the Church of England to subside a little, in compliance with the humours of the weak and lukewarm; and indeed I hoped to fall in with your opinions and feelings, when I shewed the folly and culpability of men who would represent our Creator as inconsistent and cruel.

PENN.

We appeal to the Gospel, not to the old Jews.

PETERBOROUGH.

Perhaps there are some reasons why I should hit upon the old Jews first. Now then we here have done with 'em: and I beg you to give me a little light on the sepulcher of our Saviour,

as there appears to be some discordance in the history of those who visited it, and of those who were found at it by the visiters, and in the number of times that their master came among them afterward.

PENN.

Follow thou the righteousness of Christ, his gentleness, his forbearance; and leave his ascension to the more speculative, and his sepulcher to the more devout.

PETERBOROUGH.

Would he, with such righteousness, such gentleness, such forbearance, have treated Ananias and Sapphira as Peter his successor did? Certainly the popes descend in a right line from this prince of the apostols; who very properly bears in his statue the head of Jupiter the thunderer. If he really did toward Ananias and Sapphira, what we are bound to believe he did, he neglected the example and disobeyed the commands of his master, he infringed the laws and usurped the magistrature of his country. Would any modern king, christian or mahometan or idolater, would any republic of any age, permitt a private man to enforce under pain or threat of death so rigid and bitter an equality? Would you yourselves, who come nearest to the discipline of Christ, insist upon it? I do not ask whether you would point out for reprobation, I do

not ask whether you would strike with extinction, a virtuous, generous, unsuspicious couple, who had given to the indigent the greater part of their possessions. Extinction for what crime? the crime of holding back from their enthusiastic prodigality a slender pittance, with an object perhaps as justifiable and as sacred as charity itself. Their motives were unexamined, their cause unheard. We may suppose them desirous of repurchasing some quiet country house, some shady little meadow, some garden with its trellised alcove or its woodland path at the end of it, the scene of their earliest tenderness and first caresses. There may be things about us so dear to us, that we should almost bear our soundest flesh to be cut away, before we could surrender them to another; and from a feeling so very different from avarice, that the avaricious man is perhaps the only one who is quite incapable of it. There are localities that have in them somewhat of an identity with ourselves: insomuch that, in almost all ages and countries, the poets have appealed to their consciousness: and poets search out and seize on resemblances of truth, even more striking than truth itself.

PENN.

What doth that prove?

PETERBOROUGH.

It proves the affection we may naturally bear to

certain parts of property, consistently with the most generous spirit, the most exuberant and profuse liberality.

As we cannot see clearly, tho we may suspect, the aim of such an institution, let us try whether we cannot find out the natural and necessary end of it. Nearly all christian sects, and mostly the episcopalian, have greatly corrected the practice of the apostols: which they never would have done if it had been ordained by God. So much my mother the Church of England will not permitt me to doubt of: and now from the motives we will procede to the results. You, who calculate better than I do, may inform me how long could have existed, if the laws had allowed it, the order of society laid down by Saint Peter, for those who followed the apostols. Since it was necessary that all the new christians should sell their property, the purchasers would have the whole at nearly their own price. Hence the greatest misfortune that could befall the faithful, would be the propagation of the faith itself. If the apostols worked with equal zeal and success, and converted the rich as well as the poor, where could they find purchasers? They sold both lands and houses: where would the people live, in winter? For the mountainous parts (and nearly all Judea is of that quality) are cold and stormy. In the imagery of the Psalms we find flakes of snow, and

winds and tempests. After the sale and alienation of their houses, both sexes must herd together. In fact they did so; and their guides were, in the nature of things, obliged to make loud and incessant complaints against certain immoralities, which they did not or would not believe to be dependent on their own system, and inevitable in it.

But my main and plain question is, how long could the money have lasted? Certainly not for a whole generation. What then would have become of the next?

PENN.

We want leisure, and pen ink and paper, for these calculations. The Lord would have taken care that nothing should be deficient for such as believed in him.

PETERBOROUGH.

I am answered.

PENN.

Ride on then in quietness and sobriety. Every child, six or seven years old, thinks his father can do every thing and knows every thing: and we smile at his simplicity. Are there no intelligences that smile at ours, who, in the meridian and maturity of the faculties, so act toward others and toward ourselves, as if our father in the heavens knew nothing and could do nothing? The little boy or maiden of that age, whom thou tellest he is older than the great and strong coach-horse, will

disbelieve thee, forming his idea of age from size and strength: again thou smilest at such simplicity: yet here the reasoning powers are coming into action, altho the powers of reflexion are yet dormant and inert: here likewise I could point out to thee in riper years a worse and weaker inconsistency of unbelief.

Law should provide that the inhabitants of the land be brought up religiously: but never let her dandle Religion in her lap, play with her at the desk, cater for her, pamper her with sweetmeats, indulge her in childish freaks and acrimonious passions, teach her cant and cozenage, mimic steps and sidelong glances, and take her thus accomplished into partnership.

PETERBOROUGH.

I never was fond of questioning or debating, on matters in which I have no practise or skill: otherwise I would ask how it happens that you, the most remote of all Christians from the papists, employ nevertheless excommunication. If going to places of worship is good and needful, it certainly is most so in those who have done wrong. The pope on the contrary does not wait for an incorrigible fault: the moment an order of his is transgressed, let the offence itself be the lightest possible, he shuts the doors of Saint Peter in the face of the transgressor, and forbids him to say his

prayers and seek forgiveness in any church upon earth*.

PENN.

We have nothing to do with such a fisherman, or such fish. We never excommunicate, while the moral character of the sinner hath a sound or curable part left, or while a hope survives of reclaming him. We cannot issue an arbitrary order, nor receive one. Paul recommends to his disciple Titus, that he should admonish a heretic *once or twice;* and, if he cannot convert him, that he should *leave* him: a punishment (if one at all) very different from the pulley and the gridiron. And what was heresy in those early days? Not a diversity of opinion on a metaphysical point, for such questions were started later, but a rash determination to set aside the ordinances of Christ himself, at that time the sole authority and guide. Moderate as this chastisement is . . .

PETERBOROUGH.

Chastisement!

PENN.

Without talking of chastisement we cannot talk agreeably with any denomination of Christians. Paul, I was about to remark, is severer than his

* Qui contra mandatum hoc nostrum fecerit, is universæ dei ecclesiæ toto orbe terrarum expers esto.

master; who orders that the admonition shall be repeated *thrice.*

PETERBOROUGH.

How! alter his master's message at his humour! and scratch out the best line in it!

PENN.

He hath only too much zeal.

PETERBOROUGH.

All the rogues that ever lived have brought little misery upon the world, in comparison with those who had too much zeal.

PENN.

True: but take heed lest thy mouth offend, and thy speech give offence.

PETERBOROUGH.

I am called an Infidel; and an Infidel I am: but is my infidelity so mischievous in itself, or in its consequences, as the conduct of that man who exaggerates the words or changes the directions of his master?

In what, and against whom, am I an Infidel? At worst, I do not find reason enough to believe what others do. If I believe I see a tree, it may not be a tree: but how can I help believing that I see a tree? and if I see no tree, and cannot by any stretch of vision see it, will the smoke of faggots mend my eyesight?

Do not groan, William, nor let your arms hang down in that manner: for, if your mare should

stumble among these old charred roots, it might do somewhat worse, I apprehend, than blacken your dove-coloured thigh-case.

PENN.

Wonderful, but saddening to the soul, unless we had better hopes from better justice! whoever thinks worthily of God is in danger of being styled an atheist, and whoever would frame his will to the rules of the divine one, a visionary, an enthusiast, or a hypocrite. Fears and formularies, received by men from men, are called religion; belief and trust in Providence, truth, kindness, equity, mere things of this world. O! were they so, were they so indeed! then the confines of this world would touch, and almost be confounded with the other; and our hearts and imaginations might every day take exercise and repose there. Why are so many folks necessary, with parliaments and penalties, with castles and battlements and bayonets and bells, to make us of a true religion? Why are we in a state of despondency without plush, and damned without the dyer? We friends are reprobated: wherefor, because we offer no sureties to God for infants, whom we may never see after they grow up, and about whose conduct it is deemed needless to be solicitous and unbecoming to be inquisitive; because we have no hand laid a moment on our heads in childhood to make us upright and steddy for life; because we

do not sit down on our knees, with a book, for the sake of society, nor take a morsel of bread and a sip of wine in the morning, to remind us of eating a supper, of which others were in fact the eaters.

PETERBOROUGH.

This part at least of the vital in religion is, methinks, what the imitators might imitate better, with little pains.

PENN.

I do not approve of thy scoffing at the *vital in religion*..

PETERBOROUGH.

Friend Penn! every man hath his favorite guard and pass. You made several lunges at the midriff; I made but one.

PENN.

Thy words were inconsiderate, and might become a stumbling-block of offense.

PETERBOROUGH.

I now perceive, my worthy friend, no man ever fought for religion: it was for some little idol which his own heart had fashioned, or which, whether bought or given or snatched up and run off with, he carried in secret under his doublet, either to help him in his crimes, or to keep him at least from punishment. You need none such: but every kind of love must have its object; self-love among the rest, an object the most distinct and definite.

PENN.

Thou art hard upon me: and yet, who knoweth whether God hath not given thee on this occasion the spirit of truth, to strike me the more forcibly. I have suspected in myself the thing thou sayest: nay, I have found it, and have cast it out. It may have entered again under the haze of zeal, and have stood invisible in the high place, in the rock of Zion, in the shadow of the temple.

Come over unto us! come over unto us! come into our camp! and thou shalt rejoice with exceding great joy.

PETERBOROUGH.

I am not so wild: I am on leave of absence.

PENN.

Be persuaded at least that with us excommunication is according to the command of Christ, altho in churches it be not. Excommunication precluded no man formerly from the enjoyment of legal protection and of civil rights; but only from the communion of believers, from their assemblies, their contrition, and their fasts: a penalty by no means intolerable to people of such a turn.

PETERBOROUGH.

I could have borne it myself, tho none of the meekest.

These humble men however would not let their superiors sit quiet.

PENN.

Thou wrongest them. When they grew rich they grew restless.

PETERBOROUGH.

I could have cured this disorder in them.

PENN.

Even bishops, and those of Rome among the others, so far from assailing the rulers of the world, requested and implored their protection: so far from excommunicating them, as they did afterward, and ordering their subjects to rebell against them, they came forward as supplicants for gratuities and favours; and boasted of deserving them, by having prayed in their churches for the safety of the prince and the prosperity of the empire.

PETERBOROUGH.

Ho! ho! they did, did they? I always had heard and believed that our own holy fathers bore no resemblance whatsoever to the old ones: I see they differ little in essentials.

PENN.

Christianity, in my view of her, not only makes us able to bear our sufferings, but in great measure to avoid them; not only to obey, but to select the proper objects for obedience. She enlarges the intellectual and moral world about us: and by this enlargement the horrible signs of thy zodiac, friend Mordaunt, if gape upon us they must,

will gape upon us after longer intervals. But I trust that a new order of things has commenced and will continue. In England you may want perhaps, for some time longer, kings, bishops, chancellors, lords: in America our wishes are humble and tranquil, by not having such objects of excitement and delight before our eyes. We shall be contented with equality of rank and right, with honest unpresuming plain-spoken christianity, and with a paternal distribution of uncostly justice.

PETERBOROUGH.

Tho addicted to no particular system, of philosophy or religion or government, I am convinced that if you destroy the institutions and customs of men, however bad a great part of these may be, you also chill the blood of their attachments, which are requisite for the prosperity, and indeed for the safety, of nations. At the same time, I am not sorry to find you setting an example here of sobriety and forbearance. These virtues will gradually allure and conciliate many, by the wealth and respectability attendent on them. If however all Englishmen were at once such as the society of friends, they would have their throats cut before the next harvest: a consideration which has hindered the greater and better part of christianity from being yet admitted in any European state.

PENN.

My young friend, genius with thee is like the bird of paradise, all wing: should it wish to alight and settle on any thing, it finds under it no support.

PETERBOROUGH.

Penn, I was once a great admirer of Rochefoucauld, and fancied his Maxims were oracles. It happened that, quoting them one day at dinner, my adversary told me I had reversed the sentiment: I found I had. Upon this, I began to reverse, for curiosity's sake, almost every sentence of my shrewd and smart philosopher; and discovered that they looked just as comely the wrong side outward as the right, wherever I could give as easy and quick a turn as that of the original. This persuaded me that we receive for the wisest things the gracefullest and the boldest, and that what are called speculative truths are in general not only unimportant, but no truths at all. Industry, cleanliness, equanimity, beneficence, are the intelligible parts of your system: these constitute civilization, and will not suffer it, I hope, to slide or bulge or decline. It is quite a new and ingenious thought, to try whether christianity can stand alone: and the experiment is well worthy of our attention.

PENN.

Thou speakest with levity and indifference, young man, upon matters of eternal interest.

PETERBOROUGH.

I know nothing, I must repeat it, about these affairs; but I have experienced that some of eternal interest, if there be any such in reasoning, ought to be held as lightly as a rapier, or they may be twisted out of our grasp into the air. Having asked the discreet and pious of several persuasions, whether, in their judgement, God alone is uncreated, infinite, and eternal, each, however he might differ from the rest on other topics, replied in the affirmative. What an opinion must I form on the perversion of the human mind, afraid as I find it everywhere of admitting that time and space must also be eternal, infinite, uncreated.

PENN.

Those doctors would have acted more judiciously and honestly, in owning that they knew nothing about the business, and that it is a question which our Saviour did not come upon earth to agitate or to solve. We have already more knowledge than we are disposed to bring into use: when we have well practised the whole of it, perhaps he who gave us it may give us more. One would imagine that the wisdom of those who govern, might be better for a supply now and then from the wisdom of those who reason in retirement. Instead of which, politicians and philosophers are the two classes of men the most opposite in the world, standing with their eyes fixt one upon the other, in suspicion, or

indignation, or scorn. The most extravagant are the oftenest quoted: but it is merely to shew the futility of innovation or reform. I do not assert that there is a single axiom in Plato that a minister in any country or any age ought to receive and act on: but many of them, taking up his fame when it suits their purposes, announce him as a high authority, holding in derision those who stand nearer, such as Harington and Milton, superior to him in gravity, superior in sense and virtue.

PETERBOROUGH.

I remember one axiom of the divine man, which every minister in my times has both received and acted on.

PENN.

Altho I perused his dialogues on polity a little while ago, I cannot recollect it.

PETERBOROUGH.

He forbids the use of falsehood to the community at large, but allows it to the rulers: just as the papal priests do with the wine at the sacrament, giving it one to the other, but withholding it from the people. Plato calls it a medicine, and tells us we must concede it to the physician, in order that he may use it as he pleases; but we must let no other man meddle with it. Surely, my friend Penn, you cannot

deny that persons in authority, with us, cherish this Platonic sentiment with somewhat more than Platonic affection.

PENN.

I grieve at the man's vacuity, who imagines that falsehood, of all vices the easiest to take root and the hardest to extirpate, is likely to be long in overrunning the country, when the breath of those who govern us blows it abroad at will, in every direction. Besides, did he not see that, sooner or later, the lie must be exposed; and that not only the bad example would ramify in the closest and most sheltered concerns of life, but that the government itself must be rendered unstable, when the governors were found cheats and liars.

PETERBOROUGH.

He would not permitt the soldiers to reside in the city.

PENN.

In other words, he would not permitt them to care a farthing for the townsmen they are to protect: in that case a slight matter would incline them to the invader.

PETERBOROUGH.

Not at all: he provides against it, by informing them it is idle and sacrilegious to aspire after the poor corrupt money current upon earth.

PENN.

They would buffet him for an impostor, or tie him to his bedpost for a madman.

PETERBOROUGH.

He has provided against that also. He tells them another story first: he says to them, "You and your arms and your equipments sprang up from the bosom of your mother Earth. You must protect your mother Earth, and likewise her weaker children, your little brother fellow-citizens. As for gold, the Almighty mixed a quantity of it in your primary conformation, which adapts and entitles you to command; while in your little brother fellow-citizens he mixed up only brass and iron, rendering them fitter for artisans and husbandmen."

PENN.

I remember this foolery.

PETERBOROUGH.

Now tell me, friend Penn, whether you yourself are not, in some sort, equally liable to be taken for a visionary.

PENN.

Thou mayest take me for a visionary, friend Mordaunt, but thou shalt never take me for a liar.

PETERBOROUGH.

Of that indeed there is no danger. I would have added the chief reason on which you might

appear as a visionary to many, or rather indeed to most people.

PENN.

Prythee add it: since, should it be wanting, I see not how thou mayest so soon correct me.

PETERBOROUGH.

You fancy we can live without war.

PENN.

That is, I fancy we can live without slaughter. It sounds absurdly, no doubt. A strange fancy, a hot, wild, wrong-headed aspiration, in me and my brethren! No wonder thou laughest at so novel, so irregular, so awkward a stretch and strain, of my humble and squat imagination.

PETERBOROUGH.

Do you believe that others would let you remain quiet, and admire, with uplifted and united palms, your industry and your innocence? or rather that to flourish is not to invite the visit and quicken the appetite of spoliation? Do you expect that the bad man will forbear, because the good man will?

PENN.

I believe that the desire of possession is universal, or nearly so; that it may produce good, and that it may produce evil. Property is the bond and seal of civilization. The sight of it however will arouse in those who have it not, and in some also

who have it, the lust of violating it. Prisons and chains and halters are coarse reproofs at best. If we would be rather less dignified, and rather more humane, we should be safer and usefuller. Cannot we go among those whom we suspect of rapacity or cruelty, and speak tenderly with them, and remonstrate reasonably? Cannot we shew them our garners, our growing corn, our furrows, and say to them, "These very things which you so much covet are your own, upon the same conditions as they were ours or our father's. They were laboured for before they were laboured *in*. Believe me, friends, there is less *wear and tear*, in the body and in the mind, to obtain them as we have done than as you would do. Doubtless you love your children: provide then for them, as ye may with certainty, by teaching them how to provide for themselves; how to be out of want and danger, out of grief and sorrow; how to form those marriages which will bring them into peaceful and plentiful houses, where they will be welcome and respected."

Reason, preceding a chastisement, forming no portion of it, and unconnected with it, has an effect on all; following one, it comes as a scoff, or as a section of the sentence.

Ideas of property cannot be very correct where there is little distribution of it; and those whom we call savages we often may find thieves. But

heavier injustice is done every six months in our English court of chancery, the Acropolis of Themis, than by all the savages on our borders in as many years. I have found them universally just, whenever I argued patiently and mildly, and greatly more calm and civil than our silken sergeants. Men are never very unjust, until they see and enter, and grope their way along, the perplexities and subterfuges of law. Feeling at first no reluctance to run into it, they experience at last no compunction to run thro it.

In England the statutes are often in opposition to religion, and religion to God's anointed, as you call the thing. Why cannot both together rest upon one foundation? Is Christ unable or unworthy to lead us? reject him then totally. But if his example and precepts are such as of themselves can make us virtuous and happy, should we not follow them without any deviation, and without stopping at any half-way house, to assemble a riotous and roaring party, to elect a toast-master, to booze and confound our intellects, to quarrel and fight, to slaver and slumber, and, after such heartiness and manliness, to toss about and tumble, and find ourselves at last unfit for the prosecution of our journey. Our master doth not permitt us to compromise and quarter with another: he doth not permitt us to spend an idle hour with him and then to leave him. Either our

actions must be regulated by him wholly, both individually and socially, both politically and morally, or he turns us out. We must resign the vanities and vices, the prostrations and adorations, of the heathen world altogether, or avoid his presence! We must call no others by his name, until those others shall possess the same authority and power. He did not place himself, great as he was, on the tribunitial chair with Cesar, nor on the judgement-seat with Felix: he governed, but it was in spirit; he commanded, but it was of God. Christianity could never have been brought into contempt or disrepute, unless she had been overlaid with false ornaments, and conducted by false guides. Her expounders and high priests, in all monarchies, are prompt and propense to be keepers of the regalia, and studious how they shall be, externally and intrinsically, as unlike as possible to the disciples and apostols.

PETERBOROUGH.

I am afraid, my friend William, you will generally find men of genius indifferent to the externals of religion.

PENN.

What are its externals? Canst thou shew me where vitality and feeling commence, in this purest and most delicate of existences? By *externals* you can mean nothing but *administration*. Men of genius then, I am to suppose, are utterly indifferent

to the administration of religion and law, if the law or the religion in themselves be good.

PETERBOROUGH.

I did not say law.

PENN.

I insist that religion is law: not the law of popes and parliaments, but the law of God. I do not contend that it is graven on the heart of man: nevertheless I must ever think that the heart of man is the better and the richer for receiving it. I will not assert to thee that corn was scattered by Providence on each side of us: yet how pleasantly these green waves do rustle in the air, whispering to us of divine bounty, and shewing us how much better is a state of peace and industry, than of ferocity and of idleness. And what is genius? so elevated in its disdain, so glorious in its indifference! This is a question, one would conceive, to be solved more easily. I will not take it however, where thou wouldst rather let it lie, from among our dialecticians; altho there can be no great genius where there is not profound and continued reasoning; I will not lead thee to Hooker or Taylor, or that loftier man now living, Isaac Barrow, but among those rather who delighted more in the excursions of fancy and imagination; which the above-mentioned had not to seek, but entertained with equal fondness and better mastery at home. Was Chaucer then indifferent? was

Spenser? was Milton? Did they not all oppose abuses and corruptions? did they not all turn the acuteness of their wit on these externals? By the help of God, my own industry shall be employed in brushing off the tender-bellied grubs from the beautiful plant which I hope to leave behind me, flourishing in this wilderness. We friends are reported to believe too little: yet we believe that God can hear our voices five feet eight inches from the pavement, as easily as with the calves of our legs tucked up against our breech, and leaving us but four feet above-ground.

PETERBOROUGH.

This is only a childish trick: who would object to it, or care about it?

PENN.

It is among those postures and pranks, which enable the bustling and authoritative of the place, to pick our pockets, and master us, and hold us down, and scourge us, at their greater convenience. The plainest and simplest things are the wholesomest; mostly of all in religion. Peace and equity are its only ends: if no system in Europe hath yet produced them, it is time to try another: for without them, we are not christians, and but corporeally men.

PETERBOROUGH.

Some latitude, some dignity, should be allowed to religion, in highly civilized nations.

PENN.

What would be thy feeling, if some simple beauty were introduced at court, in silks and flounces and rubies, and spoke the first sentence in her own plain homely dialect, the second in the conventional language of the palace? Surely the maiden would lose thereby much of her loveliness in thy sight, even tho thy passions had been engaged in her favour. How much more then must christianity lose in the like condition, when the passions are very far indeed from any engagement in her behalf!

PETERBOROUGH.

I cannot answer that satisfactorily: and can you answer me any more so, when I ask whether you do not wander from your own principles, and from the command of Jesus Christ, in refusing to pay taxes and tithes? Your master says, *Give unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*

PENN.

He doth so; and we obey him.

PETERBOROUGH.

How! by refusing the surrender of tithes and taxes, you obey the gospel, or the higher powers!

PENN.

Certainly; the higher powers are God and his eternal justice. After giving up to God all that belongeth to him, prythee, friend Mordaunt, what

remaineth to Cesar? Verily that broken switch in thy hand, or that foam about thy horse's bridle, would overpay him his right demands. He who delivered the ordinance, enabled those to whom he delivered it, to understand its import.

PETERBOROUGH.

It is pity that every thing in the New Testament is not plain and explicit.

PENN.

No pity at all: it is explicit and plain enough for whoever is earnest to emend his life by it. The little that is difficult to comprehend, serves to occupy attention and stimulate inquiry. Thou mightest say, it would be better still, if every thing it conveyeth were imprest upon the heart, without any book whatever. Not so: the human heart and intellect want exercise and excitement; and the eye is the first organ of meditation, altho in the end meditation is abstracted from the visual sense, and every other. Many are no less mistaken in an opposite judgement on the New Testament, and imagine there is more philosophy in abstruser volumes. Such volumes, being merely didactic, should be clearer, more systematic, more explanatory. If the authors could have rendered them so, they would have done it; just as the maker of glass would have made it whiter. Nothing is easier, to men of genius, nothing more certainly a proof and part of it, than to compose

what raises men's wonder and admiration: nothing more difficult than to shew them distinctly the simplest and most obvious truth. They can no better see or comprehend it, than they can see or comprehend the air, until thou hast quickened their sight by purifying their affections. During this operation they will call thee pedant, or enthusiast, and throw perhaps some heavy book at thy head, bidding thee to read it again and again, and to be modester and wiser. Little as I shall ever be contented with my modesty or my wisdom, I hope to improve and to increase them daily, by a patient and kindly intercourse with my fellow men, and a humble unquestioning obedience to our heavenly father. Peace and quiet are, in this happy climate, the unfailing fruits of concession and forbearance; fruits which I hope may be transplanted and husbanded, with all the attention and solicitude they ought to be, in countries where at present they have been but heard of, and with indistinctness and with incredulity.

Thou thyself art inclined, my friend, to doubt and dispute the verities of Revelation. I shall not argue with thee on the tenets of any particular sect, nor speak in my own person, nor according to my own belief, but generally and loosely, and as an indifferent man might reason, when a scheme was laid before him for the improvement and emolument of his kind. Something of fear, thou

wilt acknowledge, is requisite, for the coercion of the ungenerous and unjust: something of hope, something of promise, something of security, for the beneficent and righteous, for the afflicted and opprest. Thou thinkest thou art doing no wrong in removing the foundations of hope. To think it, is a folly; to do it, is a robbery.

PETERBOROUGH.

In what way a robbery? Come, tell me; for you stopped to expect my question.

PENN.

Hope is the best of possessions.

PETERBOROUGH.

Of possessions truly!

PENN.

Ay, that it is. The provident rear it early in their bosoms, and the improvident, when every thing else is squandered, cling at it to the last.

If we find a few stubborn texts of Holy Scripture, that would exclude many good men from their rewards, we may reasonably think them the dreams of hot enthusiasts, exhausted by their aspirations and distempered by their zeal. We should more wisely turn to the words of the teacher than to the glosses of the interpreter, and press toward him thro the clouds that surround him, in which alone is darkness and dismay: for his countenance is irradiated, his speech is simple, in

his voice is confidence, and in his mien is peace. Why wouldst thou push men away from him, even if thou wert persuaded that he has nothing for them? They are better for trying to merit it, and happier for continuing to expect it. Neither of us can say to a certainty that it is unattainable. The means, we are assured, are not difficult, and the mediator is not repulsive. There may be folly in most religions, and if thou wilt, in all: but the greatest of folly is to hinder men from happiness, to render them turbulent, disorderly, lawless, desperate.

PETERBOROUGH.

Certainly it is wiser, when you have broken their bones, to tell them that they may pick them up again, and case them better, hereafter; that is, if they will but hold their tongues about it, or employ them in praising the Lord for his loving mercies.

PENN.

Oppression and injustice are not wanted to make the promises of a man's own heart acceptable to him, and to expand his breast with joy and gladness, at the responses given to them (as he believes they are) from above.

PETERBOROUGH.

If commerce itself is bad and iniquitous when it falls into the hands of a company, what is religion? This is now a craft.

PENN.

Woe! woe! to those who make it one: woe! woe! to those who enter into it . . .

PETERBOROUGH.

. . . without a patron in the chancellor, or a friend in the huntsman of the squire.

PENN.

Thy light spirits will one day carry thee into the wilderness, and leave thee there sore smitten and without strength. Unworthiness! thou laughest at men's wrongs.

PETERBOROUGH.

Because men are made now as they were made formerly, and yet bear them. Such being the fact, I think I have esteem enough for them, in ranging them with my other instruments, lead and iron.

PENN.

Great God! the proud themselves decry and detest the oppressor, while only the powerless pity the opprest.

PETERBOROUGH.

Nations are to be commiserated for no other evils than such as the elements cast among them. A quiver of arrows, well directed by half a dozen boys, would remove, in a single hour, the heaviest that philosophers and patriots have tugged against for ages.

PENN.

Certain plagues, like certain weeds, must be cut down rapidly three or four times in the season: this alone kills them. Happy the land where such cutting down can be avoided!

PETERBOROUGH.

The better your institutions are, and the purer your religion and morality, the less likelihood is there that your numbers will increase. Want indeed may compell a few hundreds to emigrate from England: but what gain you by such colonists as those?

PENN.

A pledge; a security. Whoever emigrates from want, presents a token that he would rather work than steal, rather help his neighbour than beg. In England a family may often be a curse; in America it will always be a blessing. In England a child brings with it poverty, in most instances; in America wealth.

PETERBOROUGH.

In England they are swamps and bushes, in America ploughs and oxen: ay Penn!

PENN.

Without them, and in greater proportions than the luxuries of England can afford, our ploughs would rot, our oxen run wild. Wherever I see a child before me in America, I fancy I see a

fresh opening in the wilderness, and in this opening a servant of God, appointed to comfort and guide me, ready to sit beside me when my eyes grow dim, and able to sustain me when my feet are weary. Look forward, and behold the children of that child. Few generations are requisite, to throw upon their hinges the heavily-barred portals of the vast continent behind us. Thy horse appeared to scent by instinct the high-road across it; and thy heart, Mordaunt, panted with prescience to pass the barrier, which, the tyrant and his fool would tell thee, Nature hath interposed. Who knows but, a century or two hence, we may look down together on those who are journeying, in this newly-traced road, toward the cities and marts of California, and who are delayed upon it by meeting the Spaniards driven in troops from Mexico.

PETERBOROUGH.

You began with a dream, you are ending with a vision.

PENN.

Every thing good hath been ever called so: my answer is, past events shadow out future ones.

PETERBOROUGH.

We move in the midst of these shadows, but discern not their forms and tendencies.

PENN.

Perfectly we do not discern them: nevertheless,

from the invariable practice of hereditary potentates to abuse and arrogate power, and from the spirit of agricultural states in their adolescence, and from the vantage-ground wheron that spirit stands, when it settles but to soar away, he who is not an idiot must be a prophet.

First the brutes possessed the earth: afterward they and men contended for it, and held it equally: by degrees men acquired the ascendency: lastly, as the monsters were thinned and scattered, men contrived to raise up artificial ones, covering them with furs and hair, and admiring their truculent looks and fierce colours. These creatures, like the pig-enactor in the fable, did bravelier than those they represented, and allowed no better than a precarious and merely animal existence, to their fanciful dressers and complacent fosterers. It was not the tree of folly that

> Brought death into the world and all our woe;

it was the tree of wisdom. As this apologue is liable to many interpretations, it may admitt mine among the rest.

PETERBOROUGH.

Let me hear it: a fable is sometimes a refreshment.

PENN.

Mine is, that neither the ignorance nor the passions of mankind are immediately and of

themselves the causes of their corruption and wretchedness, but the uses and ends to which they have been converted by the warier.

PETERBOROUGH.

One thing peculiarly pleases me in your religious doctrines.

PENN.

I rejoice to hear it: say which.

PETERBOROUGH.

You pay nothing for them.

PENN.

To suppose that we want hirelings to teach us our duties, is to suppose that our fathers and mothers have given bad examples and appointed bad executors. Taking a different view of the subject, holiness, you may tell me, hath little weight with most people: I know it: but every man who wishes to leave his children either rich or respectable, will provide that they first acquire from him what shall preserve their riches and promote their respectability; that is, frugal habits and civil demeanour. Quarrels for tithes, and appointed prayers, imperfectly serve the purpose. They supersede those endeavours which would be made, for every man's own interest, in every man's own house; not perhaps by psalms and sermons, but by exhortations and examples.

PETERBOROUGH.

There is something grand and imposing in our hierarchy.

PENN.

Troth is there! and more than enough of both: yet there was nothing grand or imposing in Christ and his successors, who gained more proselytes than your hierarchal folks lose.

Grandeur is what the eye makes it. For my part, I see nothing grand in frocks and flounces: I see nothing grand in a fellow who wears one shirt next his skin and another over his coat. I find in your Church,

Luxuriam spoliorum et censum in damna furentem,

as the pagan poet hath it; and we brethren are convinced that it not only is no help or assistence to true piety, but that it chills and impedes it. I speak of its effect on the whole; not on one individual, one family, or one parish. Moreover we think, and can prove by figures, that its revenues are more than sufficient to maintain an army (since armies you will maintain) of such strength, as should repell the most obstinate aggression. This is not always to be expected: suppose then that warfare shall exist among us, even when we grow wiser, one year in three; the other two years' income might be applied to the education of the poor: shortly, it would leave none in that predicament. We demonstrate in our society the practicability of the thing, without any such abundant means at our disposal, and suffering under

the aggravation of war-taxes, as may happen, and church-taxes, as must befall us irremissibly.

PETERBOROUGH.

In this you have done admirably, divinely.

Religions are calculated for climates. Popery is lax enough for the warmest. Its modification in the Church of England, stiff but elastic, serves best for the variable atmosphere it was composed in. Yours is the most judicious where there is a trade in beavers. The thornier and rigider Calvinism takes root and flourishes under the Alps and Ben-Lomond.

PENN.

Governors, who are the gainers, will allow any creed, provided the people pay them regularly, and ask no questions. Calvinism is the product of cold and gloomy countries; and such countries being likewise poor, nobody is at the trouble to extirpate it out of them, if the natives will but abstain from leagues and covenants. Let it however sprout up for a season in any rich soil and sunny exposure, and thou shalt find dragoons turned into the field against it, with such hoes and harrows as the like husbandmen use most expertly. Languedoc has witnessed this. The catholic priest himself, is less intolerant than one might imagine. It is not the reprobate creed that troubleth his slumbers: it is the new-fangled bolt wrapt up in it, made on purpose for

the apartment of thy daughter. An accursed creed! it turneth him out of more dormitories than were contained in the palace of Priam, and strippeth from him the supervisorship of more kitchen-stoves than smoked for Elagabalus. With one foot upon thy bed and the other upon thy belly, he fancied thee fairly his: and now he thinks the devil must be in thee if thou hast turned thy back against him. He curses thee, kicks thee, and leaves thee to that *Evil one's* disposal.

PETERBOROUGH.

I am not sordid nor avaricious; yet, in my opinion, the worst of the matter is the money we are obliged to contribute, altho we have no appetite for the ordinary. Those who receive the best education, and who want no new instruction, pay the most: those who, being seceders, decline the doctrine and follow another, pay for both, and perhaps thrice as much for that which they reject as for that which they cherish. This in another age or two will be incredible, at least in England and in America.

There are two reasons however why I never could become a member of your society: first, I never should be quiet or good enough: secondly, supposing me to have acquired all the tranquility and virtue requisite, my propensity toward the theater, and its fairer actresses, would seduce me.

PENN.

Thy language is light and inconsequent. Thou couldst not indeed be quiet and good enough for any rational and sedate society, and oughtest not even to discourse with any confidence on virtue, unless thou hadst first subdued such an idle fantasy as that of mockery, and such vile affections as those for paint and fiddles, and wind-instruments and female ones.

PETERBOROUGH.

They who are to live in the world, must see what the world is composed of .. its better and its worse.

PENN.

No doubt; he who is to live in a street, must see the cleaner parts of the pavement and the dirtier: but must he put his foot into them equally? or, according to thy system, step over the plain flagstone to splash into the filth?

PETERBOROUGH.

Philosophers tell us our passions and follies should be displayed to us, together with their evil consequences, that we may regulate and controul them.

PENN.

In my opinion, who am no philosopher, we should grow as little familiar even with their faces as may be. We ought to have nothing to do with such as are exhibited on the tragic stage: if they

really exist, they are placed by Providence out of our range; they cannot hurt us unless we run after them on purpose. Then, do we want strange characters of less dimensions, such as can come under our doorway and affect us at home? We meet them every where; nay, we cannot help it.

PETERBOROUGH.

Elevated sentiment is found in tragedy; elegant reproof in comedy.

PENN.

Comedy is the aliment of childish malice; tragedy of malice full-grown. Comedy has made many fools, and tragedy many criminals. Shew me one man who hath been the wiser or the better for either, and I will shew you twenty who have been made rogues and coxcombs, by aping the only models of fashion they can find admittence to, and as many more who have grown indifferent and hard-hearted, and whatever else is reprehensible in higher life.

Who would not be moody, stern, vindictive, unforgiving, if great monarchs set the example before him? and who fears those chastisements at the end, which it would be a thousand times more difficult for him to run into than to avoid? There is only one thing in either kind of scenic representation which is sure enough never to hit him.. the moral.

If however thou visitest the theater for reflexion,

thou art the first that ever went there for it, altho not the first that found it there. Reflexion, from whatever quarry extracted, is the foundation of solid pleasures: which foundation, we think, cannot be laid too early in the season.

PETERBOROUGH.

Solid pleasures, like other solid things, grow heavy and tiresome: I would rather have three or four lighter, of half the value, readily taken up, and as readily laid down again.

PENN.

The time will come, young man, when thou wilt reason better, and wilt detest that wit, the rivet of sad consistency. Thou hast spoken, as thou fanciest, a smart and lively thing; and, because thou hast spoken it, thou wilt tie thy body and soul to it.

PETERBOROUGH.

Possibly the time may come, but it lies beyond my calculation, when the frame of my mind may be better adapted to those cubic joys you were proposing for me: but I have observed that all who in their youthful days are the well-strapt even-paced porters of them, have been first broken down by calamity or infirmity.

PENN.

The greater sign of infirmity, the greater of calamity, is there apparent, where the intertexture of pleasures and duties seems intractable.

PETERBOROUGH.

If the theater were as hostile and rancorous against the Church, as the Church in some countries is against the theater, we should call it very immoral. Splendour and processions and declamation and rodomontade are high delights to the multitude: if they are accompanied by lofty and generous sentiments, they do good; if they are accompanied by merriment and amusement, they do more good stil: for lofty and generous sentiments are so ill fitted to the heads and hearts of most men, that they fall off in getting thro the crowd in the lobby; but the amusement and merriment go to bed with man and wife, and something of them is left for the children the next morning at breakfast. I have no greater objection to parade and stateliness in that theater where the actors have been educated at the university, than in that where one can more easily be admitted behind the scenes: what I want is, a little good-nature and good-manners, and that God should be thought as tolerant as my lord chamberlain.

The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theater, is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cesar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona and other equally interesting female characters. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer:

but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and ideal: nor is it any thing short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of even such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity*, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You friends are no less adverse to representations by painting than by acting.

PENN.

We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

* In my youth, I was fond of reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and purchased a fine edition of Rousseau's works, in which were engravings. Opening the *Nouvelle Heloïse*, my eyes fell upon one of them; and never afterward have I looked into the book, which I instantly closed with more sorrow than ever merchant did his ledger, when he found an insuperable balance against him.

PETERBOROUGH.

Nearly, but not quite so. I am ignorant of the art, and preferr that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the bible, of heroes in the classics, of great statesmen and great captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same terrific thieves and robbers, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities, fixt on a point of time.

When I look on a family-picture by Vandyk, when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses, gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers, negligently holding them, that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aking hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time,

leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art*.

PENN.

Vanity! vanity! vanity! as thou hast proved. The fine arts, as you call them, have always been the attractive clothing of a venal religion. Ours is not such, and needs no such lures. A religion ought no more to be forced on us for payment, than soap and candles.

The first property was a portion set apart for the Gods; that is, for the conjurors or priests. Shortly, those who decided on subjects of litigation, took presents for their good offices, and by degrees clamed rewards. Hence originated two classes or professions, which have absorbed, in the course of ages, more by many times than the fee-simple of the whole cultivated earth. They are contrary to christianity and subversive of it.

PETERBOROUGH.

I know enough of both to see this. Here indeed you stand beyond controversy.

PENN.

Friend, whenever thou hearest it said, as thou often must do, that there is some excellent sense in this man or the other, thou mayest always find

* Portrait-painting has at all times been the kind of painting most esteemed among the English; whether from any such feeling as is here exprest, may be doubted.

it in strict correspondence with the preconceived opinions of the sage observer: and where the author or speaker is wrong, he is wrong exactly where he would set his reader or hearer right, and cannot. If we are weak in proportion to our failures, the best intellects, as you would call them, are the feeblest of all: for the most rational advice has the fewest followers, the plainest reasoning the most obstinate opposers. We have no right to be angry or vexed at any such disappointment. When a wise man cannot make an unwise one better, shall he therefor let the unwise one make him worse? Shall the weak, while he holdeth pertinaciously to his ignorance, snatch away temper and discretion from the strong?

PETERBOROUGH.

Argumentative enough: but the business is, to remove those insects, which, deriving their sustinence from the juices of the state, take its colour and seem its substance.

PENN.

Our society, altho it be extinguished, and altho its extinction be as early even as thou prognosticatest, will at least leave behind it the remembrance, that it marched foremost of the vanguard, and opposed those inveterate unrelenting pestilences, in the spirit of justice and in the gentleness of consistency. That communities, in their most depraved and rotten state, stand more upright

without them, is plain and evident; in regard to one, from the practice of your judges, who, whenever a case of property is most difficult and delicate, recommend it to the arbitration of friends; in regard to the other, from the manifestation of more quietude, regularity, and happiness, in those who have seceded from the toilet, the feast, and the theater, of a city-bred court-aping religion, into their own family party, their private sheltered walks, and noiseless untrampled grassplots. I do not calculate here on worldly loss and profit: I do not demonstrate to you, as I might do in figures, that after government hath fairly done its worst, a fifth of every man's remaining goods and chattels are piled up and swept away; and we are at last so prest and elbowed, so jostled and trodden on, between the bar and the pulpit, while we clap our hands to our seals our pockets are slit to the very bottom, with little care or concern for the skin under; and, if we cry out, there is always a hand in readiness to stop our mouths, and to stifle and strangulate such as would resist. Where the lawyers flourish, there is a certain sign that the laws do not: for this flourishing can only arise from the perplexity or the violation of them*. If

* Lest I should be thought to have spoken here and in some other places, with too little reflexion and too little experience on our laws, let me add a line of elucidation to this sentence. It was decreed by Lord Ellenborough that I

an English lawyer is in danger of starving, in a market-town or village, he invites another; and both thrive. Hence, tho litigation is their business, they usually are courteous one to another, whenever and for whatever purposes they meet: on the same principle of abstinence as is displayed by vultures; which, however hungry and strangers, do not attack the stronger the weaker, but, sullenly concentrated, await in calm providence the weltering

should live two years without rent, from a tenant who held a farm under me at about a thousand pounds yearly. After two years it was decreed by the same authority that every thing I claimed was due to me. The rents meanwhile were deposited with the sheriff, and another year's was becoming due. My attorney forgot to demand it, but did not forget to bring in a heavy bill against me for forgeting it, which I discharged. This, on an encumbered and entailed estate, has deprived me of my country for thirteen years, and will deprive me of it for the remainder of my life. It obliged me to borrow three thousand pounds at fifteen per cent.; to sell my furniture and pictures at a loss of some thousands more; to suffer my house, recently built by me, to fall into ruin, and nearly a million of trees to lie abandoned, to whoever chose to make an inroad for his cattle. An attempt to obtain redress would ruin my family, "unto the third and fourth generation:" better stop at the second. This is only a part of what I have suffered from the iniquity or insufficiency of our judicature: and never in my life did I appeal to it without having first proposed a reference to private arbitration. Whoever does otherwise, in my opinion, deserves to lose the whole of his fortune.

breeze, laden with glad tidings of pestilence or of battle. What is more wonderful and inexplicable, to a man who thinks on it, than that, after many hundred years of the same government, and this government called a good one, a wise one, an example to others, some new statute should be deemed requisite every six months? When children break their toys and cry for fresh ones, we attend to them only because they are children: when men break those bonds which hold them together, and, as often as the gravest of them assemble, want some of another colour and quality, we give them honorable names for it, instead of scourging and sending them supperless to bed. I fear, my friend, that laws are contrived rather to increase the fortunes of the few than to secure those of the many. The makers and menders of them do a great deal of work in a little time, and have hardly put into their pockets the money for it, when our victuals drop out of some unsoldered chink into the fire, and the same tinkers must hammer, and the same payers must pay, again*.

PETERBOROUGH.

English law, like the torpedo, kills only those

* General Bathurst, examined before a committee of the Commons on the county-rates, stated that poor persons were recommended by their solicitors to plead guilty, to avoid the fees: the fee for an acquittal in the Western Circuit is one pound six and eightpence.

who have no metal to put between it and them. It does not appear that God will ever let the world rest, without one or more of his curses on it. When the rattle-snakes and allegators are exterminated in this country, barristers and attorneys may shoot up.

PENN.

Our maker's plagues upon wealth and avarice!.. but the religion we profess will never allow such a dreadful scourge to infest our people.

PETERBOROUGH.

Our English Themis, venerable for her paunch, and glorious in the rich array of native carbuncles, makes her scales of gold, her weights of rubies.

PENN.

Truly doth she, and rubies concreted from the heart-blood of the people, in her cranks and crevices. If, after what goes among the lawyers, the English are to pay a tenth to the clergy, and a tenth to the civil power in taxes, they, on the score of property, derive no advantages whatever from the social state. For, supposing the whole island to be as much over-run by robbers, as any part of the globe ever was, you cannot yet suppose that these robbers could take to themselves a fifth of all property, immovable and movable. Districts the most infested by them would suffer in a much less degree than this: and common sense and common

interest would unite the population, however rude and scattered, however timorous and abject, against such despoilers. The most exposed to their outrages would be exposed to less ruinous demands; and these demands themselves would soon cease: wheras there is no appearance that those heavier ones, under which our mother country labours, will have any other termination than such as our peaceful habits and humane religion teach us to deprecate and avoid.

Tithes, according to the practice of the Anglo-saxon and British church, never were intended for the priest alone; but, beside the maintenance of the clergyman, for the repairs of the church, for the relief of the poor, and for the entertainment of the pilgrim and stranger*. Thus we cannot suppose that more than a third of them went to the parson; particularly as the distribution was left to the bishop and his assistents. The tithes of a whole diocese were collected; and as the duties in each parish were the same, so the stipends of the ministers were equal. Men in those days fled from the sword to the church; in these we flee from the church to the wilderness.. a longer flight indeed, but a safer refuge, and a more satisfactory repose. Value the life of every man, in possession of goods, at ten

* See Southey's *Book of the Church*, Vol. I. p. 80.

years purchase; he pays two years income to be be allowed that of the other eight: and on what security? How does he know that the *posse curiæ* may not encroach as deeply on the rest? Can any wise man endure this state of things, with the power of avoiding it? any brave man with the power of overturning it?

PETERBOROUGH.

Faith! no. But we always are either staggering-drunk with war or fast asleep with peace.

PENN.

Here in Pensylvania, those who guide us are chosen by us for our guides; those who protect us are chosen by us for our protectors. We do not ask favours from them: we do not solicit that a portion of our own be thrown back to us, like the entrails of a beast to the dogs that have been chasing it: we do not stipulate or intrigue, that one of our sons may have, openly or secretly, a part of what his brothers and cousins, and many houses round, have contributed. Our agents cannot form themselves into gangs against us; cannot board our vessels, burn our plantations of tobacco, enter our houses, break open our cellars, cast out the materials of our beverage, whip us into their worship, or fine and imprison us for neglecting to attend it.

PETERBOROUGH.

You lay rather too much stress upon what you

call liberty of conscience, and are inconsistent in hating king James for having too much enlarged it. In fact, all people in all countries may worship what objects they please, if they will only be contented to keep within-doors. But even the quietest love display and dominion in worship. Political freedom is more material.

PENN.

Be it as thou sayest. According to the clearest, simplest, best definition, the office and nature of Justice is to give every one his due. Now, under kingly government, a man not only hath not his due, but hath not the means, or even the chance of obtaining it. Those who are most intimately acquainted with his abilities and his virtues, are without the power of placing them where they shall be serviceable to the community. He withers with his fruit upon his branches: and the sycophant, sunned in idleness and vacuity, points at him as a *lusus naturæ*.

PETERBOROUGH.

If the world were not composed of opposites, and if the actions of men were not in eternal contravention to their reasonings, I should have imagined that the peaceful manners of your people, and your abstinence from resisting, not only against authority, but even against wrong, would have rendered you more favorable to monarchy than to republicanism.

PENN.

Altho we resist not against wrong, we may like right better.

PETERBOROUGH.

Quiet is the principle of your institution, the rule of your lives and thoughts: now nothing is further from it than the spirit of democracy; as we may clearly see in the democratical portion of our constitution at home. Go, at the time of an election, to some borough unbiassed by aristocratical influence and ministerial seduction: you will not find the wisest or most upright of its burgesses in the chair; but either a stranger from a distance or an intriguer in the town: and not only the rabble are his partisans: the better sort, as they are called, lean toward him, rather than toward one whose shadow chills them, whose genius is a sting, and whose grandeur of soul a reproof to them. Newton and Locke, Milton and Shakespear, would never have been proposed or thought of, in any borough where they might happen to be born, supposing them likewise to have received the requisites of fortune. Had they offered themselves, they would have been told, *we do not want men of books, but men of business:* as if men of genius are not men of business in the higher sense of the word; of business in which the state and society are implicated for ages.

Common minds revolve these reasonings about them. Let them be contented with the prospect of their future glory; let us be, with the certainty of never being heard of hereafter; which saves us a great deal of concern, and allows us a perfect freedom of action.

PENN.

Thou reasonest well, and from observation. Thy arguments are the surest proof I could adduce, that a sounder morality and a purer religion are necessary, to guide the inconsiderateness of those whom thou callest (I wish the word were gentler) the *rabble*, and to mollify the malignity of (here too the expression is susceptible of improvement) the *better sort*.

Institutions cannot make men perfect. Fraud, injury, violence, may be discountenanced and diminished, if thou removest those whose authority began upon them, rests upon them, and must go upon them. Keep thy fellow creatures temperate, keep them sane, strong, tractable, by early and late discipline: speak mildly to the obedient; more mildly to the refractory; and on one side of thee thou wilt soon find friendship in the bonds of peace, and violence on the other self-disarmed.

PETERBOROUGH.

We should imagine, if we did not much reflect on the subject, that equality is a very natural sentiment: yet there is none to which nearly the

universality of mankind is constantly so averse. Bring before you the whole train of your acquaintance, of all ages, tempers, and conditions, and you will acknowledge at once the justice of my remark. I have observed among the peers whom I was accustomed to meet at my father's and unkle's, that they invariably bear toward one another a constrained familiarity or a frigid courtesy: while to their huntsmen and their prickers, to their chaplains and their cooks, or indeed another man's, they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality. Baronets are prouder than any thing we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and from what is below. Gentlemen of any standing are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely; and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one, among this our king Jamesis breed of curs, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest?

PENN.

Without any disposition to answer what never engaged a moment of my attention, let me suggest to thee, that whether thy remark be well or ill

founded, the desire of equality is not the less nurtured by Reason or the less approved by Christianity. Mankind is certainly quite as averse to patience, to forbearance, to returning good on receiving evil: stil I never heard of the preacher who discountenanced the recommendation of them.

PETERBOROUGH.

I mean only to shew you that, founded upon abstract principles, your society cannot last long.

PENN.

Not among the meal and tallow that breed the grubs thou hast thrown out before me: I know it: but, friend Mordaunt, there are sieves and ventilators in the world; and there will always be people who know alike how to make and where to exercise them.

PETERBOROUGH.

Men can only be kept in concord by their vanity; which, weak as you may call it, is the strongest and the most sensitive nerve in the human heart. If you will not let them be unjust, nay, if you will not be unjust toward the greater part of them, this greater part itself will scorn you. Nothing will raise such violent and such general discontent, as giving to every man his due.

PENN.

Such alas is the world! May we not improve it?

PETERBOROUGH.

May you not turn wolves into fawns, thistles into wheat, granite into peas and clover? Try this first.

PENN.

By the help of God I will undertake the other experiment. If I am to raise discontent, be it on this foundation! if men are to scorn me, be it for this offence!

PETERBOROUGH.

The object of your institution is to establish universal peace on universal equality. I do not assert that equality, inasmuch as relates to rights, is impracticable; which many have done too rashly: but I doubt its extent; I doubt its durability. Besides, since violence is the thing most hateful to you, I must remind you again and again that republics are usually more turbulent than monarchies.

PENN.

The mother who gives her own milk to her infant, hath often more trouble to make him quiet, than a boon-companion hath, twenty years afterward, to make him drunk, and may seem severer to the dissolute. Monarchy lets the wood run wild, lets swamps extend thro it, and reptiles infest it: this is her easiness, this is her providence, this is the blessing she imparts. If in a republic thou tracest the mark of the waggon-wheel and of

the hatchet, do not suddenly set it down among the certainties, that they were brought in for devastation: look round a little: see whether the plants are not the larger, and the loftier, and the healthier, for letting in air and light; whether the grass cannot grow under them for pasture; whether the allies are not useful for the exportation and importation of what is profitable; and whether they do not enable the proprietor to watch that "no thieves break in and steal."

Teach people to rule themselves, and they will neither bear violence nor inflict it.

Something of consistency, one would desire, should appertain to those discreet and regular men who uphold the government of hereditary kings, unanswerable for their misdemeanours, both as the most lawful and the most convenient. If the gardener had pruned thy fruit-trees improperly, wouldst not thou admonish him or dismiss him?

PETERBOROUGH.

Certainly.

PENN.

Thou thinkest it equitable and expedient.

PETERBOROUGH.

Beyond a doubt.

PENN.

If he seized thee by the throat for it, and protested he would hang thee, calling it atrocious,

and insisting that only the devil could have instigated thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

I would trip up the knave's heels, and cudgel him soundly.

PENN.

There are those peradventure who would incline to say that he deserved no better at thy hands. But suppose he should struggle and prevail against thee, and asseverate that not only he himself would continue to manage thy fruit-trees as beliked him, upon one wherof thou meanwhile wert hanging, but that furthermore his son and granson should do likewise, whether they had acquired a knowledge of horticulture or not; for that, as his father had been thy father's gardener, it was undeniable that he ought to be thine, and his elder son thy elder son's; waiving which argument, haply he would throw up a worm in thy face, and inform thee triumphantly, that if antecedently no fitness or reason had existed, yet both reason and fitness sprang up full-grown when he overthrew and smote thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

Famous illustration!

PENN.

Sneer not at what Prelacy holds the most pertinaciously of her doctrines, and what, if thou wilt not swallow it from the pulpit, thou must gulp

from the drum-head. Nay, Mordaunt, with all thy pride, impetuosity, and disdain, thou, even thou, art the liveryman of this gardener . . yea, thou who wert indignant to be designated as his master. Inconsistent creature!

PETERBOROUGH.

It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.

PENN.

Thou art not among those who place Fortune above Nature, and the weakest work of the weakest mortals above the greatest work of Deity in his omnipotence. It is generous in thee to acknowledge what it would be expected from thee to deny, if thou wert not higher than a garter could lift thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

I should be as mean as a man of fashion if I disallowed it, and as silly as a president of the council if I attempted to dissemble it. Only the first personage in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torne out that we come at once to the letters.

Your complimentary terms shall not preclude me from an attack on you, now we are away from

your garden and gardener. You also in manners and regimen have your inconsistencies.

PENN.

Let us correct them: we can do it, and are ready: what are they?

PETERBOROUGH.

I am not captious by nature, nor over-nice.

PENN.

Thou beginnest well.

PETERBOROUGH.

Really I am almost ashamed to take exceptions at mere words.

PENN.

Better and better.

PETERBOROUGH.

I will not spare you then. On my conscience, I do not see why your people, in reality so sincere, should use expressions in which there is no sincerity. *Friend*, on all occasions, is an abuse. A friend is a creature now extinct: we read of its petrified bones in distant regions, and those who would represent its figure in their persons, resemble it only in its petrifaction.

PENN.

We call every man our friend because we wish to be every man's. Thou hast not found friendship in certain places, because thou wert looking for something else. Take virtue with thee, and thou wilt either find it or not want it.

We admonish our younger brethren to omitt no opportunity of pouring their ill actions and ill thoughts into quieter and more capacious minds, wherin the swells of their sorrows and the irregularities of their other affections may subside and sweeten. This practice remains with them thro life. I see no similitude in it to that of the papist, when all the confidence a young man places in his father, and a young woman in her mother, is considered by the priest as not among the duties of life, unless both of them come before him, and submitt the tenderer and purer mind to his hardened and intrusive touch. He tells them such confession, and such only, is necessary to their happiness in a future state. God, he says, accepts it not as a merit, but as an atonement: those who have been injured may be passed aside: he himself acts for these, without seeing them, without communicating with 'em, without making them reparation, without rendering them account.

PETERBOROUGH.

There are creatures brought from other countries, as these priests were, and exhibited in fairs and markets and festivals (and wherever men and money are idly tost about) as these priests are, which superintend each others polls with much care and cunning, as these priests do, and pick out from them, and put between their grinders, the minute generations of incommodious things springing up innumerably from pruriency and scurf.

What thinkest thou? Thinkest thou that these animals, the bigger or the smaller, do the same for cleanliness? No; they do it for eating, as these priests do.

PENN.

Inconveniences there may be in our manners, but not to us: inconsistencies there may be in our government, but not ours are those. In this country, where we are left to ourselves, we reconcile them gradually or remove them peaceably.

PETERBOROUGH.

If they were serious, and in your native country, you would find your religious scruples an impediment to every such exertion.

PENN.

Thy indifference to modes of worship and to articles of faith is founded on the principle, I suppose, that a virtuous man will be virtuous in any of them.

PETERBOROUGH.

Unquestionably.

PENN.

What maketh him virtuous?

PETERBOROUGH.

His inclination; the current and quality of his blood.

PENN.

Hast thou reflected so little, as not to know that inclinations are given by discipline and habit; and

that the quality and current of the blood are as much to be modified by indulgence or coercion, as they are by pepper or hemlock. I would never try to arouse thy soul from the only state of languor it is subject to, did not this indifference to externals, as thou callest them, cover in almost every breast (and might hereafter in thine) an equal indifference to what lies deeper. But, the thing being so, rise from thy apathy, from thy lethargic trance, if true courage, or even if false, be within thee! Away to the Alps of Savoy, to the people of the Valley! Doth the sword charm thee? doth blood thrill thee? or hath it lost its voice with thee when it cryeth unto God? Thousands had been cast into infected prisons; yea, seventeen thousands. Winter stept in between the pestilence and them: and those whom the ice had not fastened to the floor were at last in number three thousand; when it appeared to their hereditary prince to be a costly matter, and an offence to the Virgin, to feed any longer these heretics. Scourged from their dungeons, bayoneted from their country, they traverse Geneva; they reach Berne. Not houses nor lands nor brotherly love, nor compassion, so sweet a stranger to them, so long unlooked for, could detain them there, nor the only alluring one of interdicted pleasures (for such it had ever been to them) the blessed communion of christian faith. Their grain was growing yellow

on its stalk, when they assembled by night in the wood of Nyon. The boldest of human enterprises was undertaken on the sixteenth of the eighth month, in the year of our redemption sixteen hundred and eightynine. Fewer than nine hundred scale the hostile mountains of Savoy. Prudence and Justice guided them in all their paths: they paid their cruel enemies for every thing needful, out of a pittance insufficient for perhaps another day. Between Suze and Brianson, at the bridge of Salabertrans, they were opposed by two thousand five hundred regular troops, and by a numerous armed peasantry. The bridge was barricaded: a battle of two hours rendered them masters of this position. Weary with their conflict, hungered (for now those amongst them who had money could procure no subsistence with it, the peasantry being in the field against them) they stil pursued their march, and, from the summit of the highest mountain on the road, beheld their country.

Why have they fallen upon the earth? and wherefor are they praising God? Because they have seen again the land that nurtured them in the strength of holiness, the rafters (for some were unconsumed) of the churches where their parents were united, and the elder-tree in full flower upon their graves. Orchards and gardens had disappeared: flocks there were none, nor any beast whatever: a licentious soldiery, now master of

their tenements, had roasted them. The villages were to be conquered from the invader. In another day not a trace remained of them, excepting two black lines, where the fire had run along. Reduced at last to four hundred combatants, they threw up strong entrenchments, and resisted until winter the repeated assaults of their increasing enemies. Early in the spring an army of twenty-two thousand men attacked them, and was repulsed. Eight days afterward the entrenchment was cannonaded and bombarded, and there was on every side a pertinacious and most desperate assault. This too failed: but as the ill-constructed parapet was laid in ruins, they escaped down the precipices by night, amid the centinels of the beleaguerer, and posted themselves at some distance, in the *Prè du Tour*, a small plain surrounded by the wildest mountains, where their ancestors like themselves had displayed such bravery, as never was exhibited in any region of the earth, by any other portion of the human race.

PETERBOROUGH.

What an unfortunate man was Ludlow, not to have been present at the battles of these brave fellows! He left their neighbourhood, and came into England, just before, hoping to end his days among us. I met him in Westminster abbey, the morning before that memorable sitting, when Sir Edward Seymour, who enjoyed the general's

estate at Maiden Bradley, moved the House of Commons for an address to the King, praying that he should be arrested. Whiggism prevailed: and the soundest and sincerest friend of liberty went again into exile for the constancy of his attachment.

I was struck by the manly, calm, unassuming, military air, of a robust and fresh-coloured man, about seventy years of age, who stood before me with his eyes fixt downward, on one spot. Being neither very shy, nor more disposed to balk my curiosity than my other propensities, I bowed to him respectfully, and expressed my persuasion that, if a friend or relative of his was about to be interred there, he would be attended by the sympathies of the nation.

Young gentleman, answered he mildly, *you do not know, apparently, whose bones have lain here.*

Certainly not, sir, I replied; *but probably many men's in many ages: for, whatever may be the respect which, in this place above others, is paid to the deceased, it will not ensure to their bones an undisturbed and permanent station.*

If it could, replied he, *surely those of the greatest hero, of the most prudent, humane, intelligent commander, that ever led Englishmen to victory, would not have been disinterred.*

The felonious Stuarts and their insatiable jackals, cried I, *prowled after rotten carcases,*

and had more stomach to lap congealed blood than to fight for fresher. And there are sycophants and scoundrels yet among us, who would excite our commiseration for their chastisement. The same fellows, next week, will be just as loyal and religious in extolling the powers that be.

He seemed neither to notice my expressions nor to partake in my emotion, but, laying his hand gently on my shoulder, he said gravely and tenderly, *Even generous enthusiasm leaves men sometimes ungenerous. We have removed the evil; let us pardon and forget it. Let us imitate, as far as we can, him whom we ought rather to think on than on the Stuarts. We are treading the ground that covered Blake . . the man of men.*

Roused to higher enthusiasm by his calmness than I could have been by his eloquence, if he had any, I seized him by the hand, and swore by God the eulogy was merited and true.

PENN.

And God will forgive thee; for, tho thou didst take his name in vain, never was it taken less in vain than then. Some admirals have maintained the glory of England; some have increased it: he found it lower than that of Holland, of Spain, or even of France, and raised it by his genius and valour far above them all. The hope is more

reasonable, that we may never want such men again, than that we shall ever see them.

PETERBOROUGH.

Hold! friend William! With your leave I will entertain both hopes alike; little as is the probability that, if any admiral shall equal him in the union of nautical skill and moral bravery, the same person will be equally grave, disinterested, dispassionate, humble, and tender-hearted. I agree with you that no fighting man was ever at once so great and so good a man as Blake: and since History and Experience do not inform us that there has been, Reason and Hope do not permitt us to believe that there will be at any time hereafter. In all ages, party and self are the prime movers of human action; and never were they more busy than in the whole of his life-time. Firm as he was in the principles of republicanism, he belonged to no party, and was as far removed from selfishness as from faction. He declined the honours of the state, he avoided the acclame of popularity, he won battles against calculation, he took treasures above it, he lived frugally, he died poor.

Ludlow was moved by the earnestness of my language and demeanour, and said gracefully, *Sir! I perceive you are a military man; so was I, while I had any existence as an Englishman.*

How! Sir! exclamed I.

They under these stones possess one, answered he; *for they inherit their place of rest. I come to seek it; and, if rumours are to be trusted, I may fail to find it. Again I behold my beloved country, in the enjoyment of peace and freedom. Much of my property, most of my days, all of my thoughts, designs, and labours, have been devoted to the consummation of this one event. How gladly have I bestowed them! how gladly shall I bestow the remainder. To see the country I have served by my life and writings, is an ample recompense for any service I could render her, and almost comforts me under the privation of friends, associates, and comrades, swept away by the storm that splitt our island and convulsed all Europe.*

An old beadel at this moment twitched me by the skirt of my coat, and drew me aside. *Have a care,* said he in a whisper; *that is old Ludlow. The tories would pink him and the whigs poison him.*

Faith! honest friend, said I, *you describe the two parties better than any one in the land.* Then, turning to the general, I told him he had a right to reprove my forwardness; and in order that he might know on what person the reproof should fall, I gave him my name. He said many kind things, and added some compliments. I

regretted that he was not received in the country with public honours, as having been commander in chief, and against a family then excluded by a majority of the nation, and now expelled by the whole. My indignation burst out against that wrangler and robber, Seymour, who, a few days afterward, drove him from the country, lest his virtues should be acknowledged, his sufferings pitied, his losses compensated, and his estates restored. In fact, William, was there ever an honest man or modest woman in that family? was there ever an individual, of either sex, unstigmatized for guile and rapacity?

PENN.

I know not: but certainly we may discourse on better people and better things.

PETERBOROUGH.

Our accounts of the Valdenses in England have never been explicit and particular.

PENN.

The government has always been unfriendly to the growth of freedom in foren countries, and to the purity of religion at home. In the time of Cromwel this opprest people was commiserated and protected.

PETERBOROUGH.

I remember some verses written on their calamities by his latin secretary, Mr. Milton, a strenuous advocate of their cause.

PENN.

And of every cause in which the glory of God and the dignity of man are implicated. He spake with the enthusiasm of a prophet, he reasoned with the precision of a philosopher, and he lived with the purity of a saint.

PETERBOROUGH.

I love all great men, and hate all counterfeits of them, particularly such as are struck and milled at a blow in the royal mint. Cromwel does not displease me, tho I should have fought against him.

PENN.

Thou wouldst have judged ill in fighting against him; for his side was the righteous one, the side of the sufferer, of the opprest: and thou judgest no less ill in saying he doth not displease thee. He is thought to have been a hypocrite for the sake of power; wheras in fact he was sincere, until power by degrees made him a hypocrite. How little then of it should be trusted to any man, when the wisest and the bravest and the calmest are thus perverted by it! However in no instance did he exercise his authority to the detriment of his country, which indeed he elevated as high in grandeur, as the hereditary Charles immersed it in disgrace. So great and so desirable a prince, as Cromwel, never since the creation had been appointed by the Lord of it, to preserve the

liberties and to moderate the passions, of a turbulent, a factious, and a sinful people.

PETERBOROUGH.

When so many high-minded men were against him, and those nearest him the most so, I wonder how he could contrive to mount above them as he did.

PENN.

Whoever is possest of such a genius, or any thing like it, and is resolved on deception, may rise to the first distinction: but neither deception without genius, nor genius without deception, will elevate him to that wide prospect of dominion, at which the tempter in his breast says, *This, O my worshipper, shall be thine.*

PETERBOROUGH.

In general there is as much difference between a usurper and a hereditary King, as there is between a wild boar and a tame one: but Cromwel had nothing in him ferocious; nor had Charles any thing sordid, if we except the abandonment of his friends when they were distrest, and of his promises when they were inconvenient. I disapprove of the clownishness in some and of the levity in others, with which they treated the criminal on his trial; nor do I less disapprove of the slavish baseness, the fulsome corrupt sycophancy, with which in his prosperity the king was served by

his equals: for above an English gentleman there neither ought to be, nor is there, in character and dignity, any thing upon earth. The king is the work of our hands; we are not the work of his: we existed before him, and shall exist after him: he may do much with us; without us nothing.

PENN.

In this thou art wise; and on this secure part of thy wisdom let thy bravery act, and rest.

PETERBOROUGH.

I know not upon what principle the chancellor Clarendon called Cromwel a *bold bad man*, unless it were to shew that he had redd a play of Shakespeare's; in which we find the same words, rather more happily applied. People are bad and good relatively and comparatively. Oliver would have been but a sorry saint, and no very tractable disciple or apostol; nor do I imagine that you would have admitted him without a scrutiny into the society of friends: but he was a good father, a good husband, a good companion, a good soldier, and (taking up now the point on which we are to consider him) he was certainly the best usurper, if you can call him one at all, and perhaps the best prince that ever lived. Mind; I speak of the functions of a prince, not of the accessaries, not of what belongs to the man or the philosopher. You will understand my reason for expressing a doubt of the Protector being a usurper. If he was one,

so is the gentleman I helped to introduce from Holland, who is likewise a great man, and perhaps the next in dignity among our rulers. It is childish to talk of illegality, because the army was the instrument. The army must always be so in fundamental changes; and is never so well employed; not even in repelling the aggression of a neighbour. For we are liable to more mischief in our houses than out; liable to equal violence and greater depredation, and that depredation in costlier things: and the injury is the worse as coming from those about us, and trusted by us implicitly in our concerns.

Among such a people as the Valdenses, there is no danger of such a man as Cromwel obtaining an ascendency. They warmed you; which is more than he ever did; I will answer for him.

PENN.

The commands and the practice of our teacher do not permitt me to applaud the bloodshedder, altho in resistence: we hold it unlawful to kill a fellow creature for any offence whatever.

PETERBOROUGH.

But if the laws enact it, then surely it is lawful.

PENN.

There is a law, above the passions, above the mutabilities of man, from which whatever is lawful must emanate. Herin the commands of God are clear and definite.

PETERBOROUGH.

Some of them; others not; or rather they run quite contrary. You feel greater horror at murder than any other people do, and yet you would punish it less severely.

PENN.

I deem that offence the worst which tends furthest to deteriorate our social condition. Were it lawful to punish any one with death, it would be the conqueror, holding in subjection the people that has not injured him, and that consents not to his domination. If a traveller, who has been robbed and bound by a thief, can unbind himself and recover his property, ye deem him justified in so doing, altho he can do it by no other way than by slaying the thief.

PETERBOROUGH.

Certainly, and praise his spirit.

PENN.

If a prince exacteth from his people any part of their substance, without asking their consent, or forces them to labour or fight, ye would deem that what is done by force may be resisted by force.

PETERBOROUGH.

Princes who levy taxes and troops despotically, may justly be killed by those who suffer under them, whether born in that condition or not: but every kind of government has made conquests,

and has retained them by treaty: these therefor are inviolable.

PENN.

By whom were the treaties made?

PETERBOROUGH.

By the governors.

PENN.

But if the majority of the people, convoked and appealed to, did not consent, without force or fear, to pass under the new ruler, he who holds them in bondage may, according to thy principles, and according to worldly justice, be slain by any of the conquered. And until it is agreed and enforced, that no nation in Europe shall take possession of another, or of any part, international law will be no better than quibble and contradiction. Ye defend the violence done by system, and punish by the gallows the very same violence done by poor wretches incapable of reflexion; done perhaps from want of food, perhaps from neglect of education, criminal not in the robber, but in the ministers of the prince. If power is ever righteously to be exercised by one state toward another, it is in taking away the means of injustice and cruelty from the administrators, and in restoring to the people their rights. When they once have them, and find them acknowledged, the will fear to hazard the enjoyment of them, as

they must do by assailing or injuring a neighbour. For instance, if the French were free they would have no false appetite: being slaves, they are restless for something to buoy them up from their degradation. They are yet to be taught that Honour may dwell in houses as well as under tents; and that, if they must boast for ever, they may boast of better things than having *served*.

PETERBOROUGH.

Well said, my Quixote of orders grey! The next proposal I expect from you, is the settlement of differences in the moon; the second, the abolition of the slave-trade; and the third, of the Inquisition.

PENN.

As to the moon, thou hast more to look for there than I have, and I would gladly see thee righted: but O that God would grant both those abolitions! I do indeed hold it just and reasonable in any powerful people to insist on them.

PETERBOROUGH.

Insist! when a nation insists on any thing against another, it declares war.

PENN.

In the present state of things we never can be long at peace. Our quarrels are as frequent and as irrational as those of children. Since however the great evil of bloodshed must yet for some time continue, let us hope that, if the victory should be

ours, the only punishment we inflict on the governors be the civilization of the governed. Let us hope that we may exact the freedom of the Africans and of the Spaniards, and may empty for ever the holds of the slave-ship and the dungeons of the Inquisition. We have the same right to stipulate the one as the other, and a much greater than to demand the cession of a single village, or the transfer of a single man.

Abolish the slave-trade! Ah who can ever hope it! Whoever shall effect this, will have effected more than the twelve apostols. *They* but threw a stone at a sparrow, and did not bring it to the ground; he will have placed his foot upon a serpent, more venomous than ever was feigned by fear or poetry, and will have crushed it in all its folds from the setting sun to the rising. What in comparison have all the philosophers done, or what have all the religious? They have raised much dust, and have removed little. He indeed hath conquered his enemy who binds him by moral obligations: he indeed is great and good who knows how to make other men so: and he is in a worse condition than a slave, who reduces a higher mind to slavery. Incessant horrors haunt him, and eternal punishments (if there be any such) await him!

Princes of the earth! will ye never hear a truth unless what is preached to you by your fellows

at the scaffold? Have ye forgotten so soon your last lesson? Alas! must it be repeated to you?

PETERBOROUGH.

The old admiral would not perhaps have been so civil as to ask the question of them. He would have preached to them when he had cropt the hair from both ears, and had built a sounding-board to his liking at Whitehall.

PENN.

Fools! it is they who make such men as my father. He had his faults: but he feared God and loved his country. Let us honor him! I must ever do it.

PETERBOROUGH.

And I too. I admire and venerate many, whom I should be glad to fight against.

PENN.

Strange creature! Are we then images of clay, baked by children in the sun, to be broken for their entertainment?

PETERBOROUGH.

The first of us are hardly worth a serious thought.

PENN.

And yet how much happiness might those who are not the first of us conferr.

PETERBOROUGH.

I should have said *enjoy*.

PENN.

I said it.

I may nevertheless demonstrate why these children of the mountains fought courageously. They believed that they were protecting the household and the house itself of God: they believed that their sufferings were trials, and that this life was given them for endurance, in proportion to which, borne with patience and resignation, should be their happiness in another. Hope is the mother of Faith.

PETERBOROUGH.

She has a twin daughter, very like this, and who has several young ones growing up about her... Folly.

PENN.

Thy father may perhaps have said before thee, what mine often did, that good parents have sometimes worse children than one might have wished. It would however be inconsistent in thee, to deny that energy and endurance are useful. Now nothing more certainly than Hope gives both endurance and energy to fighting men. If she can likewise give them to the suffering and imbecile, she must appear to thee stil more admirable, as doing what is harder and better. Belief in a future state of happiness, as a recompense for unmerited and unavoidable evil, renders men

patient and contented: and this effect neither their activity nor their ingenuity, neither their turbulence nor their eloquence, can bring about. It would be strange if that should be a weakness, which all the wisdom in the world cannot equal in its efficacy.

PETERBOROUGH.

I am glad to hear you talk in this manner upon energy. Since it proves that you yourself are not, at heart, so indifferent to it as the generality of the sect. Their practices would destroy by degrees the vigour of the human intellect; and the most energetic of our actions would be when we sneeze in the sunshine.

PENN.

You, my friend, like the generality of mankind, seem to have formed to yourself no idea of energy but in acts of violence. Now there may be as much of it in saving a man from drowning as in drowning him. If indeed we are prone to evil, which you agree with us in believing, and on which supposition most sects of philosophy, and all religions and all laws are founded, more energy is requisite in doing well than in doing ill. If the mind is subject to its tempests and tornadoes, more strength and firmness are shewn amid them by immovability than by velocity. We yield to wrong and falsehood; if indeed I may employ two terms upon one thing.

PETERBOROUGH.

How is that?

PENN.

Wrong is but falsehood putt in practice.

PETERBOROUGH.

Would it not be better to expose the theoretical falsehood and to repress the practical? or do you look only to the private harm done to yourselves, careless how far the evil may run on thro its impunity?

PENN.

Falsehood is for a season: truth is eternal.

PETERBOROUGH.

William! William! the eternity of truth is not yet begun; and the season of falsehood has existed from the creation of man. I do not believe that this will ever cease, or the other ever commence: if it should, ninetenths of the world will rise against it and overthrow it. Your wild men here will be the only men neutral, not caring an elk's antler about the matter. Those who could disseminate truth, with a large and copious hand, thro all the nations of the world, abstain from doing it: for there is no great mind without a share of foresight, and no share of foresight that does not glance down occasionally on the sharer. Hence those men calculate how much good the disseminating of truth will do to themselves, and how much good the garnering and secreting of it.

Few of them come to any other conclusion, than that it is better to hold it back for the present. They put it off from the work-day to the market-day: they put it off from the market-day to the fair-day; and there they walk among the booths and benches, until they find a commodity to exchange for it .. a sword-knot, a ribbon, a piece of purple or scarlet silk, or something that roughens in the hand, like gold. You, adverse as you are to the profession of war, or even to personal defence, are more enthusiastic about the Valdenses, and (I would swear for you) would fight better for them, than almost any of our noble generals, who would despise them because they fight without regimentals, and who would hate them because they fight for themselves.

You have related these battles with more spirit and energy than become your stoicism, and you leave me only to regret the want of *names* in the recital of heroism. This is the principal defect in modern historians. They see only kings and ministers with a mistress or two peeping from behind the curtain. The courage, the firmness, the philosophy, which would have elevated men to the first station in a republic, are mentioned but in their effects. A victory is the king's or the army's: the head that planned it, the hand that guided to it, are unseen, unknown. Self-devotion to any great cause is

without a record; and abstract principles lie among cold reflexions. The immortal authors of antiquity chisseled out the more prominent characters, and traced the less: we have only white and black upon one smooth surface.

PENN.

Beware! beware! Do not make me more of a republican than I am. Certainly we find the names of fewer great men in our English histories than in the ancient: yet if our nation had produced fewer, our institutions would have been worse. The assertion and the defence of freedom are never made without danger. Some are now living, and many have died lately, who hazarded their properties and lives for public law; and no few lost them for it. Instead of mentioning them with honour and reverence, we calumniate and revile them. This indeed will always be the case under the influence of party: but, taking a wider and fairer view of the subject, we find, as thou leadest me to remark, that English writers are less disposed to celebrate English worthies, than are the writers of any other country those who improved its condition and laboured for its glory. There are histories, and not deemed bad ones, wherin are omitted the names even of the great citizens by whom our freedom was founded. If the Greeks and Romans had done so, we should not have been supplied with that renovating

spirit, which keeps alive in us the sentiment these ruder but stronger men implanted.

PETERBOROUGH.

I admire the valour of your Valdenses. Glorious! to make such a resistence against a regular force.

PENN.

And is it for this only, or for this principally, that they are admirable? Soldiers could not have acted so; for even the best of them are vicious. The very names of vices were unknown for the most part to these persecuted men; insomuch that in the whole of their annals for many centuries, we find no instance of juridical animadversion on a single crime. Thuanus informs us that there was not even a lawsuit among them until the sixteenth century; when a peasant, richer than most others, sent his son to study the law at Turin, who on his return brought an action against his neighbour, for letting some goats eat his cabbage. Pope Innocent the third was resolved on exterminating the Valdenses. The French historian Girard saith hereupon, that nothing in fact drew down so heavily on them the hatred of *His Holiness*, as the freedom wherewith they reprehended the vices of ecclesiastics.

Now wilt thou tell me that it is a matter of indifference in religion, whether the professors of it persecute and murder us for the detection of

iniquity, or search into it and reprove it? Wilt thou tell me that it is better to keep a strong hand over others than over ourselves? or to examine the secrets of their hearts rather than our own? Lax morals may appear, for a time, opportune and convenient to thee: but wouldst thou wish thy son or thy daughter, if thou hast one, to experience the utility of them? or wouldst thou choose a domestic, in town or country, as being the wiser or the honester for thinking like thyself?

PETERBOROUGH.

It would bring him to the gallows within the year: for such fellows can have no sense of honour to direct them.

PENN.

Sense of honour, it appeareth to me, is that exquisite perception, whereby a man apprehendeth how he may do the most injury to others for the longest time; how he may be most acceptable to society at the least expense or pains. My own sense of it, on the contrary, I would desire to be such as may direct me how to do to others what shall both content and improve them, not concealing my own infirmities nor exposing theirs. Among you, a lofty spirit must be ever an inflammable one; and Courage hath not room for Patience at the side of her. Ye pardon every thing done against your God, and nothing done

against yourselves: which maketh me sometimes doubt, whether those who are called liberal may not be peradventure the most illiberal of mankind.

In this country we must assist one another: and the necessity brings its blessing. Our religion and our polity spring alike from a virgin soil: in neither of them are we tethered to the stump of old superstitions. Idleness is here no sign of dignity, ministerial prevarication no passport to princely trust. No man's luxuries are here so michievous, as to wring the mouldy morsel from the famished peasant, and to drill his son against him if he should demand it back. The smoke of our chimnies may rise above our roofs unpaid for: we may see the face of day and the works of God, without the demand of a shilling to the showman.

PETERBOROUGH.

Dear William, no nation pays for light and air, altho hearths in many countries are stil taxed.

PENN.

When human beings are so degraded by slavery, as to pay another for the use of their own fire-places and fuel, they will, in the next generation, be coerced to pay even for the common air and light.

PETERBOROUGH.

Your natural calmness, my worthy friend, softly

as you speak, hath surely left you. No nation upon earth ever yet submitted to such branding ignominy, such heart-eating despotism. Abuses however, and something of usurpation, will ultimately find enterance, or force it, even here. Decorations and distinctions are natural objects of desire throughout the world. Religion herself, so pretty and innocent in her girlish days, becomes, as she grows up,

A drab of state, a *cloth o' silver* jade:

and, in the midst of her finery, she tosses down her gin grenadierly; cries *come along with me*, and kicks you if you hang back, in going whither she would closet you. Who knows but that friend Penn, some time hence, may be found cutting out a pair of lawn-sleeves, from the most approved pattern at the milliner's in Lambeth! while the wenches are debating round, what colour is best for his more sanctified order of the garter, and whether a loop and button on the beaver might not, in all righteousness, be allowed to his house of peers. It is difficult to say what is the worst part of us . . the best part is the possession of good easy fortunes, and the facility of mending them, when they want it, out of any man's shop we choose to enter. But the worst of Religion is, in my opinion, her wilfulness in having tragedies

acted by her own servants, when there are so many fine pieces performed in other houses, with universal applause.

PENN.

Friend Mordaunt, I do not require of thee to speak gravely; thy high spirits and wittiness become thee: and truly I love to see every man as Nature formed him, bating his propensity to selfishness and injustice, by which we are most of us influenced, unless we check them. These are the causes why the decorations and distinctions thou mentionest are so generally the objects of desire, that thou deemest them naturally so, and universally. Men see them belonging to others, who are without merit, and are angry at it; yet would they themselves snatch them from people who have merit. But suppose that, instead of garters on the breeches-knee, and buttons big as sunflowers on the left pap, ye substituted the hearty smile of every house ye entered, a pressure of the hand for every violence ye had calmed, and the thanks of your own hearts for every wrong ye had redrest, would the exchange be much against you? These trappings and accoutrements, this holiday bravery of groom-boy harness, can influence our people no more than the feathers and ochre of our neighbours in the woods. Where there is cleanliness and decency there is usually content: the same well-regulated mind produces

both. Ambitious men I have always found disorderly and sordid.

Rising out of a condition so different from the barbarous one, wherin Feodality sett up her lions and leopards, and other wild creatures, real or feigned, which ye not unaptly call your supporters, we must undergo some ages of savage life in these forests, we must be hunters and murderers and oppressors, long before we can raise ourselves to the same line with you. And what advantages, I will not ask thee, can others derive from it, but what dost thou thyself? Art thou not indignant and scornful that others are preferred to thee? This indignation and scorn could not arise, were your institutions good and fitting. Wherever institutions are not deplorably imperfect, a wise man will find employment for his wisdom. The best carpenter will have work given him, even in places where little judgement is exercised. Shall then he who is most capable of acting or of reasoning, be neglected or unemployed?

A house of peers in Pensylvania! I have no mistresses; nobody has cut another's throat for me; nobody has increased my prerogative by his interpretation of my laws: on what grounds then can I erect a house of peers? and on what other canst thou trace the foundation of one anywhere?

PETERBOROUGH.

It is wiser and pleasanter to look at the

consequence than at the origin. Polished manners, and that mutual civility which you inculcate and exact, are acquisitions from aristocracy..

PENN.

..made, no doubt, under those who, like lampries, have always their heads on the ground, wriggling their bodies incessantly..and for what? why, to suck a stone.

PETERBOROUGH.

Faith! there are many of them who suck better things than that; and whose suckers are of such strength and dimensions, they can wrinkle your pockets and bags across the seas. I am no courtier, nor ever shall be: if I act and think for myself at present, dependent as I am and in pupilage, there is little danger that a place in the peerage will teach me the trade of a lackey.

PENN.

Thou thinkest so; and verily I think so too: but wealth maketh some men vile, as poverty maketh others proud. In England, good manners may grow perhaps only in high places; where truly, in the finest seasons, I have met with but scanty crops: the gentry imitate you; the merchants them. Thus far thou art right. But dost thou imagine that good manners may not spring up, from under every form of government? The Goths brought them into Europe; the Moors perfected them: yet should we not

have had them without the Goths or Moors? or would we desire the Goths or Moors again with us, because we happened to derive from them a modification of good manners? Hast thou ever witnessed a single uncivil act or unbecoming speech, within the fortnight thou hast spent amongst us?

PETERBOROUGH.

I must acknowledge I never found anywhere such concession and conciliation. In the French there is a glossiness of character: they are easily broken and easily fused again, and are the best when they are the most superficial. A cat is a good creature when it is only a cat. What a scoundrel was Richelieu, because he had one tendon more in him than the generality have, and was always springing upon it.

PENN.

His intellect (if his writings are any proof) was indeed very limited; and its limits were contracted into a smaller compass by his jealousy and vanity: but his confidence gave him power, and power increased his confidence: so that he overthrew many men stronger than himself. He however had them in a slippery place to trip them up in. A mere child, with a king in his hand, may break many heads and close many eyes about him.

I find, friend Mordaunt, thou wilt soon be one of us.

PETERBOROUGH.

How so?

PENN.

Thou beginnest to speak plainly, albeit thou usest a term dropt by us friends.

PETERBOROUGH.

By another such deduction you may argue that I am growing old.

PENN.

Nay, there the deduction is too fine for me: take it up and trace it, I pray thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

I begin to speak plainly, and must therefor be soon one of you, since you speak so. That I am growing old is as clear, since I have begun to be fond of young girls.

PENN.

Out upon thee! filthy man! when wilt thou sober? didst thou ride up so closely to me to whisper that? Away! away! Thou wilt not desert thy country for the French, I think: but we may discuss the matter of politeness, in which they excell, as they teach us. Compared with one of our society, who claim none of it, a Frenchman would appear to thee the more polite, from thy preconceived ideas of politeness; and an Englishman more hearty, from preconception also. For the foundation of civility, it is requisite that all

malignity be smoothened, and that evil-speakers be inhibited like evil-doers.

PETERBOROUGH.

You must purify our English blood then. We have within us that acrid salt which effloresces eternally, and which, it appears, we must rub off one against the other. The French, and the continentals in general, indulge in evil-speaking, only as the groundwork of witticisms. The Englishman is contented with it crude and massy, and returns day after day to the identical dish, hot or cold, peppered or unseasoned, plain or garnished, with an incurious, equable, persevering, straitforward appetite. I have known even our women, and those the mildest and the most religious, insinuate such things of their neighbours, as would discredit the whole family, and render them wretched throughout their existence.

PENN.

Yet thou couldst listen to these sirens; and not only while they sang, but while they were tearing the flesh from their prey.

PETERBOROUGH.

We must take the evil with the good: the region of spices bears the *upas-tree*. Certain they will speak ill of me when I have turned my back, I defer the moment as long as I am able.

What is here? Wheel round the grey mare,

William, or you will see what you would rather not.

PENN.

Where? shew me it.

PETERBOROUGH.

I did not believe that you countenanced any kind of gaming.

PENN.

We forbid it rigorously.

PETERBOROUGH.

What are those four men about yonder, with several looking on? They surely are drawing lots.

PENN.

Those four men upon the bench under the old acacia?

PETERBOROUGH.

The same.

PENN.

They are deputed to judge a cause. We have no solicitors, as thou knowest: every citizen stateth his own case: four intelligent men are appointed by lot, in presence of the litigants: they draw a second time, and he to whom the lot falls, decides the question.

PETERBOROUGH.

You disclame all honours and distinctions; yet do not you entitle these men judges?

PENN.

While they are so: tomorrow one of them

may be called the hatter, another the mason, another the skinner.

PETERBOROUGH.

Ha! no wonder that fellow is upon the bench.

PENN.

Thou knowest none more prudent in investigating, more patient in deliberating, or more upright in deciding. Despise him not because his skins are in his shop rather than upon his shoulder, nor because an oxis is not as useful as an ermine's.

PETERBOROUGH.

What salaries have these people? or rather, what compensation for loss of time?

PENN.

Thou speakest too good English. Loss of time! This at least is not the portion of it that is lost. We repay them, as is reasonable, for the good they do.

PETERBOROUGH.

That is what I asked: but how?

PENN.

By enabling them to do more good.

PETERBOROUGH.

The honesty and rectitude of your people would induce those of every nation to a commercial intercourse with them, if your agricultural occupations allowed it.

PENN.

It is untrue that nations cannot be at once

agricultural and commercial. The most commercial are the most agricultural. The states of Holland, and indeed the Netherlands at large, are evidences of it, and, in another hemisphere, China. Attica, composed of rocks, was better cultivated than Sparta. Carthage and Alexandria, Bruges and Dantzic, putt into motion fifty ploughs with every rudder.

Remove from mankind the disabilities, that wrong systems of government have imposed, and their own interests will supply them both with energy and with morality. I speak of men as we find them about us, possessing the advantages of example and experience.

Here we are, at home again. Thy servant is running hitherward with his hat off, beating the flies and gnats away. My helper, Abel, standeth expecting me, but knitting hose.

Abel! Abel!

ABEL.

Friend, what wouldst thou?

PENN.

Take my mare and feed her . . . Hast thou dined?

ABEL.

Nay.

PENN.

Art hungry?

ABEL.

Yea.

PENN.

Greatly so?

ABEL.

In thy house none hungereth painfully: but verily at this hour my appetite waxeth sharp.

PENN.

Feed then first this poor good creature, the which is accustomed to eat oftener than thou art, and the which haply hath fasted longer.

ABEL.

Thou sayest well: it shall be done even as thou advisest.

PETERBOROUGH.

There are only three classes of men that we in general have no patience with; superiors, inferiors, and equals. You have given me abundant and perpetual proofs that you can bear the two latter; and I am persuaded that you would place any decent one of the former in the same easy posture, if God, decreeing his happiness or emendment, should ever direct him toward you.

CONVERSATION VIII.

MIGUEL

AND

MOTHER.

MIGUEL

AND

MOTHER.

MOTHER.

My dearest son Miguel! before I give you my benediction on your return, or receive a kiss from you, altho in my hurry and in the kindness of my heart I wiped away the snuff for the purpose, and you stand expecting it, I must be assured that you are deserving to bear the name of a glorious arcangel, and that what you propose to swear tomorrow you will unswear the day after.

MIGUEL.

Dearest mother! most unworthy should I hold myself to bear the name of our brave and gallant arcangel, if I hesitated to assert the dignity of the throne, by breaking that oath, or any other to which the people is a party.

MOTHER.

Now come to my arms, my dutiful child!

Ha! ha! ha! so many blessings upon thee! These sneezes foretell much good; three, in honour of the Holy Trinity.. the very names you swear upon.

A word in your ear! Do you know who got your sister with child?

MIGUEL.

How! the devil!

MOTHER.

Not he, not he. The devil had horns before marriage, the marquis shall have after, if friar or confessor can do any thing. I will spite him; I will break his heart. No wonder you muse and meditate.

MIGUEL.

Strange things have happened since I left Portugal. Before marriage!

MOTHER.

Yes, before marriage.

MIGUEL.

I never saw it in the papers, nor heard it from any among the company of Jesus. Before marriage? the devil married?

MOTHER.

No, faith! no! God forgot it, or he would have been: he may be at last, if he does not mend. God has not done with him yet. Donna Dolores da Cunha, whose father wished to render her an accomplished woman, and who has redd beside

the Lives of the Saints, nearly a whole book of blazonry, tells me that the devils have not horns by right of the wife, but from an old creation. This she said at court, after the detection of another such business, and another such cry upon it, which usually follows pretty closely.

Why do you shake your head, holding the whole red of both lips between your teeth?

MIGUEL.

I too must marry!

MOTHER.

Ay, ay! but lawfully and religiously and royally, and according to the custom of our House. My dear son, I shall put my dear grandaughter into bed with you on the very day she is twelve years old. Before that time I will look out sharply, and afterward you must.

MIGUEL.

I heard a sermon at Paris, in which the missionary told the young ladies to their faces, that a man ought to have as many eyes as a spider, and as much facility in spinning a web, if he hoped to catch them or hamper them in their tricks. If you receive them elderly, said he, they are peevish, and make you more so: if you take them in the middle of life, they think themselves just a match for you, and the contest is never decided, until one of the antagonists is made suppler by the last unction; before which period there is trick

for trick, taunt for taunt, accusation for accusation: if you expect any advantage from a tenderer age, you discover that they are childishly fond of shewing your male friends, how greatly and in how short a time they have advanced under your instructions.

MOTHER.

Nothing short of inspiration could have taught the blessed missionary these truths. Seculars do not know half the wickedness of the world, nor believe it, nor dream of it, until their pastors lead them by the hand and shew it them. Well, another time about this . . The girl might however have waited for some royal prince to espouse her: then many would have taken her part, and more would have sympathized with the husband. Well, well! these are light matters . . very vexatious tho, when one has nothing else to think of.

How were you received among the English?

MIGUEL.

Pretty well. The court was as civil and polite as could be expected from a protestant and northern people. The commonalty is the rudest in the world; even the richer.

MOTHER.

I wonder the nation should continue to be so unlike ours: many of it have been at Lisbon; besides they take snuff and are baptized.

MIGUEL.

They treated me no better than if I had been brought up without either. One asked me who whipped off my father.

MOTHER.

Whipped off! he went off without a whipping!

MIGUEL.

The fellow meant *despached; sent out of the world.*

MOTHER.

What business was that of the fellow's? Was not the king my own husband? Might not I do as I liked with him? What have their princes been fighting for? Was it not for the rights of the throne? You had no more hand in it than the rest of us. Ferdinand of Spain attempted the same against old Carlos. And was not he complimented in a private letter by the king of England for escaping from the Cortes? and was he ever blamed by that king or any other for what he did in his own house? Would Señor Canning have been permitted to occupy the post he did occupy, unless he had consented to the overthrow of the liberal party in Spain? and did not he order Señor A'Court to denounce to us the most liberal of them, Alpuente, and to drive him out of his bed at midnight, trembling under the coldness of the rain and under the weight of his eighty-one years? And has not Señor A'Court

been made a peer for it, and other such services? All kings love our cousin Ferdinand, excepting those who have lent him money, and none think the worse of him for the misfortune of missing his blow against his father. They cannot laugh at us on that score. If you have no other cause to complain of rudeness, you may ride over this triumphantly.

MIGUEL.

Another man said he was sorry I had no daughter, because it forced me to marry my niece in her stead, which was going too far, for an Infante.

MOTHER.

Ignorant creature! The pope would have had many doubts and doubloons before he consented to it. He boggles at an aunt, and grudges a great-aunt. A golden pix and chalice must precede them, and many jars of tamarinds must loosen his catarr before he says *benedicite.*

Did our cousin of France take our cause into consideration?

MIGUEL.

He advised me by all means to swear to the constitution.

MOTHER.

He advise it! an old battered bestial rake! He advise it! What! the most Christian king!

MIGUEL.

I asked his majesty whether in his wisdom he thought I might safely overturn it. He replied that, whatever any king chose to do, it was the duty of the Holy Alliance to provide that he should do it safely. *As for safety then,* said he, *be entirely at your ease.* I asked him whether he saw any impropriety in it. He answered that he was not sufficiently versed in the finer and higher parts of divinity, to solve the question; and that I had universities and confessors in Portugal as clear-sighted as any in France. He doubted not they would enlighten me, and pray for me, and bring their flocks about me to defend me, and was confident I had as little to fear in spirituals as in temporals.

In case of a slight commotion, said his majesty with his usual benignity, *my troops are near at hand, and they have had some practice in composing such slight and transient differences. It is time,* added he, *that the Bourbons and their connexions should be united in amity and policy, and that Heresy should repose no longer on one single lily.*

MOTHER.

Did you know what he meant?

MIGUEL.

The duchess of Angoulême told me.

MOTHER.

Chaves is in the mountains: you must ride over and embrace him, or let him kiss your hand at the least. Pedro has been playing the fool in Brazil, and wishes to play it here. When he was a child I could, with a whip or a whistle, make him hear reason; tho, to confess the truth, so little of a prince is he by nature, he had not much more understanding at three years of age than he has at present. You, my dear Miguel, have been constantly the same: a rare quality! Such men are fit to rule the world, and, as far as I can see behind and before me, always have ruled it and always will.

Now we will leave reflexions for business. Tell me, what said that generous open-hearted man, prince Metternich? Stay; I hope you did not sit down with him at cards. He plays well; he wins many gold pieces in the year. Tell me, tell me; for if you have lost any thing to him, any great matter, I will not send him the seven parrots in honour of the seven churches, nor the twelve monkies (great and small) in honour of the holy apostols.

MIGUEL.

Dear mother! he does not want parrots nor monkies, and cares as little for the apostols as an Algerine or a Dutchman. I played with him,

and, altho he plays remarkably well, I won fifty louis of him.

MOTHER.

Really! well; having made the vow, I must send the monkies and parrots; they are dedicated and devoted, and I declared to the apostols my intention. Besides, I have a bird of Paradise for his wife, stuffed with nutmegs, musk, and camphor, and with two rubies for the eyes . . Listen! one is a garnet.

Do you happen to have the fifty louis about you, son Miguel?

MIGUEL.

Dear mother! I reserve them as an offering to the Arc-angel. He would be very angry to be treated worse than a dozen poor apostols, some of them not gentlemen by birth.

MOTHER.

The Arc-angel is high-minded: he cares little for money.

MIGUEL.

A fine candelabra would gratify him.

MOTHER.

There is no room for another in his church.

MIGUEL.

A new hilt to his sword . . .

MOTHER.

Beware, child! People like best the sword they are longest used to handle: his hath a

gloriously rich hilt to it, and there are many sapphires in it, rough and prominent, that make the grasp steddy. He would not cut so well with another for some time.

MIGUEL.

Mother! I must keep them, seriously I must, for another momentous service.

MOTHER.

Another momentous service! is there any such beside the faith?

MIGUEL.

When I was in England I was forced to ride out every day.

MOTHER.

Have not you paid for your horse-hire?

MIGUEL.

Horses were lent me.

MOTHER.

How then?

MIGUEL.

I have cracked my pantaloon, riding with the Duke de Duero and Count Doodle.

MOTHER.

A very christian-like title is the Duke de Duero; is it one of ours, or Castilian?

MIGUEL.

Do not you know the title?

MOTHER.

I thought it had been extinct.

MIGUEL.

Sweet mother! the Duke de Duero is an Englishman, the great captain that killed Don Napoleon de Buonaparte.

MOTHER.

With his own hand?

MIGUEL.

He unhorsed him, and his charger trampled the giant to death. I inquired, and heard it from those who saw it.

MOTHER.

If he had killed the misbeliever with his own hand, I should have thought more highly of him: but that is no great matter which a horse can do best.

And who is the other, the Count Doodle, who did such signal mischief to your fork?

MIGUEL.

I lived in his house, he being the first minister of state.

MOTHER.

Did he treat you handsomely, my child?

MIGUEL.

Passably, for a heretic. He gave me plenty of fish and eggs both fridays and saturdays. People say he has in his service one of the best cooks in England: yet you will laugh when you hear how he cooked things.

MOTHER.

Heretics! heretics! poor blind creatures! little better than Moors and Jews! How was it?

MIGUEL.

You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that the English, altho they do not eat horse-flesh, yet eat mutton.

MOTHER.

Of course, the very lowest only.

MIGUEL.

Not only the lowest, but marquisses and bishops.

MOTHER.

In time of scarcity.

MIGUEL.

Latterly all times have been times of scarcity in that overtaxed and over-peopled country. These are the very words of one among the wisest men in it, who told me however, that even rich men in better times would eat mutton.

MOTHER.

Privately, I presume.

MIGUEL.

By degrees they have been brought to eat it openly, and even at great dinners.

MOTHER.

Lord help 'em!

MIGUEL.

I saw a whole quarter, weighing ten pounds at the least, at once upon the table, and the whole in one dish.

MOTHER.

They must have vast cauldrons and furnaces.

MIGUEL.

It was roasted.

MOTHER.

How could it be? Have they any volcanoes in London? or do they cook such dishes at the cannon-foundery?

MIGUEL.

They have no volcanoes in the capital, nor nearer than the county of Iceland.

MOTHER.

You mean Ireland, son Miguel: I know they have a volcano there.

MIGUEL.

The rich families keep prodigious stores of carbon under-ground, and sell it to the poorer in hard seasons. Altho, in our acceptance of the word, they are not cannibals, nor, strictly speaking, eat raw flesh, yet they only half-roast it: and the government of France came to an understanding with that of England, to give me half-roasted meat, and to serve it up so hot that it burned my mouth. Even the plates and dishes

were hot. I do, think, on recollection, they once put the same slight upon me at Vienna. That indeed one could endure: one has only to wait a few minutes, and in cold weather the food would grow lukewarm and tractable. They do not cut it in pieces, nor separate it in any manner, before they begin to eat; but set about it voraciously, and as fast as a morsel is detached it is consumed. They have servants enough; they might surely have them taught to divide their meat for them. They do indeed cut slices from it, and hand them round. From the mutton I was mentioning I actually saw the blood follow the knife.

MOTHER.

How! was it killed in the dining-room?

MIGUEL.

No, in carving I saw it, and expected to hear a bleating. Another day there was a peacock served up at the second course, which even had the feathers on its head unsinged, and of as fine a purple as when it strutted on the grass. Involuntarily did I cover my waistcoat and cravat with my napkin, and held it up to my eyes, I feared so the sudden expansion of the tail.

MOTHER.

What! had it the tail on too?

MIGUEL.

Not within sight: God knows what they did

with it, unless they turned it into sauce. The following thursday there was a young pig, whole, and almost alive. The dirty creatures did not embowel it, and out came the entrails, with all it had eaten, and it looked in my face as if it squealed to me for protection. There were hares too, with their ears on, and as big as greyhounds. I do believe, tho I would not assert it, they had even their teeth in their heads. Certainly they had been well-fed by the cook; their bellies were quite full, and I could smell the herbs they had eaten. They were polished on the outside like military boots, and had neither honey nor treacle, neither anise-seed nor cinnamon, neither chocolate nor canary about 'em, nor even fennel and pine-seeds.

MOTHER.

Do the English take their sustenance by means of the mouth?

MIGUEL.

Entirely, as I imagine; I never saw the contrary. You know they have not any oil, the produce of their country.

MOTHER.

No!

MIGUEL.

No olives.

MOTHER.

Are you sure?

MIGUEL.

Near London and Windsor I am ready to swear there is not one.

MOTHER.

Not even in the king's park? God then has cursed the land.

MIGUEL.

Perhaps toward Scotland there may be, and upon the hills that have the benefit of the sea-breezes.

MOTHER.

No, child! no, no, no! I see how it is; I see it clearly. The Lord in his judgement and mercy has cursed the land of the Philistines.

MIGUEL.

And, what is more, he takes away the flavour from all the oil that is imported, excepting the fish-oil, which he leaves them for encouragement to turn catholics, it always reminding them of the olive. As for theirs, I declare you could as easily taste fresh butter.

MOTHER.

Is not then Count Doodle rich enough to allow his wine and oil a seasonable time to mature in?

MIGUEL.

The English use more wine than oil.

MOTHER.

More wine than oil? Do they light the lamps in the churches with wine?

MIGUEL.

I am informed they light none in those places.

MOTHER.

They are bad enough; but dont believe that, son Miguel! God would take daylight from them for ever if they dared to put out his lamps.

But son Miguel, you seem no thinner than usual: you must have found something you could eat contentedly, and perhaps these dishes were invented for no other purpose than to excite your wonder . . a sort of wit, ay?

MIGUEL.

Lord Doodle is a very witty man, and has many clever things of his own ready both for friends and strangers, and moreover is much enriched by succeding to Don Jonge da Canning, in whose office he found catalogues and strings of 'em, hanging on every peg for every occasion. He shewed me the labels to several of these, in his Right Honorable predecessor's own hand; which labels I mistook for doctors' prescriptions, altho the writing was clear and steddy. I took down the words; here they are in my new pocketbook. *For gout: for gravel: for hernia: for asthma: for gunshot wounds: for sabrecuts: for opthalmia.*

I observed that a broad-nibbed pen had been drawn over the words, *on gout*, and apparently with violence: that in very fine characters there was written under *hernia*, *employed in the house*

of commons with great success: under *sabre-cuts* and *opthalmia, a division in the house upon it . . Egypt . . Walcheren . . thought too like Will Wyndham's 'killed off:'* After *gunshot wounds* I remarked in red ink, by the side of a straddling M, *excepting those on the breech.*

His friends assured me that his wit upon these subjects was irresistible, and will immortalize him. But immortality, my confessor told me, is become so creaky and crazy, that he would not be tempted to buy an annuity upon it at three years' purchase. He demonstrated that true immortality, in this world, can only be given by the pope, and only when two centuries have elapsed after the burial, and when all but His Holiness have forgotten the deeds and existence of the defunct, about to be beatified. One gentleman who was present, a good catholic too, begged to differ from him. He said he certainly had seen the foliage of plants between the leaves of books, and that they must have been there some hundred years; on which principle the great men in England contrive to get their names inserted in large well-shutting volumes, called biographical; and the most malignant detractor cannot lug them out again. Besides in the Treasury and Exchequer there are others peculiarly belonging to those offices, open for the Insurance of this said immortality, and whoever is minister

receives a ticket gratis: that is, the people pay for it.

Lord Doodle gave me one of these jests daily, five-and-twenty minutes after dinner; and once, with the assistence of his cook, a sharp and satirical one at the dinner itself, under a dish-cover.

MOTHER.

Ha! cooks are great helps to great men in wit and pleasantry. What was it he said when he came in.

MIGUEL.

He did not enter. It was friday, and there were several kinds of fish at table; and knowing that I could eat little else, and observing that I had been helped to a slice of turbot, and had requested a trifle of assafetida and a few lumps of sugar and a pinch of saffron and a radish and a dandelion, a servant brought me a lobster, well enough cut into pieces, but swimming, or bemired rather in a semiliquid paste of flour and butter: and tho he saw I had turbot before me, and had heard me call for oil and vinegar, which a civiler valet had already brought, he bowed with the gravest face in the world, and offered me the two fish together, to say nothing of the butter. I took it ill, but sate silent. To appease my just resentment, the rest of the company did actually eat both at once, and some of them so heartily, it was evident they wished me to believe it was the custom of the country.

MOTHER.

Fit punishment! tho imposed by themselves. Strange uncivilized people! It may be however that this is their way of fasting: for they have some notions of religion, tho erroneous and foolish.

MIGUEL.

Mother, nothing can escape your sagacity and penetration: you are perfectly right. And now I remember another fast of theirs, kept in perverseness on monday. Count Doodle had partridges at table; and I observed that he took a piece of bread poultice, brought hot to him from a hospital, and ate it with the breast of the bird. The others thought to get offices under him by doing the same; and, altho several did it, there was not one that was forced to leave the company; such strong stomacks have the English, however unfortified by saffron and assafetida. I could say more upon this very subject, that would stagger the faith of a capuchin: but the capuchin would be glad to hear it.

MOTHER.

So should I then.

MIGUEL.

The English have a university at a city they call Oxford; city they call it, not knowing that cities must have walls, and custom-house officers at the gates. There is one college in that university, where a most singular and most abominable

kind of penance is inflicted; and not only the members of that, but several in others, are condemned to eat, on certain days of the year, or perhaps on one day only (let us hope it!) what they call the *New-college pudding*. Mother! I dare not tell you of what material it is composed. They would alter the form at least, if they had any decency. I should be inaccurate if I called it inhuman: but how brandy or cinnamon or drug of any kind, can enable men to swallow one morsel, is beyond my comprehension.

MOTHER.

The English have strange notions in regard to what appeases the wrath of God. As for the court, I have always hated it. What baseness and avarice! not to make amends for the devastation of your raiment, occasioned by the backwardness of the people in the science of sadlery. Was there no pad, velvet or rabbitskin?

MIGUEL.

None, upon my life!

MOTHER.

Was it then from a brass nail that had lost its head; or from a corner of the board that had broken out behind?

MIGUEL.

Neither: they have no nails nor boards in their saddles.

MOTHER.

Not even the nobles?

MIGUEL.

Not even they.

MOTHER.

The late war then has brought them down where they should be. So prest for timber and stores, we have nothing to fear from 'em. Since we are resolved on a rupture, I see no better way than thro your pantaloon. We will remonstrate: here is a fine opening; and much may come from it if properly handled. Should we engage in war, we must all contribute. The fifty pieces . . . Metternich would not lose fifty pieces for nothing.

MIGUEL.

He did tho.

MOTHER.

Perhaps you saw him privately some time afterward.

MIGUEL.

He told me that his head aked violently, from the vast exertion he had made in his unsuccessful and hopeless attempt; that until the present time he had thought himself a calculator.

MOTHER.

How did he procede to cure his head-ake? did he go to bed?

MIGUEL.

When we were alone, he kissed my hand affectionately and humbly, and said that henceforward he could consider me in no other light than as king of Portugal and Algarve, and not so much in pursuance of the powers entrusted to me by my august brother . . .

MOTHER.

August blockhead! my choler rises into my throat! The constitutional mule! Miguel! Miguel! deserve the title of the *Most Faithful*, deserve to sit among the other kings of Europe, and dethrone the lamplighter. Did not prince Metternich give you this counsel?

MIGUEL.

In truth he did no such thing.

MOTHER.

Pretty prince! fine counsellor! what is the man fit for? what did he say then?

MIGUEL.

He said he did not consider me the true and worthy possessor of the Lusitanian sceptre, so much from any regard to the appointment of Don Pedro, his imperial majesty of the Brazils, while there were restrictions upon me which his Imperial wisdom shewed no disposition to remove...

MOTHER.

What would you have? how could he speak

more plainly or more sensibly, in diplomatic language? Procede, procede.

MIGUEL.

. . as from the prodigious genius I had displayed in matters requiring . . . *pah! pah!* cried he, *no voice can express it. Such kings want no advisers; they are only impediments to the royal spirit. What a stroke will it be of your Majesty's, to raise or countenance a slight disturbance in Lisbon, whereby the English troops will be detained from assisting the insurgents and scismatics in Greece, and from oppressing the poor catholics in Armenia, and in the East and West Indies, and in Ireland and Sumatra.*

MOTHER.

He deserves the name he has acquired in Europe . . .

MIGUEL.

Why so hard upon him, mother, all on a sudden?

MOTHER.

Hard upon him! I say again he deserves it, for the clearness and rectitude of his views. In regard to the fifty pieces, they being the fruit of the gaming-table, might be placed by me in holier hands than those they came from, and may help to bring down on us the benediction of heaven. Being king, you cannot want them.

MIGUEL.

Mother, you always prevail: do with 'em as you please.

MOTHER.

I will spend them in prayers to turn the hearts of the English. They have many things in common with us: they are baptized and take snuff: they might be brought over to our doctrines, if God would have any thing to say to them after so long and obstinate a rebellion. Well, my son, you promise to take the oath tomorrow and to cancel it the day following.

MIGUEL.

Solemnly.

MOTHER.

God bless you then! and Saint Miguel remind him!

Here is a little list of names it may be as well to look over . . some trifling fines from the proud and wealthy: a few imprisonments for those who are only heirs, longer or shorter in proportion to the ages of their fathers: very rare executions; some thirty or forty, it may be, for those who bring the axe on their necks by having such stiff ones.

Let us hear mass directly in the chapel. I am hungry; and dinner is ready at noon to a moment.

CONVERSATION IX.

METELLUS

AND

MARIUS.

METELLUS

AND

MARIUS.

METELLUS.

WELL met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls; one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the Gods in secrecy: they have sounded the horn once only; and hoarsely, and low, and mournfully.

MARIUS.

Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the figtree grows out of the rampart, left for me?

METELLUS.

Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

MARIUS.

Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city?

METELLUS.

Use thy discretion in that. . .

What seest thou? . . . Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

MARIUS.

Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else.

METELLUS.

How! bravest of our centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

MARIUS.

Ay; some hundreds close beneath me.

METELLUS.

Retire then. Hasten back; I will protect thy descent.

MARIUS.

May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

METELLUS.

Say.

MARIUS.

Listen! Dost thou not hear!

METELLUS.

Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee.

MARIUS.

There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the beanfield of Cereate*; for the sun is hot, and

* The farm of Marius, near Arpinum.

the ground is thirsty. When will it have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies!

METELLUS.

How so? We have not fought for many days: what bodies then are fresh ones?

MARIUS.

Close beneath the wall are those of infants and of girls. In the middle of the road are youths, emaciated; some either unwounded or wounded months ago; some on their spears, others on their swords: no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship; their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

METELLUS.

Mark rather the living . . . what are they about?

MARIUS.

About the sacrifice, which portends them, I conjecture, but little good. It burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel.

I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if Death should spare me.

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians: no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets.

METELLUS.

Did they want then all the wood for the altar!

MARIUS.

It appears so . . I will return anon.

METELLUS.

The Gods speed thee, my brave honest Marius!

MARIUS *returned.*

The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe however. Here one may walk securely, and without picking one's steps.

METELLUS.

Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

MARIUS.

The streets of Numantia.

METELLUS.

Doubtless; but what else?

MARIUS.

The temples, and places of exercise, and fountains.

METELLUS.

Art thou crazed, centurion! what more? speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

MARIUS.

I beheld then all Numantia.

METELLUS.

Has terror maddened thee? hast thou descried nothing of the inhabitants, but those carcases under the ramparts?

MARIUS.

Those, O Metellus, lie scattered: altho not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens, of the fathers, husbands, widows, wives, espoused, were assembled together.

METELLUS.

About the altar?

MARIUS.

Upon it.

METELLUS.

So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it?

MARIUS.

It blazed under them and over them and round about them.

METELLUS.

Immortal Gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius! Thy visage is scorched . . . thy speech may wander after such an enterprize . . . thy shield burns my hand.

MARIUS.

I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly it seems not. I now feel it.

METELLUS.

Wipe off those embers.

MARIUS.

Twere better: there will be none opposite to shake them upon, for some time.

The funereal horn, that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw . . . him only of the living . . . should I say it! . . . there was another . . . there was one child whom its parent could not kill, could not part from. She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and, when the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did. For suddenly a cry pierced thro the crackling pinewood, and something of round in figure fell from brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed toward him . . for I wanted to hear the whole story, and felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weakness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an hour longer; for my orders were to explore and bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in highth almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his trumpet was so weak; rather did I wonder that Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed toward him however, ere my eyes had measured either his form or strength. He held the child against me . . and staggered under it.

Behold, he exclamed, *the glorious ornaments of a Roman triumph!*

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops,

as of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked; and many were the precious stones, many were the amulets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric ornaments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that tinkled on the hardened and black branches, from mothers and wives and betrothed maids; and some too, I can imagine, from robuster arms, things of joyance, won in battle. The crowd of incumbent bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire nor the smoke could penetrate upward from amongst them; and they sank, whole and at once, into the smouldering cavern eaten out below. He at whose neck was the trumpet, felt this, and started.

There is yet room, he cried, *and there is strength enough yet both in the element and in me.*

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon knarled knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It, like some hugest and strangest beast, on the innermost wilds of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe, panted once more, and seized him.

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus! what Rome in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never shew

her, what the Earth has borne but now and must never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her . . a Numantian.

METELLUS.

We shall feast tomorrow. Hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune . . trust in Fortune.

MARIUS.

Auguries are surer: surest of all is perseverance.

METELLUS.

I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent: I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius.

MARIUS . . *following.*

The tribune is the discoverer, the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius! thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If Scipio's words are fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile may welcome the citizen of Arpinum.

Marius was young at the siege of Numantia, and, entering the army with no advantages of connexions, would have risen slowly; but Scipio had marked his regularity and good

morals, and desirous of shewing the value he placed on discipline, when he was asked who, in case of accident to him, should succede in the chief command, replied, *Perhaps this man*, touching the shoulder of Marius. He, addicted by nature to superstition, is reported to have founded his hopes of supremacy on words intended only to encourage others in emulation.

Caius Metellus was the youngest of four brothers: he served as tribune before Numantia, where Scipio said to him, *Si quintum pareret mater ejus, asinum fuisse parituram.* Cicero de Orat. 66. He was the kinsman of that Metellus by whose jealousy and animosity Marius was persecuted in the Numidian war.

CONVERSATION X.

NICOLAS

AND

MICHEL.

NICOLAS

AND

MICHEL.

NICOLAS.

WELL, my brother! you have been among the frequenters of court and coffee-house more recently than I have; pray tell me what is the opinion, or rather, what are the opinions, of people in general on our march against Constantinople.

MICHEL.

Brother, we were not educated on the principle of noticing the ideas of the powerless. Our policy has ever been invariable, whether in the hands of the intelligent, or of the ignorant. The men who surrounded Catharine, who conversed with her, who corresponded with her, left behind them the mark of the axe, at certain distances in the forest we are penetrating, and we have only to look over the chart and give directions.

NICOLAS.

Very true. Other states enjoy no such advantages: intrigue runs into intrigue; duplicity doubles upon duplicity; the cable too much twisted cuts itself, and the anchor lies flat along the sand. To undo the labours of a predecessor, and to denounce the fallacy or the folly of his projects, is the chief business of a prime minister in every other cabinet. Have you been able to find out nothing in regard to the sentiments of our neighbours?

MICHEL.

If any thing were in them I might have found it out. Gravity, honesty, fairness, unreservedness, reciprocity, and a sincere and disinterested love of peace and order, are in the eyes and upon the lips of all diplomatists. The king of England regards you as his brother; the king of France embraces you as his son; the emperor of Austria rode side by side with your illustrious predecessor, whose views were the same as his, and he never will believe it possible that your Imperial Majesty, equally wise and magnanimous, can change one tittle. There are those who whisper the contrary, but none heeds them.

NICOLAS.

Palaces should have no whispering galleries, or they should be left to the women and pages. So, Francis says he is resolved not to believe what

they tell him, and what he sees: well, I am the last man in the world who would shake his belief, seeing it firm and fitting.

MICHEL.

He added, If his majesty the autocrat of all the Russias had declared war against the Turk to protect the Greeks a few years ago, while a million or two were living, such war perhaps might have had its plea and its abettors: but since in the whole of the Morea, in the whole scene of war, there are not forty thousand adult males surviving, nor the same number of females to reproduce them; since all the boys and girls in the country do not amount to thirty thousand; it surely requires a second thought, whether war should be lighted up in the center of Europe for so minute an object. His majesty the emperor of Austria is himself of a very different opinion: he has received positive information from indisputable authority, from eye-witnesses, that, such was the wretchedness of the Greeks, brought on them by their rebellion, many who never had fought, came forward in the line of march, and threw stones or even berries and grass at the Turks, that they might finish their existence less criminally than by suicide and less miserably than by famine.

NICOLAS.

Great God! is this true?

MICHEL.

I asked the same question of the traveler; he saw it.

NICOLAS.

I am ashamed of my supiness. Merciful father of mankind forgive me.

MICHEL.

Many were driven mad by thirst and hunger, many by desperation, many by the sight of the last child carried off by the Arabs; and there was one, he was more frantic than the rest, but he was of briefer agony, who yet remembered the name of every hill and mountain he had seen or heard of, and called on each and on all to cover him; for he had caught his infant's breath as it left the body in his house, and had not dared to go forth and bury it with christian burial.

NICOLAS.

If these things were false they would have been said before. Wisdom and Truth are unwinged deities, and are less to be known by their features than by their tardiness and taciturnity. I might have died and have never known half the justice of my cause. Policy is a jealous and a selfish thing; and Honour is quite as jealous, quite as selfish. Here find we more than state-papers can enwrap, more than manifestoes dare make manifest. A million hearts shall heave these wrongs to God, a million swords shall

avenge them. Are there men upon earth who dare committ them, and none to say *ye shall not do it!* What! my brother of Austria talks of moderation and forbearance. Let him open the prisons of Mantua a few moments, not for pardon, not for remission, but only that the captives may see, looking close, whether his finger has inscribed on the slippery green wall the right year of our Lord in the right place, or one upon another, ten, eleven, twelve. Let him, in his imperial bounty and apostolic piety, add a mouthful of fresh air from the marsh, and a slip of sunshine that the dogs on the outside have done with; let him, freely and boldly; I will not protest against his encouragement of secret sects and novel opinions. He talks then of the center of Europe, does he? My torch is in the extremity of it: he may decide whether I shall carry it to the center. Our brother Alexander grew lazy and fond of pleasure: he deferred the declaration of hostilities too long. I know not whether his delay of them cost him his life or not: certain I am our nation would have risen in arms against him, and against me likewise, had our religion been longer opprest, our honour insulted, our armies defied, and our treaties violated. Let any potentate in Europe shew me an example of so just a war. The strongest of our arguments is, the declaration of our enemy, that he was

deceiving us with pacific protestations, and that he never intended to comply with the arbitration he recently had accepted and long solicited. I regret that it is impossible for a king or emperor to obtain the whole truth from any man, excepting some one perhaps in his own family; and this one is generally on the least friendly terms with him. My regret would, in my own particular case, have been the lighter, if you, my dear Michel, could have carried my wishes into execution, and could have conversed, at this crisis, on terms of equality and intimacy with intelligent and well-informed strangers.

MICHEL.

While I was at Moscow I met an Englishman, who intended to travel thro the empire, and to whom, on his presentation to me, I gave all the facilities I could.

NICOLAS.

Are you sure he is not a spy?

MICHEL.

If he is, I shall have a better opinion of his government than it ever has deserved in the memory of man. It has employed in no department, from the lowest to the highest, a functionary of equal perspicacity. He had left Constantinople about two months, and he confirmed to me the news that the Duke of Wellington has placed himself at the head of the Administration.

NICOLAS.

I know not whether this event is at all unfavorable to me. It must be regarded in two points of view. During the war, while he held the command of the army, he shewed the light of his countenance to those officers only, whose families were strong in parliamentary interest: whether he did this according to orders from the ministry, or with private and remoter views, is at present no subject for inquiry. He must now make the fortunes of his military supporters, and not only of those, but of the new generation, their sons and nephews, who were children at the close of hostilities. These must be provided for; and war is the only means: such is the system of government in England. But England, who suffers more by beating than by being beaten, is, relatively to her neighbours, less powerful than she ever was; and nothing but invasion or madness could incite her, for the next half century, to take up arms. The slower the nation is, the readier will be the aristocracy, which must now become all-powerful. Popular power and popular feeling are odious to the Duke of Wellington; and he has exercised his usual judgement in seizing the moment when both are at the lowest. The few persons in the House of Commons, on whom the country had any reliance, have abandoned the hopeless cause, and have made

their patriotism very palatable. We may safely admitt them to kiss our hands, when the pages have removed our hats and gloves from the antechamber. I had persuaded Mr. Canning to join with France in sending troops against Ibrahim. Every thing was ready. The two nations would have quarreled within six weeks. England, it must be confessed, never, in these last fifty years, had a minister so prudent and wary as Wellington. He foresees the consequences of such a step; and, not only from hatred of the Greeks and their adherents, but from sound policy, will keep his troops away. The French are impetuous and thoughtless: they may invade the Morea, not with the design of aiding the insurgents, nor with the hope of holding the country, and thus rendering the Seven Isles of no utility to England, but in order to exchange it for Crete or Cyprus. I was unable to deferr the warr: I was unwilling to deferr it: nor indeed could any time be more favorable for my operations, unless it should be two years hence, when the Duke of Wellington may be called to settle things upon a durable basis. The French government and I must let him have a war: the best plan will be, to draw lots, which shall gratify him. One or other must do it; else things in England cannot go on quietly, and the aristocracy will be little better than the higher class of the people.

MICHEL.

The Turks appear to be more angry both with France and England than with us.

NICOLAS.

A sense of indignity is stronger among the Turks than among any other nation upon earth. From me they expected open war, and have it: from France and England they expected protection, and experience perfidy. To me they would rather open the gates of Constantinople, than to them the harbour of Navarino.

Let me hear the remarks of the traveler.

MICHEL.

Before the troops began to march, he waited on the governor of Moscow with a plan of operations.

NICOLAS.

Depend upon it, he is a spy then. How the English are changed! the French Revolution has altered the French but little, the English totally. The Gallic twigs shook and bent and lost some leaves, but rose up again in the same direction, resumed the same form, and displayed the same fruits and foliage. Whatever was light and worthless in France seems to have been blown across the Channel, and to have taken root in England. I do not complane of military government; an excellent thing, temperately used; but I little apprehended that the English would so readily submitt to it.

MICHEL.

Something of this occurred to the traveler, who remarked that the condition of England is, at present, what the condition of France was at the dissolution of the Directory. Stock-jobbers ruled: persons of the highest rank visited and courted them: they were raised to dignities above the defenders of the nation, and above her judges. The only sign of prosperity was the profusion and waste of public money. Where the taxes are enormous, said he, nobody cares who rules, or how he rules. The distress of families, penury, want, are directly and in themselves but minor evils: worse are the prostration of public honour, the prostitution of private dignity, contempt of old usages, indifference to improvement, hopelessness at last and apathy, even in those who would have given their lives to their country.

NICOLAS.

Spies often talk in this florid way.

MICHEL.

When your Majesty sees the whole plan, you may think differently of the author.

NICOLAS.

Do you recollect it?

MICHEL.

Yes, together with what he said to me politically.

NICOLAS.

I will not again interrupt you; let me hear it.

MICHEL.

These were nearly his words.

Ere you attempt to carry a plan into execution, you must not only look toward the road before you, but sometimes on each side and behind. Russia no doubt is in good intelligence with Sweden and Prussia, whose interest it is at all periods to be in harmony with her.

NICOLAS.

He speaks wisely: if he is not a spy he ought at least to be a privy counsellor.

MICHEL.

The better to ensure the friendship and co-operation of Sweden, I would resign to her, said he, that portion of Finland which was last detached from her, together with the whole of Lapland, on condition that she supply to me her maritime force during eight months, the Emperor paying the seamen and provisioning. The king of Sweden is very ambitious of possessing the entire peninsula; and what is proposed to be ceded is worth little to Russia.

I hardly dare mention what he added.

NICOLAS.

Speak planely, my dear brother: he appears no fool.

MICHEL.

He observed that the French nation is in an indescribable degree attached to the Polander; and that, not only throughout France, but equally throughout Germany the sentiment is prevalent and universal. He recommended that, until the capture of Constantinople, no direct answer should be given to foren ministers; that nothing should be said further than His Imperial Majesty, having shewn a forbearance from hostilities unexampled in the history of any powerful nation, is resolved to shew a disinterestedness yet more remarkable, and to make such cessions of conquest as will not only satisfy but astonish Europe.

NICOLAS.

What can he mean?

MICHEL.

That your Majesty will grant to Mahmood the possession of Syria, Arabia, Cyprus, Egypt, and Mauritania, the Euphrates being the boundary on the East in its whole extent. I may now revert to Poland?

NICOLAS.

Now indeed you may.

MICHEL.

He recommends that your Majesty should cede to the king of Prussia, to be governed by his second son and the heirs of that prince, the

provinces of Varsavia, Grodno, Mirsk, and Volhynia, on condition that Prussia joins to it all her possessions on the right of the Vistula, and whatever she retains of ancient Poland on the left; and furthermore that Austria restores Gallicia. This compact, he says, would be disadvantageous to Prussia, unless you erected in her favour a kingdom of Dalmatia, adding to it Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, and Albania, and bounding it by the river Verdar in Macedonia, and by the ridges of Olympus.

NICOLAS.

What would Austria say?

MICHEL.

He proposes that the favorite plan of Austria should be executed, tho not exactly in her manner. He would allow to the Archdukes of Austria the whole of Italy, which would quietly and gladly submitt to them if constitutions were granted. The Duke of Modena is detested for his avarice, his treachery, his cowardice, and his cruelty: the king of Sardinia is unpopular; his heir is distrusted and despised, alike by the prince and people. He would think himself most fortunate to possess the island of Sardinia. What the Switzers hold in Lombardy may be recovered by payment of the money for which it was pledged. All that country, all the country from the torrent at Nervi, near Genoa, to the source of

the Trebia and to the mouth of the Po, should constitute one kingdom for an archduke: another should possess the kingdom of Adria, from the mouth of the Po to the Gulph of Taranto, bounded by the Apennines on the west. The kingdom of Etruria should extend from the bridge of Nervi to the Tiber, and follow the Teverone to its source. The city of Rome, within the walls, might be the Pope's.

NICOLAS.

But the kingdom of Naples, must it be ceded to an archduke? would France and Spain consent to it?

MICHEL.

Sicily is more than enough, he thinks, for kings and ministers hardly on a level, either in intellect or information, with the wretchedest and most sordid on the Atlantic coast of Africa. He supposes that Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and England, are unanimous. France and Spain have nearer interests, and may be called home if they stir. By these arrangements, the families of the Emperor of Austria and King of France would govern a larger population in Europe than your Majesty, and England a larger in Asia. What right or reason then has any one of them to complain of an undue weight in the balance? Russia would be surrounded by states incapable of molesting her; while Austria would be well

indemnified for a narrow and barren coast, easily to be taken from her in the first war with Russia or with France.

NICOLAS.

I may abstain from seizing all I could seize; but I do not like to give up any thing I possess.

MICHEL.

An objection foreseen by the traveller, who adduced many proofs of shortsightedness in politicians, from what he called this distemper.

NICOLAS.

Will others do it if I do?

MICHEL.

Again his very words! This reflexion, he said, throws a damp on nearly all generosity, and stints the higher growth to the standard of the lower. *Will others do it if I do?* blights more good than takes growth: and, *If I do not, others will,* prompts to more evil than is allowed to lie inert.

NICOLAS.

Plausible! there is something in him. What were his military views?

MICHEL.

Principally, to follow the march of Cesarini: to secure a strong position or two on the right bank of the Danube: to be perfectly sure that the governor of Servia is in your interest; and to render him completely so, by granting him the government for life: by no means to invade

that country, or any part of Bosnia, or more of Bulgaria than the frontiers: to seize or blockade every port and roadsted, and to occupy or observe all the stronger of the positions, from the mouths of the Danube to the canal of Constantinople. For this purpose in particular the Swedish fleet is desirable. The expense, which may appear to be greater than of forces equally numerous that march by land, is much less. The roads of the sea are not to be broken up by the enemies pioneers: the cattle, safely stored, and in the small compass of barrels, are not to be driven off: ambuscades there are none here: horses are not left behind for want of provender, for want of shoes, for wounds, or for diseases. Battering trains do not here consume what would almost be sufficient for the sustenance of the armies: and the broken carriages of abandoned cannon do not blockade the passage of the troops. In attempting to penetrate the mountains of Balkan, in which many thousand soldiers must perish, a part only of the provisions can accompany the army; and the enemy will have daily opportunities of attacking it with advantage. He may delay it throughout the months of July and August, when the plains are burnt up, and neither provender nor water can be procured sufficiently. Fevers too will be prevalent among you; and certainly not a third of your forces can be brought, after those

months and that march, against Constantinople. Coast the Black Sea, with successive armies and incessant debarcations. Water and provisions of every kind may partly be found and partly imported: places may be taken as there are opportunities, without any great care whether in order or not. Perhaps it might be more advantageous to take Sisepoli before Varna, since it would impede the provisioning both of Varna and of Bourgas. Neither Rudshuk nor Silistria need be besieged: every place lower than Silistria should be occupied by gunboats.

NICOLAS.

We must go regularly to work: we must take the strong places along the Danube.

MICHEL.

The stranger thinks differently, for this reason. In the strong places great magazines are formed, and they are well garnished with cannon; but the Turks have few waggons, few tumbrils, few beasts of burden in them; and those in the country will be seized by our Cossacks, as well as the grain, the straw, and the hay. So there is no danger of their rising in the rear of you; and, were it possible, you have always a force equal to theirs, in readiness to occupy the positions.

NICOLAS.

The distance is greater by the Black Sea.

MICHEL.

Somewhat: but the march is to be performed in less time. You have always one flank protected: you have always fresh food; you have always fresh water; you have wine, brandy, medicines, iron, wood: you have, instead of heat and dust and suffocation, temperate and salubrious breezes: you have frequent and commodious places for halting, and, what always should be well considered, readier and less painful means of carrying off the wounded. You never need fight unless where your fleet and gunboats can co-operate. Quantities of projectiles, to any amount, may attend the army. If such as have lately been invented are employed by your forces, undiminished and healthy as they would be, Constantinople cannot resist forty hours, and must fall before the end of August. The city will blaze in all quarters, partly from your fire against it, partly from the indignation of the Janisaries and their adherents, and partly from the revenge of the Armenians and Greeks. Your Majesty will then enjoy the opportunity of bestowing a forfeited empire on an inveterate enemy. By the cession of all his European dominions to you, any part of them which may be occupied by another must be evacuated and restored. By your concession of the rest, Barbary will be no

longer a scourge and a disgrace to the maritime powers of Europe. Mahmood may reign in Damascus or Alexandria, possessing a territory larger than France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the British iles, united, and capable, with proper management, of supporting more inhabitants than the whole number of his present subjects. Your neighbours, said the traveler, are unaware that your possession of Turkey would be highly and instantaneously advantageous to their commerce. If they oppose it, they not only throw away more than they can find elsewhere, but must lose their vessels by the shoal of privateers you send out against them.

NICOLAS.

In good truth, Michel, I do not fear any Power in Europe. Austria may molest me: I can ruin her. One blow, one treacherous act, and I cast a firebrand into Italy, and another into Hungary, which the world upon it could not extinguish. France here would not oppose me: Bavaria would not, certainly. Who would then? The season is hot, the wood dry; a spark is enough. I would rather not blow it, lest the blaze extend too far, and the wind carry it back again toward me. There is not a government in Europe, among the greater, which a touch on the exterior might not overturn. Some are laden so heavily with debt, they cannot swim; others

swell with gross affronts; and others agonize with broken promises. Then, between ourselves, the rulers are fools and scoundrels, and I begin to suspect such characters are going out of repute, for any rank higher than ministers and masters of ceremonies.

Did the traveler say any thing of his own country?

MICHEL.

England, he said, is strong in self-defence: but, added he, if her minister had influence enough to bring about a war, the people would refuse to pay the taxes. You and she never need come in contact: you may injure each other's prosperity; you cannot shake each other's power. Let France play with the Greeks until she fall asleep upon them. It is the business of England to beware that she does not again take Egypt. Let England watch her: do you be courteous, and rather encourage and flatter her in every thing, than perplex her.

Such was the opinion of the imaginary spy.

NICOLAS.

Send him to me: I will give him an audience and a star, and appoint him to a post on the Caspian.

MICHEL.

I offered him my recommendations: he declined them gravely and respectfully, giving me his

reason; that he entertained the best-founded hopes, in case of a maritime war, having lately been conversant with Sophocles and Plato, he should be nominated on some distant vacancy, as worthy of bearing His Britannic Majesty's commission of purser to a fire-ship.

CONVERSATION XI.

LEOFRIC

AND

GODIVA.

LEOFRIC

AND

GODIVA.

GODIVA.

THERE is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicester, and how many sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor pining cattle. You, my lord and protector, have imprisoned more than one malefactor, for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Altho we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures whose remnants the farmyard dogs,

driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air with howls or sharp quick barkings, struggling with hunger and feebleness, exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the tyme from the heath, nor the bruized branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odour.

LEOFRIC.

And now, Godiva my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the hedges of the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

GODIVA.

Dearest Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage: they and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as tho they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

LEOFRIC.

O light laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straitway to Saint Michael's and pray until the morning.

GODIVA.

I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath

turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish? what he can do like God?

LEOFRIC.

How! what is it?

GODIVA.

I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving lord, in favour of these unhappy men who have offended you.

LEOFRIC.

Unhappy! is that all?

GODIVA.

Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth! shall none enjoy them! not even we, my Leofric! The sun is ready to sett: let it never sett, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words; they are better than mine; should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them!

LEOFRIC.

Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

GODIVA.

They have then drawn the sword against you! Indeed I knew it not.

LEOFRIC.

They have omitted to send me my dues,

established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

GODIVA.

If they were starving as they said they were . . .

LEOFRIC.

Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

GODIVA.

Enough! O God! too much! too much! may you never lose them! give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst . . and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family.

LEOFRIC.

We must hold solemn festivals.

GODIVA.

We must indeed.

LEOFRIC.

Well then!

GODIVA.

Is the clamorousness that succedes the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals? Are maddening songs and giddy dances, and hireling praises from party-coloured coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves, than our own internal one might tell us? or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let every thing be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving, it is the orphan, the starveling prest to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks and months and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven; and in heaven will it again be poured out abundantly to him, who pours it out here abundantly.

LEOFRIC.

Thou art wild.

GODIVA.

I have indeed lost myself: the words are not

mine: I only feel and utter them. Some Power, some good kind Power melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift again your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

LEOFRIC.

We will think upon it.

GODIVA.

O never say that word! those who utter it are false men. What! think upon goodness when you can be good! Let not their infants cry for food! the mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never afterward.

LEOFRIC.

Here comes the bishop: we are now but one mile from the walls, why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. Godiva, my honour and rank among men are humbled by this: Earl Godwin will hear of it: up! up! the bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward: dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

GODIVA.

Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax, this tax on hard labour, on hard life.

LEOFRIC.

Turn round: look how the fat nag canters, as

to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages . . . Rise, up for shame! they shall smart for it, idlers. Sir bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

GODIVA.

My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

LEOFRIC.

O sir bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide thro the streets.

GODIVA.

O my dear cruel Leofric, where is the heart you gave me! It was not so! can mine have hardened it!

BISHOP.

Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turneth pale and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

GODIVA.

Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me, when peace is with your city. Did you hear my lord's hard word.

BISHOP.

I did, lady.

GODIVA.

Will you remember it, and pray against it?

BISHOP.

Wilt thou forget it?

GODIVA.

I am not offended.

BISHOP.

Angel of peace and purity!

GODIVA.

But treasure it up in your heart. Deem it an incense; good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And now what was it?

BISHOP.

Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked thro the streets at noon.

GODIVA.

Did he not swear an oath?

BISHOP.

He sware by the holy rood.

GODIVA.

My Redeemer! thou hast heard it! save the city!

LEOFRIC.

We are now upon the beginning of the pavement: these are the suburbs: let us think of

feasting: we may pray afterward: tomorrow we shall rest.

GODIVA.

No judgements then tomorrow, Leofric?

LEOFRIC.

None: we will carouse.

GODIVA.

The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence: my prayers are heard: the heart of my beloved is now softened.

LEOFRIC.

Ay, ay.

GODIVA.

Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

LEOFRIC.

I have sworn. Besides, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all these knaves have seen it. This adds to the city's crime.

GODIVA.

I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor cruel.

LEOFRIC.

But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing; there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair: take heed not to sit upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done!

it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working therupon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it.. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee,.. no signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or wonderment... I *will* say it... now then for worse... I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

GODIVA.

Tomorrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to-night I must fast and pray.

LEOFRIC.

I do not hear thee; the voices of the folks are so loud under this archway.

GODIVA *(to herself).*

God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so tomorrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten! and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach! and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for

so large a family! Shall my youth harm me! Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah, when will the morning come! ah when will the noon be over!

This Conversation was suggested by the *Indicator;* an excellent book, stored with sound criticisms, and what are better still, with manly, just, and generous reflexions. The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always much interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby. When I shewed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. The *Indicator* has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads;* so heartstrickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if any one else should wish another laugh at me.

In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer,
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!

CONVERSATION XII.

IZAAC WALTON,

COTTON,

AND

WILLIAM OLDWAYS.

IZAAC WALTON,

COTTON,

AND

WILLIAM OLDWAYS.

WALTON.

GOD be wi' thee and preserve thee, old Ashbourne! thou art verily the pleasantest place upon his earth, I mean from May-day till Michaelmas. Son Cotton, let us tarry a little here upon the bridge. Did you ever see greener meadows than these on either hand? And what says that fine lofty spire upon the left, a trowling-line's cast from us? It says methinks, *Blessed be the Lord for this bounty: come hither and repeat it beside me.* How my jade winces! I wish the strawberry-spotted trout, and ash-coloured grayling under us, had the bree that plagues thee so, my merry wench! Look, my son, at the great venerable house opposite. You know these parts as well as I do, or better: are you acquainted with the worthy who lives over there?

COTTON.

I cannot say I am, tho he visits my relatives when he rides so far.

WALTON.

You shall be then. He has resided here forty-five years, and knew intimately our good doctor Donne, and (I hear) hath some of his verses, written when he was a stripling, or little better, the which we come after.

COTTON.

That, I imagine, must be he; the man in black, walking above the house.

WALTON.

Truly said on both counts. Willy Oldways; sure enough; and he doth walk above his house-top. The gardens here, you may have observed it, overhang the streets.

COTTON.

Ashbourne, to my mind, is the prettiest town in England.

WALTON.

And there is nowhere between Trent and Tweed, a sweeter stream for the trout, I do assure you, than the one our horses are bestriding. Those in my opinion were very wise men, who consecrated certain streams to the Muses: I know not whether I can say so much of those who added the mountains. Whenever I am beside a river or rivulet, on a sunny day, and think a little while,

and let images warm into life about me, and joyous sounds increase and multiply in their innocence, the sun looks brighter and feels warmer, and I am readier to live and less unready to die.

Son Cotton! these light idle brooks,
Peeping into so many nooks,
Yet have not for their idlest wave
The leisure you may think they have:
No, not the little ones that run
And hide behind the first big stone,
When they have squirted in the eye
Of their next neighbour passing by;
Nor yonder curly sideling fellow,
Of tones than Pan's own flute more mellow,
Who learns his tune and tries it over
As girl who fain would please her lover.
Something has each of them to say . . .
He says it, and then runs away,
And says it in another place . . .
Continuing the unthrifty chase.
We have as many tales to tell,
And look as gay, and run as well,
But leave another to pursue
What we had promised we would do,
Till, in the order God has fated,
One after one precipitated,
Whether we *would* on, or would *not* on,
Just like these idle waves, son Cotton!

And now I have taken you by surprise, I will have (finished or unfinished) the verses you

snatched out of my hand when you awoke this morning.

COTTON.

Rocks under Okeover park-paling
Better than Ashbourne suit the grayling.
Reckless of people springs the trout,
Tossing his vacant head about,
And his distinction-stars, as one
Not to be touched, but looked upon;
And smirks askance, as who should say
" I'd lay now (if I e'er *did* lay)
" The brightest fly that shines above,
" You know not what *I'm* thinking of;
" What *you* are, I can plainly tell. .
" And so, my gentles, fare ye well!

WALTON.

Heigh! heigh! what have we here! Faith! son Cotton, if my friend Oldways had seen these verses, he would have reproved me, in his mild amicable way, for my friendship with one who, at two and twenty, could either know so much or invent so much about a girl. He remarked to me, the last time we met, that our climate was more backward and our youth more forward than anciently; and, taking out a newspaper from under the cushion of his arm-chair, shewed me a paragraph marked in red ink, with seven or eight strong marks of admiration on each side, in which there was mention made of a female

servant, who, hardly seventeen years old, charged her master's son, who was barely two older . . .

COTTON.

Nonsense! nonsense!

WALTON.

Why, he himself seemed to express a doubt; for beneath was written *Qu: if perjured . . which God forbid! May all turn out to his glory!*

COTTON.

But really I do not recollect that paper of mine, if mine it be.

WALTON.

Truly, son, thou hast not succeded in this; and yet there are girls here and there who might have said as much; they have such froward tongues in their heads, some of 'em. A breath keeps them in motion, like a Jew's harp, God knows how long.

> In my bosom I would rather
> Daffodils and kingcups gather,
> Than have fifty sighing souls,
> False as cats and dull as owls.

Cats forsooth! *Owls,* and cry you mercy! Have they no better words than those for civil people!

Here I stretch myself along*,
Tell a tale or sing a song,
By my cousin Sue or Bet . .
And for dinner here I get
Strawberries, curds, or what I please,
With my bread upon my knees,
And when we have had enough,
Shake, and off to *blindman's buff*:
Which I cannot do if they
Ever come across my way,
They so puzzle one ! . . that tongue
Always makes one cry out wrong!

* I cannot but think that I am indebted to a beautiful little poem of Redi, for the train of these ideas, tho without a consciousness of it while I was writing. His sonnets are among the worst in the language: there is but one exception. I am likely to be a bad translator; and moreover I must inform the reader that I am designedly an unfaithful one in the second line, of which the literal and entire version is "who pass thro *Pity-street*." I have taken the elegiac measure as more becoming the subject.

Ye gentle souls, ye tenderer of the fair,
Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,
O stay awhile and hear me! then declare
If there was ever grief that equald mine.

There was a woman to whose hallowed breast
Faith had retired, and Honour fixed his throne . .
Pride, tho upheld by Virtue, she repressed . .
Ye gentle souls, *that* woman was my own.

Her form was fill'd with beauty from her face;
Grace was in all she did, in all she said,
Grace in her pleasures, in her sorrows grace . .
Ye gentle souls, *that* gentle soul is fled!

In the church to our right lie the Cockaynes. Whole races of men have been exterminated by wars and pestilences; families and names have slipt down and lost themselves by slow and imperceptible decay; but I doubt whether any breed of fish, with heron and otter and angler in pursuit of it, hath been extinguished since the Heptarchy. They might humble our pride a whit, methinks, tho they hold their tongues. The people here entertain a strange prejudice against the *nine-eyes.*

COTTON.

What, in the name of wonder, is that?

WALTON.

At your years do not you know? It is a tiny kind of lamprey, a finger long; it sticketh to the stones by its sucker, and if you are not warier, and more knowing than folks in general from the south, you might take it for a weed; it wriggles its whole body to and fro so regularly, and is of that dark colour which subaqueous weeds are often of, as tho they were wet thro, which they are not, any more than land-weeds, if one may believe doctor Plott, who told me so in confidence.

Hold my mare, son Cotton. I will try whether my whip can reach the window, when I have mounted the bank.

COTTON.

Curious thing! the middle of a street to be

lower than the side by several feet. People would not believe it in London or Hull.

WALTON.

Ho! lass! tell the good parson your master, or his wife if she be nearer at hand, that two friends would dine with him; Charles Cotton, kinsman of Mistress Cotton of the Peak, and his humble servant Izaac Walton.

GIRL.

If you are come, gentles, to dine with my master, I will make another kidney-pudding first, while I am about it, and then tell him . . not but we have enough and to spare, yet master and mistress love to see plenty, and to welcome with no such peascods as words.

WALTON.

Go, thou hearty jade, trip it, and tell him.

COTTON.

I will answer for it, thy friend is a good soul, altho I know but little of him and have not met him for years.

WALTON.

He wants nothing, yet he keeps the grammar-school, and is ready to receive, as private tutor, any young gentleman in preparation for Oxford or Cambridge; but only one. They live like princes, converse like friends, and part like lovers*.

* I pay this tribute to my worthy old tutor, Mr. Langley of Ashbourne, under whose tuition I passed a year between

COTTON.

Here he comes: I never saw such a profusion of snow-white hair.

WALTON.

Let us go up and meet him.

OLDWAYS.

Welcome, my friends! will you walk back into the house or sit awhile in the shade here?

WALTON.

We will sit down in the grass, on each side of your arm-chair, good master William. Why, how is this? here are tulips and other flowers by the thousand growing out of the turf. You are all of a piece, my sunny saint; you are always concealing the best things about you, except your raisin-wine and your money.

OLDWAYS.

The garden was once divided by borders: a young gentleman, my private pupil, was fond of leaping: his heels ruined my choicest flowers, ten or twenty at a time. I remonstrated: he patted me on the shoulder, and said, *My dear Mr. Oldways, in these borders if you miss a flower you are uneasy; now if the whole garden were in turf, you would be delighted to discover one.*

Rugby and Oxford. He would take only one private pupil, and never had but me. The kindness of him and his wife to me was parental. They died nearly together; about five-and-twenty years ago.

Turf it then, and leave the flowers to grow or not to grow, as may happen. I mentioned it to my wife: *Suppose we do,* said she: it was done so; and the boy's remark, I have found by experience, is very true.

WALTON.

You have some very nice flies about the trees here, friend Oldways. Charles, do prythee lay thy hand upon that green one . . He has it! he has it! bravely done, upon my life! I never saw any thing achieved so admirably . . not a wing nor an antenna the worse for it. Put him into this box. Thou art caught . . but shalt catch others . . lie softly.

COTTON.

The transport of dad Walton will carry him off (I would lay a wager) from the object of his ride.

OLDWAYS.

What was that, sir?

COTTON.

Old Donne, I suspect, is nothing to such a fly.

WALTON.

All things in their season.

COTTON.

Come, I carried the rods in my hand all the way . .

OLDWAYS.

I never could have believed, master Izaac, that

you would have trusted your tackle out of your own hand.

WALTON.

Without cogent reason, no indeed: but . . let me whisper.

I told youngster it was because I carried a hunting whip, and could not hold that and rod too. But why did I carry this long thong, bethink you?

OLDWAYS.

I cannot guess.

WALTON.

I must come behind your chair and whisper softlier. I have that in my pocket which might make the dogs inquisitive and troublesome . . a rare paste, of my own invention. When son Cotton sees me draw up gill after gill, and he can do nothing, he will respect me. Not that I have to complain of him as yet . . and he shall know the whole after supper.

COTTON.

Have you asked?

WALTON.

Anon: have patience.

COTTON.

Will no reminding do? Not a rod or line, or fly of any colour, false or true, shall you have, dad Izaac, before you have made to our kind host here your intended supplication.

OLDWAYS.

None with me, I desire. Speak and have.

WALTON.

Oldways, I think you were curate to friend Donne.

OLDWAYS.

When I was first in holy orders I was so.

WALTON.

I have heard it reported that you have some of his earlier poetry.

OLDWAYS.

I have (I believe) a trifle or two: but if he were living he would not wish them to see the light.

WALTON.

Why not; he had nothing to fear: his fame was established; and he was a very discreet and holy man.

OLDWAYS.

He was almost in his boyhood when he wrote it, being but in his twentythird year, and subject to fits of love.

COTTON.

This passion then cannot have had for its object the daughter of Sir George More, whom he saw not until long afterward.

OLDWAYS.

No, nor was that worthy lady called Margaret, as was this, who scattered so many pearls in his path, he was wont to say that he trod uneasily on them, and could never skip them.

WALTON.

Let us look at them in his poetry.

OLDWAYS.

I know not whether he would consent thereto, were he living, the lines running so totally on the amorous.

WALTON.

Faith and troth! we mortals are odd fishes. We care not how many see us in choler: we rave and bluster, and make as much noise and bustle as we can: but if the kindest and most generous affection comes across us, we suppress the very sign of it, and hide ourselves in nooks and coverts. Out with the drawer, my dear Oldways; we have seen Donne's sting; in justice to him let us now have a sample of his honey.

OLDWAYS.

Strange, that you never asked me before.

WALTON.

I am fain to write his life, now one can sit by Dove-side and hold the paper upon one's lap, without fear that some unlucky catchpole of a rheumatism tip one upon the shoulder. I have many things to say in Donne's favour: let me add to them, by your assistence, that he not only loved well and truly, as was proved in his marriage, tho like a good angler he changed his fly, and did not at all seasons cast his rod over the same water; but that his heart opened early to the genial affections;

that his satire was only the overflowing of his wit; that he made it administer to his duties; that he ordered it to officiate as he would his curate, and perform half the service of the church for him.

COTTON.

Pray, who was the object of his affections?

OLDWAYS.

The damsel was Mistress Margaret Hayes.

COTTON.

I am curious to know, if you will indulge my curiosity, what figure of a woman she might be.

OLDWAYS.

She was of lofty stature, red-haired (which some folks dislike) but with comely white eyebrows, a very slender nose, and thin lips. Her chin was somewhat long, with what I should have simply called a sweet dimple in it, quite proportionate; but Donne said it was more than dimple; that it was peculiar; that her angelic face could not have existed without it, nor it without her angelic face; that is, unless by a new dispensation. He was much taken thereby, and mused upon it deeply, calling it in moments of joyousness the cradle of all sweet fancies, and in hours of suffering from her sedateness, the vale of death.

WALTON.

So ingenious are men when the spring torrent of passion shakes up and carries away their thoughts,

covering (as it were) the green meadow of still homely life with pebbles and shingle, some colourless and obtuse, some sharp and sparkling.

COTTON.

I hope he was happy in her at last.

OLDWAYS.

He had the misfortune, as he then thought it, to outlive her, after a courtship of about five years, which enabled him to contemplate her ripening beauties at leisure, and to bend over the opening flowers of her virtues and accomplishments. Alas! they were lost to the world (unless by example) in her fortyseventh spring.

COTTON.

He might then leisurely bend over them, and quite as easily shake the seed out as smell them. Did she refuse him then?

OLDWAYS.

He dared not ask her.

COTTON.

Why, verily, I should have boggled at that said vale, I think, myself.

OLDWAYS.

Izaac, our young friend master Cotton is not sedate enough yet, I imagine, for a right view and perception of poetry. I doubt whether these very affecting verses on her loss will move him greatly: somewhat, yes; there is in the beginning so much simplicity, in the middle so much reflexion,

in the close so much grandeur and sublimity, no scholar can peruse them without strong emotion. Take and read them.

COTTON.

Come, come; do not keep them to yourself, dad. I have the heart of a man, and will bear the recitation as valiantly and staidly as may be.

WALTON.

I will read aloud the best stanza only. What strong language!

> Mag's one hair would hold a dragon,
> Mag's one eye would burn an earth:
> Fall, my tears! fill each your flagon!
> Millions fall. O drought! O dearth!

COTTON.

The doctor must have been desperate about the fair Margaret.

WALTON.

His verses are very fine indeed: one feels for him, poor man!

COTTON.

And wishes him nearer to Stourbridge, or some other glass-furnace. He must have been at great charges.

OLDWAYS.

Lord help the youth! tell him, Izaac, *that* is poetical, and means nothing.

IZAAC.

He has an inkling of it, I misgive me.

COTTON.

How could he write so smoothly in his affliction, when he shewed us nothing of the same knack afterward.

IZAAC.

I don't know; unless it may be that men's verses like their knees stiffen by age.

COTTON.

One would wish the stiffness somewhere else.

OLDWAYS.

Ay truly. I do like vastly your glib verses; but you cannot be at once easy and majestical.

WALTON.

It is only our noble rivers that enjoy this privilege. The greatest conqueror in the world never had so many triumphal arches erected to him as our middle-sized brooks have.

OLDWAYS.

Now, master Izaac, by your leave, I do think you are wrong in calling them triumphal. The ancients would have it that arches over waters were signs of subjection.

WALTON.

The ancients may have what they will, excepting your good company, which (please God!) we shall keep to ourselves. They were mighty people for subjection and subjugations.

OLDWAYS.

Virgil says, *pontem indignatus Araxes.*

WALTON.

Araxes was testy enough under it, I dare to averr. But what have you to say about the matter, son Cotton?

COTTON.

I dare not decide against mine host.

OLDWAYS.

So, we are yet no friends.

COTTON.

Under favour then, I would say that we but acknowledge the power of rivers and runlets in bridging them; for without so doing we could not pass. We are obliged to offer them a crown or or diadem, as the price of their acquiescence.

OLDWAYS.

Rather do I think that we are feudatory to them much in the same manner as the dukes of Normandy were to the kings of France, pulling them out of their beds, or making them lie narrowly and uneasily therin.

WALTON.

Is that between thy fingers, Will, another piece of honest old Donne's poetry?

OLDWAYS.

Yes; and these are the only two pieces I have kept: for we often throw away or neglect, in the lifetime of our friends, those things which in some

following age are searched after thro all the libraries in the world.

He wrote this among the earliest.

> Juno was proud, Minerva stern,
> Venus would rather toy than learn.
> What fault is there in Margaret Hayes?
> Her high disdain and pointed stayes.

I do not know whether, it being near our dinner-time, I ought to enter so deeply as I could into a criticism on this, which the doctor himself, in a single evening, taught me how to do. Charley is rather of the youngest; but I will be circumspect. That Juno was proud may be learnt from Virgil. The following passages in him and other latin poets . . .

COTTON.

We will examine them all after dinner, my dear Sir.

OLDWAYS.

The nights are not mighty long; but we shall find time, I trust.

Minerva stern.

Excuse me a moment: my Homer is in the next room, and my memory here is not so exact.

COTTON.

O my dear friend! do not, in God's name! let us lose a single moment of your precious company. Doctor Donne could require no support

from these heathens, when he had the dean and chapter on his side.

OLDWAYS.

A few parallel passages . . One would wish to write as other people have written.

COTTON.

We must sleep at Uttoxeter.

OLDWAYS.

I hope not.

WALTON.

We must indeed; and if we once get into your learning, we shall be carried down the stream, without the power even of wishing to mount it.

OLDWAYS.

Well, I will draw in then.

Venus would rather toy than learn.

Now, master Izaac, does that shew a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of men and manners, or not? In our days we have nothing like it: exquisite wisdom! Reason and meditate as you ride along, and inform our young friend here how the beautiful trust in their beauty, and how little they learn from experience, and how they trifle and toy. Certainly the Venus here is Venus Urania; the doctor would dissertate upon none other; yet even she, being a Venus . . . the sex is the sex . . ay, Izaac!

Her high disdain and pointed stayes.

Volumes and volumes are under these words. Briefly, he could find no other faults in his beloved, than the defences of her virgin chastity, against his marital and portly ardour. What can be more delicately or more learnedly exprest!

WALTON.

This is the poetry to reason upon from morning to night.

COTTON.

By my conscience is it! he wrongs it greatly who ventures to talk a word about it, unless after long reflexion, or after the instruction of the profound author.

OLDWAYS.

Izaac, thou hast a son worthy of thee, or about to become so.. the son here of thy adoption.. how grave and thoughtful!

WALTON.

These verses shew a fine fancy in Donne; and I like the man the better, who admits Love into his study late and early: for which two reasons I seized the lines at first with some avidity. On second thoughts however, I doubt whether I shall insert them in my biography, or indeed hint at the origin of them. In the whole story of his marriage with the daughter of Sir George More, there is something so sacredly romantic, so full of that which bursts from the tenderest heart and from

the purest, that I would admitt no other light or landscape to the portraiture. For if there is aught, precedent or subsequent, that offends our view of an admirable character, or intercepts or lessens it, we may surely cast it down and suppress it, and neither be called injudicious nor disingenuous. I think it no more requisite to note down every fit of anger or of love, than to chronicle the returns of a *sty* (as we call it) in the eye, or the times a man rubs between his fingers a sprig of sweet-briar. Let the character be taken in the complex; and let the more obvious and best peculiarities be marked plainly and distinctly, or (if those predominate) the worst. These latter I leave to others, of whom the school is full, who like anatomy the better, because the subject of their incisions was hanged. When I would sit upon a bank in my angling I look for the even turf, and do not trust myself so willingly to a rotten stump or a sharp one. I am not one of those who, speaking ill of the virtuous, say, *Truth obliges me to confess . . the interests of Learning and of Society demand from me . .* and such things; when this Truth of theirs is the elder sister of Malevolence, and teaches her half her tricks; and when the interests of Learning and of Society may be found in the printer's ledger, under the author's name, by the side of shillings and pennies.

OLDWAYS.

Friend Izaac, you are indeed exempt from all suspicion of malignity; and I never heard you intimate that you carry in your pocket the *letters patent* of Society, for the management of her interests in this world below. Verily do I believe that both Society and Learning will pardon you, tho you never talk of *pursuing*, or *exposing*, or *laying bare*, or *cutting up;* or employ any other term in their behalf drawn from the woods and forests, the chase and butchery. Donne fell into unhappiness by aiming at espousals with a person of higher condition than himself.

WALTON.

His affections happened to alight upon one who was so; and in most cases I would recommend it rather than the contrary, for the advantage of the children, in their manners and in their professions.

Light and worthless men, I have always observed, choose the society of those who are either much above or much below them; and, like dust and loose feathers, are rarely to be found in their places. Donne was none such: he loved his equals, and would find them where he could: when he could not find them, he could sit alone. This seems an easy matter: and yet, masters, there are more people who could run along a rope from yonder spire to this grassplot, than can do it.

OLDWAYS.

Come, gentles: the girl raps at the garden-gate: I hear the ladle against the lock: dinner waits for us.

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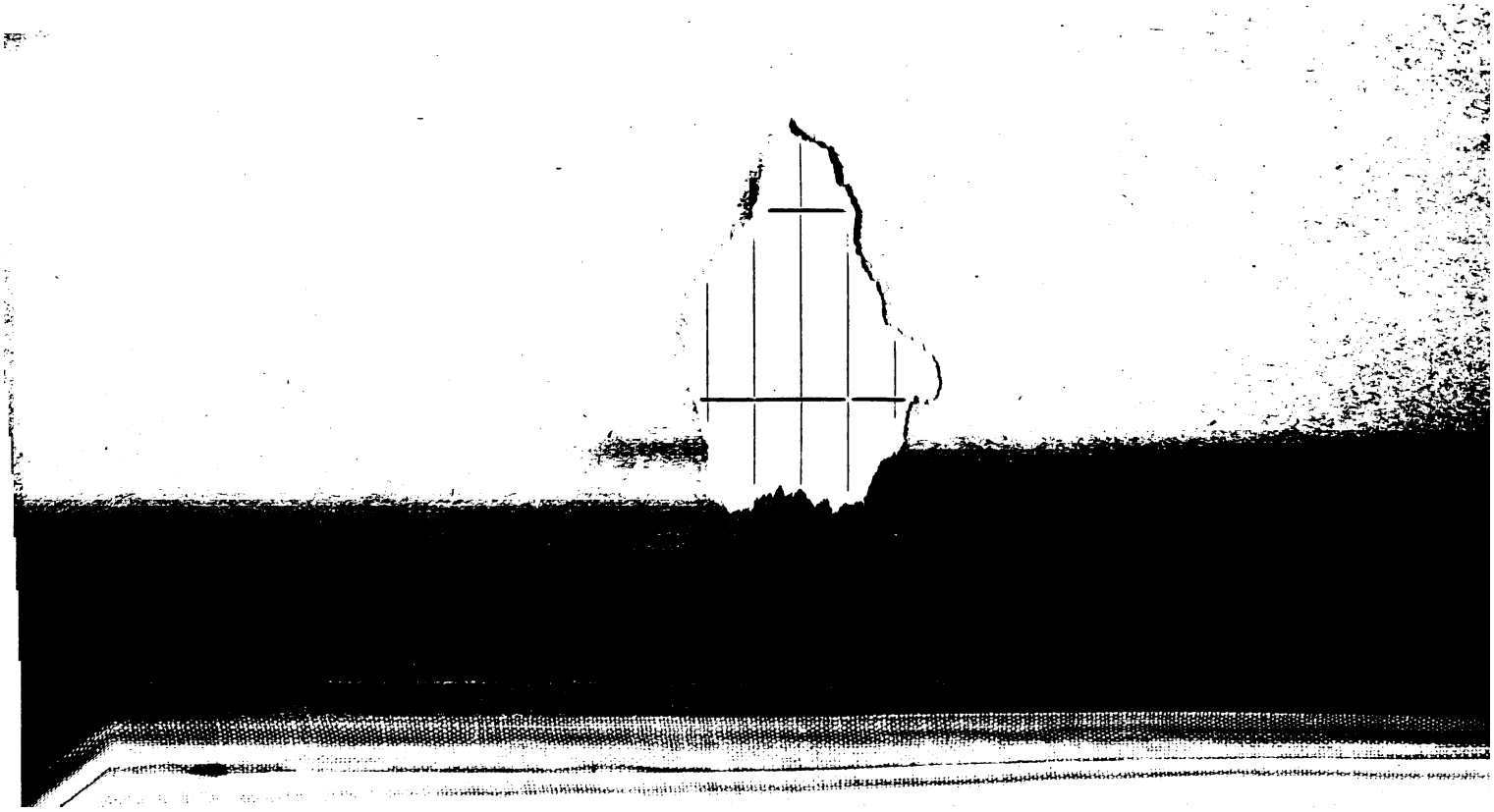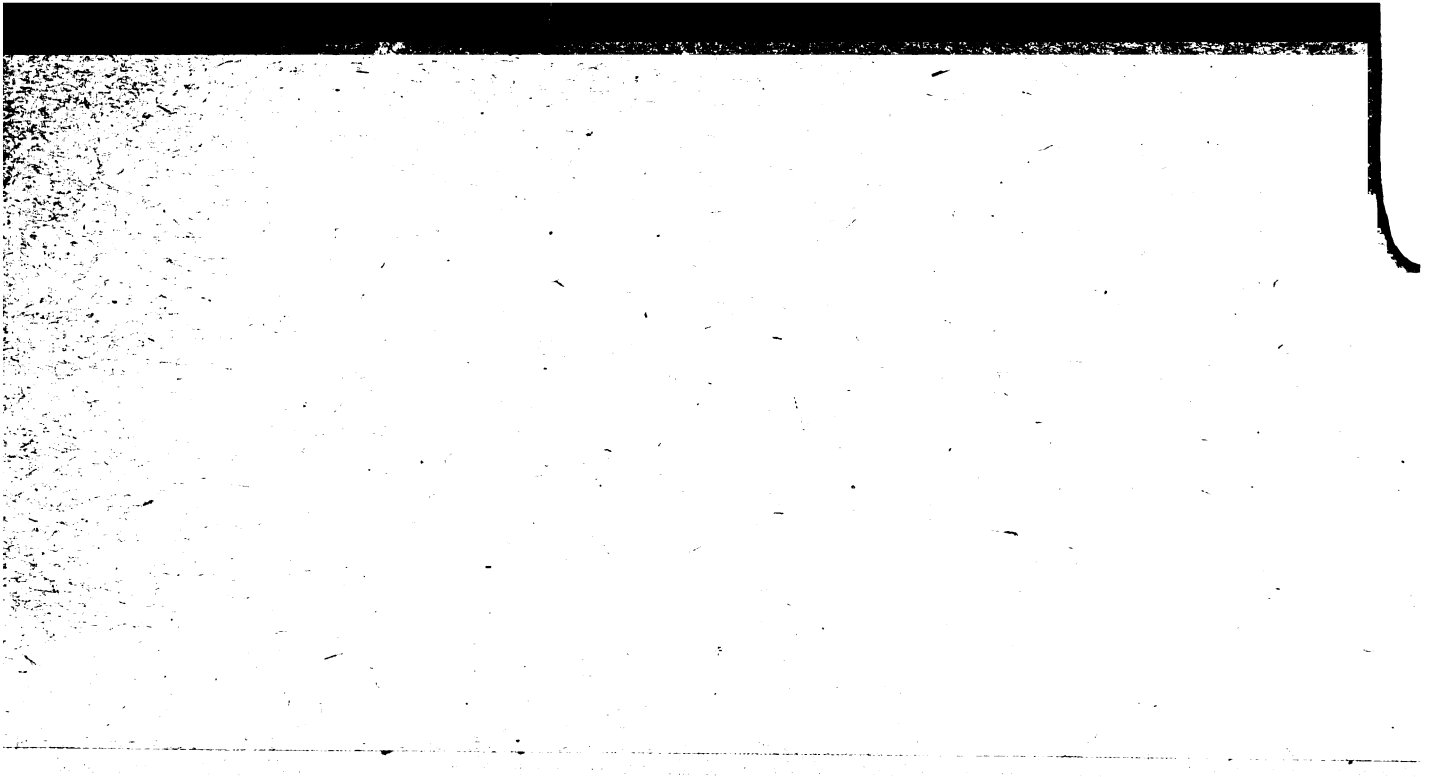
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